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Bill & Hill, George Lucas, Ted Turner, Al Gore, Adam Sandler, C. Everett Koop  
Charlton Heston, Steven Spielberg, Fabio, Gwyneth Paltrow, Richard Nixon  
**PLUS: WHO IS THE DUBIOUS MAN OF THE MILLENNIUM?**

# Esquire

JANUARY 2000

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## 1999 Dubious Achievements



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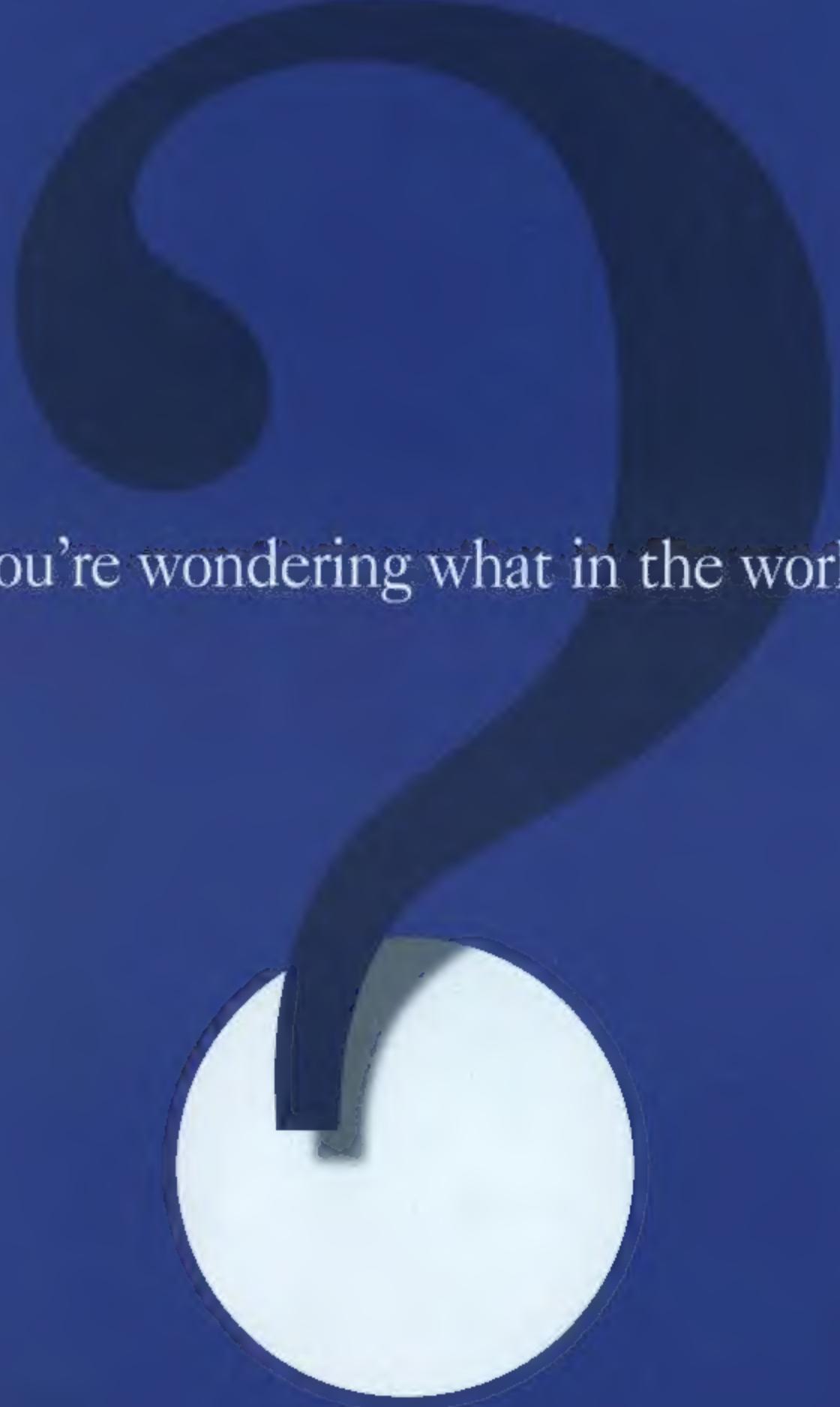
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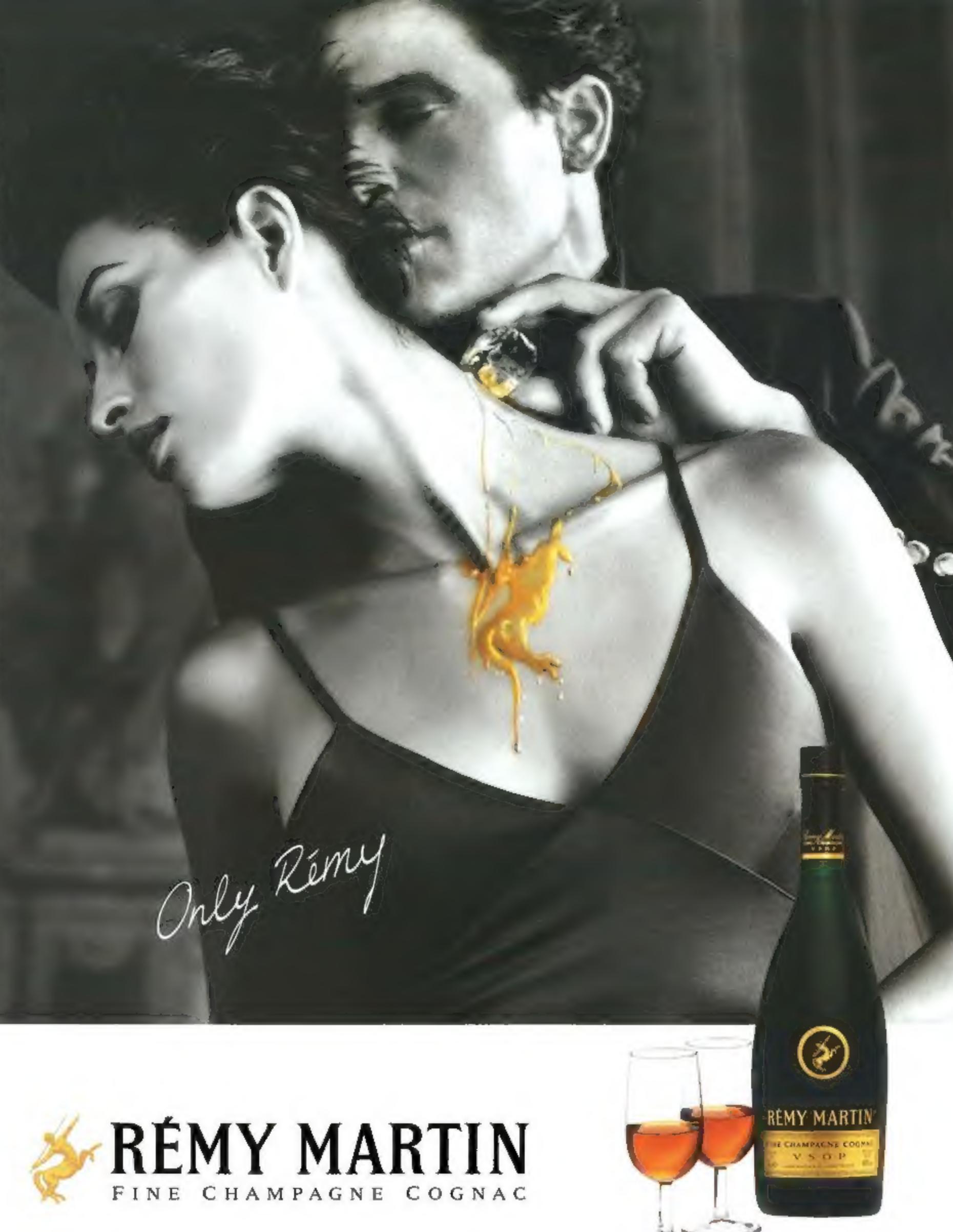
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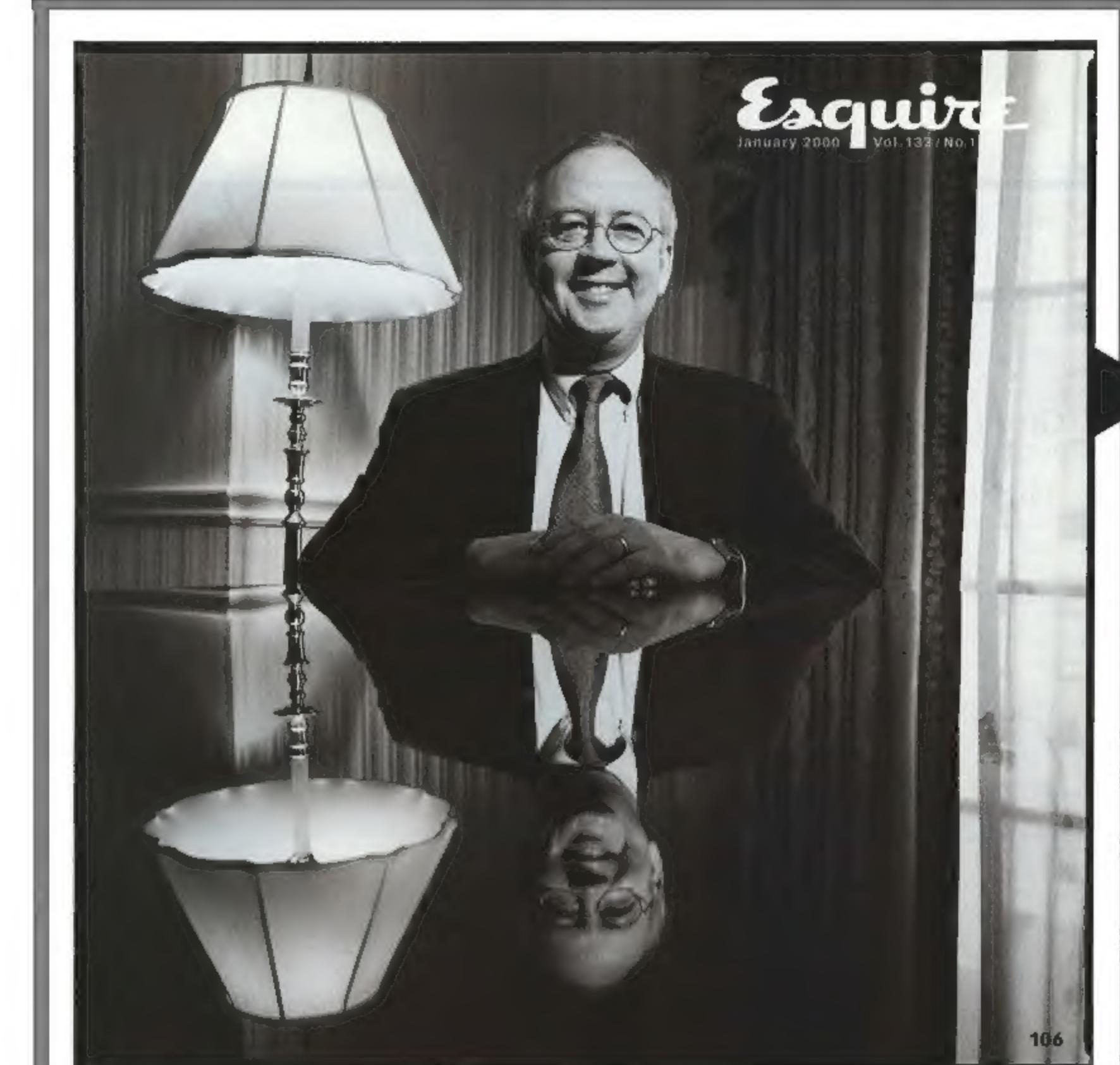




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**53** **dubious Achievement  
Awards of 1999**

A year as whacked-out as this one has got to be the most dubious year of the whole dubious millennium. Eh, Dr. Koop? How's it hangin', Warren? Hey, Dubya. Thank you, Pam. Puff. Good to see you, Mr. Redstone, sir. And finally, conclusively, cathartically, we'll name the single most monstrously dubious SOB since Y1K. (Oh, relax, Koop.)

**66** **A Voice in the Dark**

Cary Stayner spent much of his life drifting through the hills of Yosemite. By the time

he emerged last year, four women had been murdered and the valley was bathed in shadows. **BY SEAN FLYNN**

**76** **Bobby Knight Needs a Hug**  
His legendary intensity used to push players to new heights. These days, it's just pushing them out the door. **BY ROBERT HUBER**

**82** **The Complete Package**

You may not know all you need to know about the boys downstairs. Let's go around the horn: The Penis (BY DAVID FRIEDMAN), the Testicles (BY RAMSEY FLYNN), the Prostate (BY CAL FUSSMAN), and friends.

**102** **The Best Movies  
You've Never Seen**

Thirteen great but overlooked American films from this decade. **BY JEFF GORDINIER**

**106** **What I've Learned**

Kenneth Starr reflects on truth and spin, history and heroism. "We live in the age of incivility and rancor." **INTERVIEWED BY CHARLES SLACK**

**108** **Monster**

Winner of the 1999 Esquire Fiction Competition. **BY CECILIA PINTO**  
Plus: The 1999 Esquire Book Awards.

**10** The Sound and the Fury  
**14** Contributors

**17** Man at His Best Angie Harmon's secret talents. The new soft wool jackets. The ultimate Bloody Mary. High-stakes poker. Where to eat in Aspen. Plus: The Rules.

**30** Green Now you can get the best analyst research for free. Plus: My War. BY KEN KURSON

**32** The Screen What tacky TV tells us about class. And The Index: the Dalai Lama, now available on videocassette. BY TOM CARSON

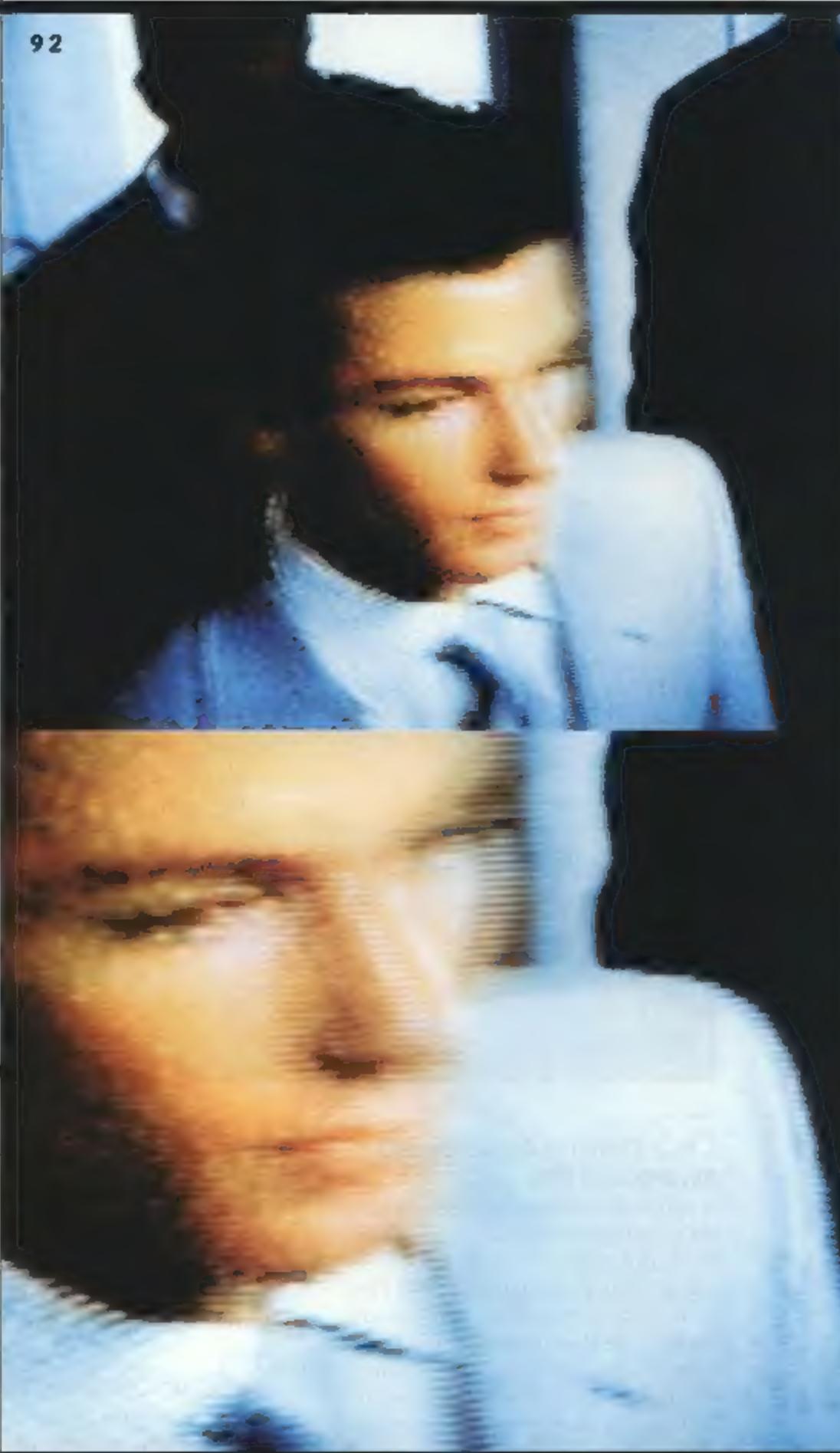
**38** Golf Nothing—no rough, no trap, no hazard—can disrupt the rhythm of your game like playing a round with the missus. The Index: two courses to play. BY TOM CHIARELLA

**42** Man Overboard The firstborn is nine, the second now six, and you can see the light at the end of the tunnel, when suddenly your wife tells you she wants to have another baby. BY ROBERT HUBER

**116** The Esquire Auto Awards Look, your car is you. So what the hell are you doing with yourself? The seven best cars you can buy, depending on who you are and where you want to go. Plus: four design innovations that have already left this century behind. BY PHIL PATTON

**132** This Way Out The Babyproofer. BY LARRY DOYLE

**[Style]** How to pack for the weekend getaway (**The Guide**, PAGE 47). These days, you never know when you're being watched, so it pays always to look your best (**Scenes from an Office**, PAGE 92). Expensive shoes are the finest value (**Handmade for the Feet**, PAGE 114).



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## Brain Teasers

If you could take your eyes off of Charlize Theron in our November issue ("The Education of Charlize Theron"), you might have learned something about intelligence. But several readers seemed to feel that there's more to measure in life than an IQ.

It is always reassuring when Esquire flexes its intellectual muscle and delivers a truly outstanding literary effort. But an entire issue devoted to genius! The pieces on fusion technology ("A Voyage to the Sun," by Michael Paterniti) and Ben Harper ("The Music Man Goes Home") and "The Esquire Twenty-one" were wonderful to read. Esquire acknowledged that its readership has considerable gray matter behind the fine twill of a well-cut suit and a glass of single malt. I even took the genius test. Encouraged by the results, I turned to the table of contents and knelt before the incredible, luminous beauty that is Charlize Theron.

CHRISTOPHER SCOTT  
*San Francisco, Calif.*

An old school friend of mine is a doctoral candidate who makes about \$25K trying to find answers that will be useful to us all. It would take him about a hundred lifetimes of struggling for grant money to amass the \$71 million Allen Iverson will make for figuring out the best way to put ball in hoop. Don't get me wrong—I love sports, and there is magic to someone who does

it well, but that you allowed three times more ink for this guy than for a brain surgeon and the chief scientist for Sun Microsystems is troubling on a lot of levels.

DALE CANNING  
*Victor, N. Y.*

### That Smarts

*Mike Sager's look at four people with some of the highest IQs in America ranged from a neuropsychologist to a Harley-riding bartender ("The Smartest Man in America," November).*

IQ scores are about as useful for measuring future success as your daily horoscope. I tested rather well as a child, graduated from college, and at twenty-seven seem to be stuck in a dead-end job with a string of failed relationships behind me. It's great to read that possibly the smartest guy in America rides a Hog and doesn't have a long string of zeros tacked on to his bank account. Keep up the great work!

TIMMY TAYLOR  
*Russellville, Ky.*

While Christopher Langan might have been smarter than his instructors in college, that doesn't mean he



MATTHEW ROLSTON

couldn't have learned something valuable and real in the classroom. I might have a stronger verbal-performance IQ than the local mechanic, but that doesn't invalidate what he has to teach.

Gina LoSasso's example bordered on the insulting. Her desertion of her daughter to pursue a chess career was represented as the call of the gift rather than a blatant example of irresponsibility.

As far as Ronald Hoeflin's contention that "people with average intelligence are a bit resentful" goes, I wait for any of the HiQ societies he has formed to make any meaningful impact on soci-

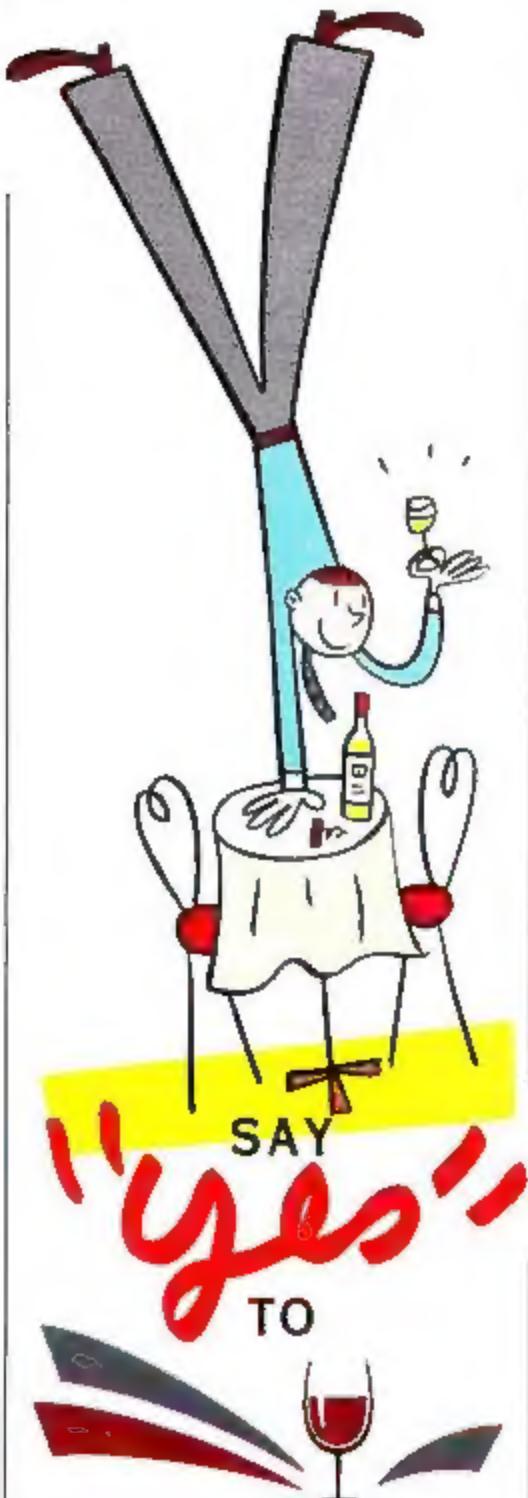
ety before they can truly earn the resentment of the HiQ-envious citizen.

BENJAMIN MASON  
*Longview, Tex.*

*Several readers wanted more-detailed answers for the questions in "(This Is Not a) Genius Test." For more on this topic, point your Web browser to [esquiremag.com](http://esquiremag.com) for discussions, debates, and further calculations.*

Letters to the editor should be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 250 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York, N.Y. 10019, sent by e-mail to [esquire@hearst.com](mailto:esquire@hearst.com), or submitted on the Web at [esquiremag.com](http://esquiremag.com). Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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by Michael

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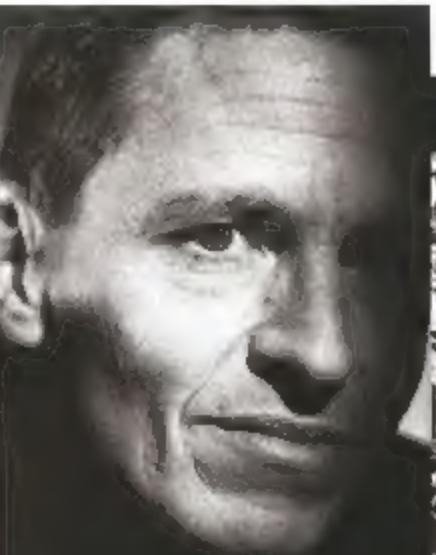


In capturing the images for Sean Flynn's story about last year's murders in Yosemite National Park, photographer **Karen Kuehn** found herself treading on some very familiar ground.

"I've spent my entire life in and out of Yosemite, and I used to be a park ranger there in the early eighties," says Kuehn, whose work has appeared in *The New York Times*, *Life*, and *Fast Company* as well as in numerous advertising campaigns. "These murders affected a lot of people and exposed an innocent place to the reality of life outside the park." Though she has been shooting professionally for the last fourteen years, Kuehn still discovers new emotions in her work. "A story like this always changes you. You walk away from it with a little different perspective on the world," she says. "It's a wake-up call. I try to have an open heart, a trusting heart toward complete strangers, but a story like this makes me think that maybe I shouldn't be so open." Kuehn lives in New York City with her six-year-old son, Emmett.



"This is an archetypal tale of the beast in the wilderness, and America's fascination with crime hinges on stories like this." That's what **Sean Flynn** says of "A Voice in the Dark" (page 66), his piece chronicling the tortured life of Cary Stayner and the savage murders he is charged with committing. In spite of spending more than fifteen years reporting on crime and justice, Flynn, a senior editor at *Boston Magazine*, was presented with fresh challenges in writing this story. "What's remarkable about Cary Stayner is that, except for the brutality of his crimes, there is nothing that would make you look twice at this guy. Even in hindsight, there's nothing that would make you say, 'I saw it coming,'" he says. "That's what made this story so compelling for me, what made me want to find out what makes Cary tick and what made him do the awful things he did." This is Flynn's first piece for *Esquire*.



Having spent more than twenty years as an autophile, contributing editor **Phill Patton** is the perfect guy to tell us about the cars we should be driving at the start of the new century. In "The Year 2000 Esquire Auto Awards" (page 116), Patton—who has the enviable burden of test-driving almost every new car in America each year—does just that, recommending the best-made and best-designed cars on the market today. Of our present automotive good fortune, Patton says, "In the eighties, Americans were buying cars out of fear, choosing models that were the least likely to break down or ones that had the highest *Consumer Reports* ratings. Cars were safe but dull. We've moved past that now." Despite all his driving experience, he is still in search of his own personal dream car. "I'm tempted to buy a Corvair to make a statement, but I've resisted so far," says Patton, the author of six books, including *Dreamland*. "A sporty Corvair that didn't leak oil would be nice."



Winning the 1999 *Esquire* Fiction Competition seemed like a fait accompli for **Cecilia Pinto**, whose story, "Monster" (page 108), was chosen as the best of the 3,035 entries we received, 1,064 of which were submitted through a Yahoo! Web site set up for the contest. "I told my husband I was going to win, but I always say that kind of thing," says Pinto, who teaches poetry to elementary-school students in Evanston, Illinois, and works part-time for a photography agency. "I did think that 'Monster' was an *Esquire* story, and I guess that you agreed." In writing this striking tale—only her second published work—Pinto was reworking a classic American theme. "There's a quote that I've had up over my computer since I started this story, which says, 'The hero gets the adventure for which he is prepared.' What I wanted to know in this story is what Dale, a high school student, is prepared for." Pinto, who received an M.F.A. in writing last spring, lives in Chicago with her husband, Jim, and her two sons, Henry and Grant.

At last, 1999 is in the books. And that means it's time for the 39th Annual Dubious Achievement Awards. This year's effort was spearheaded by **Jay Loring**, the former managing editor of *Life*. "As Edmund Kean so wisely put it, 'Dying is easy, comedy is hard,'" says Loring. "But I guess I did finally learn to appreciate Pamela Lee and Donald Trump." Also pitching in was **Shalom Auslander**, a New York City-based freelance writer who created many of the section's special features and who, if nothing else, made sure we will never look at Warren Beatty the same way again. And let's not forget **Stephen Sherrill**, whose work has appeared in *The New Yorker*, and **Paul Tough**, the editor of *Saturday Night*, who brought us the issue's centerpiece, the Millennium Battle Royale. We'd also like to thank **Michael Gerber**, **Jonathan Schwarz**, **Annie Silvio**, **Cynthia Fox**, **Alexandra Ringe**, and **Matthew Polly**, but for what we're not prepared to say. Dubious Achievements begins on page 53.



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# Man at His Best

She's not really a cool New York sophisticate, she just plays one on TV. Born and bred in Dallas, Angie Harmon has the soul of a gauzy-wine prairie princess who knows how to keep a man toasty (if not fed) in these, the darkest days of winter. Yup, there's just something about a woman who's grown up around pickup trucks and...

...guns and drinkin' beer and settin' stuff on fire. Yeah. We have a certain appeal to us. I take pride in knowing how to handle a gun and a chain saw and how to manage a brushfire. When the women are inside cookin'—which I'm horrible at—and the men are outside doing the brushfire, this gigantic fire that's keeping you warm, I'd rather be outside with the guys.



**Angie Harmon**

*Law & Order's* assistant DA  
Abbie Carmichael

# Dealing & Wheeling

## For the Man Who Likes to Split Hairs

The little black book gets some color



**TRUE STORY:** Drunk American walks into stuffy Brit boutique and admires pocket-sized address book divided into three sections—London, Paris, and New York. In moment of inspired inebriation, DA exclaims, "You should print this for Blondes, Brunettes, and Redheads, too!" Sales clerk recounts anecdote to employer. Several months later, every Soho lothario can be seen thumbing through

a tiny address book with **BLONDES, BRUNETTES, AND REDHEADS** stamped on the cover. This unheralded eureka moment occurred circa 1958 in London's venerable Smythson of Bond Street stationery store. Smythson would eventually spin off from this title a slightly less cheeky sequel: the Little Black Book. And although the company sells both of these archaic bachelor props today, the original remains the true classic. Of course, Smythson, being the proper institution it is (three, count 'em, three royal warrants), downplays the shagadelic sales pitch. In fact, clerks have been instructed to inform frowning Bond Street matrons that the \$22 address book is "designed to meet the specific needs of casting directors and model bookers." —RENE CHUN

**Rule No. 186:** In the parlance of real estate professionals, plants are called "plant materials."

**Rule No. 187:** In the parlance of airline industry professionals, cigarettes are called "smoking materials."

**Rule No. 188:** In the parlance of fashion industry professionals, a pair of pants is called "a pant."

**Rule No. 189:**  
You don't know anyone named Natasha

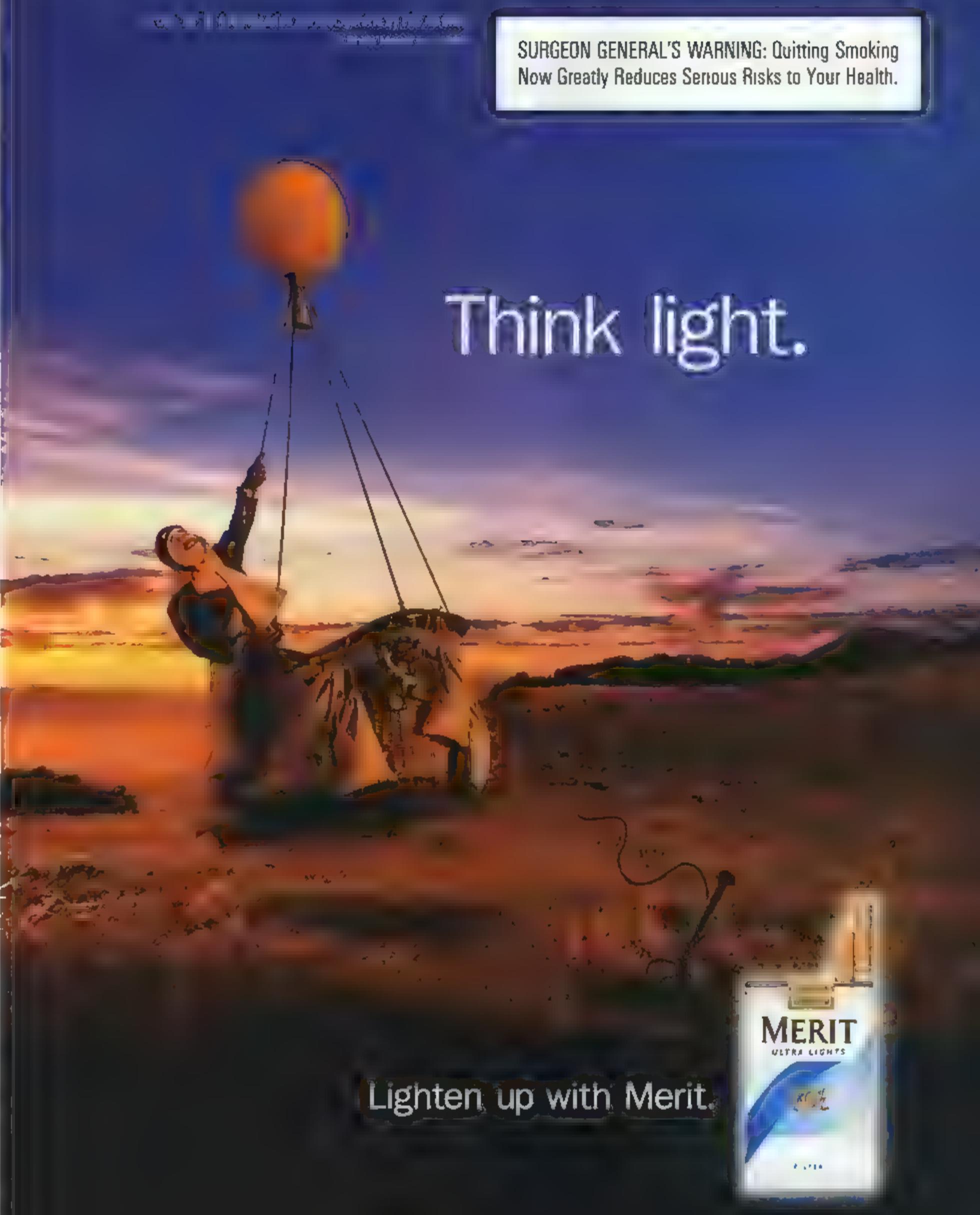
the rules



## A Bug's (After) Life

OKAY, EVERYONE KNOWS about the popularity of the new retro-hipster VW Beetle, but let's just say for a moment you can't get one. A back order, say. Or imagine that you just want one that looks more like your high school wheels but drives like new. And you want to get your hands on one for cheap, so you're even willing to forgo ABS and power windows. You can—sort of. Each day, approximately 140 NOBs (new old Beetles) are churned out in a Volkswagen plant in Puebla, Mexico. Unfortunately, thanks to federal smog and crash-test regulations, you can't register them here. One choice: BTLMEC, Inc., in Nogales, Arizona,

For information on address books, call 877 759-8476. TOP RICHARD MITCHELL.



Lighten up with Merit.

# Style

**Trend Watch** Not since Jacques Derrida has deconstruction been so trendy; case in point, these sport coats from (left to right) Geoffrey Beene (\$275), Joseph Abboud (\$595), and Ermenegildo Zegna (\$1,980). Unlike your typical suit, in which the wool is woven, these are knit, on a special loom. The resulting fabric, called jersey, is soft and flexible—sort of like a wool sweatshirt—but strong and stiff enough to hold its shape and resist stretching. They're constructed like any jacket, sans lining—so even though they're as comfortable as a cardigan, they're not nearly as grandfatherly looking. Use one to render a pair of black suit pants more casual or to dress up a pair of dark jeans. Finish either look with a soft, textured shirt, turtleneck, or polo. And relax.

For store information see page 126



## No Corkscrew? No Problem

**A saber will do just fine**

HE IS A BRAVE SOUL, Richard Bartholomew, and not only for having impregnated his 48-year-old second wife at the age of 59. He is a Brit who's lived among the French for 30 years, teaching them how to taste Bordeaux at Barton & Guestier's Château Magnol, in Blanquefort. He's also taught them about the celebratory life—including the most swash-buckling way to open a bottle of champagne. With a sword. It's called sabering, and it is not to be tried at home—not without eye protection, anyway.

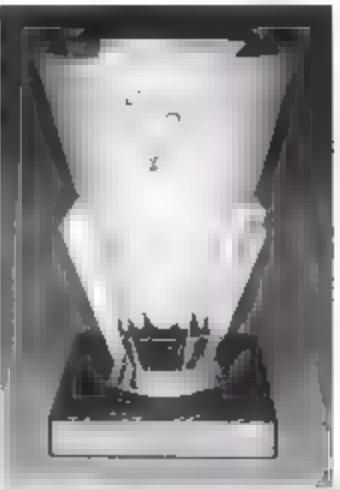
Bartholomew removes the foil and cage from a well-chilled bottle of Perrier-Jouët and wraps it in a linen napkin. (If it is not well chilled, it is quite likely to explode in one's hands.) He locates the vertical seam on the bottle, where its two halves were fused, the weakest point. He points the bottle away from himself and others, orients an enormous kitchen knife along its seam, as if to



peel the bottle like a cucumber, and, with a sharp stroke, slashes the knife upward until it strikes the lip under the cork. With a snap, the mouth of the bottle breaks off cleanly, cork and all, leaving a perfect, sharp edge and wasting not a drop. And amid the applause of his guests, Bartholomew pours a glass for everyone, noting, "I could have done it with a teaspoon." —TED ALLEN

## Stylish High Jinks on the High Seas

FOR A COUPLE OF FIERCE competitors, Louis Vuitton and Prada seem to agree on a lot of things. Both luxury fashion conglomerates think it would be nifty to add Fendi to their respective empires, and to that end each has bought up significant stakes in the label. Each company also has had its eyes on and off and on Gucci. Perhaps the most curious of their common interests, however, is in world-class yacht racing. Louis Vuitton has run the qualifying tournament for the America's Cup since 1983, and Prada CEO Patrizio Bertelli decided that this year, his company would throw down \$50 million to enter a boat. And it's fast, *very* fast. In fact, after just a couple of rounds in October, Prada's *Luna Rossa* emerged as the favorite in the Louis Vuitton Cup, which culminates this month with the semis and finals in Auckland, New Zealand. Meaning that when it's all over, there's a good chance that Prada will at the very least own a little piece of Louis Vuitton.



center



edge



# R2-D2 in an Apron

## Tech

Life with a domestic droid

ON THE SILVER SCREEN, robot sidekicks save the day with holographic distress calls from galactic princesses and emergency repairs to X-wing fighters damaged by Death Stars. In real life, though, expectations are much lower. Ever since Westinghouse showed off its faux talking cyborg at the 1939 World's Fair, designers have aspired to create a chunky contraption that can mow the lawn, vacuum the house, and fetch beers. And still the closest we've come are high-maintenance geek toys that can't even charge their own batteries, let alone circulate hors d'oeuvres at a mixer.

The PC had its revolution; the robot is not far behind. At the helm is Probots, led by Henry Thorne, a 16-year veteran of the industrial-robot business. His first product, a little rug rat called Cye, can vacuum the living room, deliver mail around the office (after a human loads it into its cart), and annoy pets and coworkers.

User-friendly like the Mac, Cye is surprisingly easy to set up. Plop it onto its charging station, hook a radio antenna to a port on your PC, and install the operating software. In a few steps and about 10 minutes, you have this queer little plastic pet skittering underfoot, beeping away like an infant R2-D2. You command it from your PC through a radio linkup, or get the sound-response model (Cye-sr) and you can command it by clapping. As with paper-training a dog, you have to teach Cye its surroundings by moving the cursor around a map on your computer. It's sometime during this process that you find yourself referring to Cye as "him," not "it."

Cye Version 1.0 won't put any butlers out of business. He can travel through multiple rooms, but he can't negotiate stairs. When he gets hungry, he motors to his home base for a recharge and just sits there waiting, unable to remember what he was doing before. He's a terrible vacuumer—he likes to wrestle with the cord—and, having no arms, he needs help getting lunch out of the fridge.

"What we're trying to do here is give people a taste of what's possible," says Thorne. "The first Mac was like computer candy: playful, irresistible, and progressively more useful."

Other companies are looking to tap the robotics market. Sony's AIBO robotic dog—a \$2,500 finicky French poodle of a robot—comes closest, but it cannot charge itself, and programming capability costs another \$450. Meantime, Probots is hoping to equip future Cyes with a cordless vacuum attachment and a digital camera and

Internet connection.

The night we got our Cye, dinner grew cold while my son, a budding Steve Jobs, attempted to run a "CyeServe" routine for dinner. He assures us that Cye will be waiting on us in no time with all the charm and efficiency of a college waiter. He may be right. Our desserts arrived without a glitch.

—GARETH BRANWYN

The basic Cye unit costs \$695. The cart (which is required if you want Cye to do anything besides look cute) sells for \$89, as does the vacuum-cleaner attachment.



**Metalsome** In 75 years of science fiction, robots on leg, wheel, and wing have played significant roles in the destruction and salvation of society. Our favorites, clockwise from above: the danger-detecting robot from the 1965 classic *Lost in Space*, the cartoon hero Gigantor from the 1960s animated series of the same name, Gort from 1951's *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, Robby the Robot from the 1956 film *Forbidden Planet*, and the ur-feminist from Fritz Lang's 1927 *Metropolis*.

## Drinking

# Bloody Miracle

BETTER SHAKE OFF your morning-after melancholy, baby! It's me, your diva of drink, and we have serious business at hand. While it's true that under my tutelage you undoubtedly gave the last century the appropriate liquid send-off, there's no rest for this mistress of mixology. Not when the important matter of soothing the savage breast (that would be yours, reveler) remains unfinished.

First tip for the new year: In the unlikely event you were so well stocked that one of your celebratory bottles of bubbly went unopened, save it for when you're feeling a little better. The first toast of the new millennium is certainly worthy of the good stuff. The hangover cure, on the other hand, is a strictly utilitarian concept.

When you need replenishment—fluids, vitamins, calories—the Bloody Mary is your natural. Tomato juice is a stomach-friendly salad in a glass, and the neutral vodka (from the Russian for "water of life") slips away under the fresh, zippy flavors that are the heart of any well-made Bloody Mary.

And therein lies the key: It's got to be well made. Anyone who's experienced a great Bloody Mary knows that it can save you. And a bad one can sink you. The best place to drink Bloody Marys is a great bar, where the bartenders know what they're doing and make them fresh to order. But these are few and far between, and you're in no shape to leave the house. So read on for a guide to self-serve salvation:

One: No cheap mixes. Fresh lemon juice is what's really important to the taste and wholesomeness of a Bloody Mary. Plus, a squeeze of lemon gives you the vitamins your weary body needs.

Two: You've gotta have Worcestershire sauce—but go easy. A dash too many and the drink looks (and tastes) muddy. The right amount—two dashes—gives your Bloody Mary zing, which won't hurt, given your condition.

Three: To be balanced, the Bloody Mary needs to be "rolled." Pour all the ingredients over ice cubes in your glass. (A highball, tumbler, or beer glass works best.) Then roll the drink by pouring all the ingredients into another glass. Then back into the first glass. Add the celery and another squeeze of lemon and enjoy.

—ANDREA IMMER



## There's got to be a morning after

{Eggscellent Medicine}

The stuff you'll need

5 eggs  
salt and pepper  
3 tablespoons milk  
1 heaping tablespoon sour cream  
1 teaspoon minced chives  
2 slices smoked salmon  
8 slices bacon  
2 slices cheddar cheese  
Dijon mustard  
2 English muffins, split and toasted

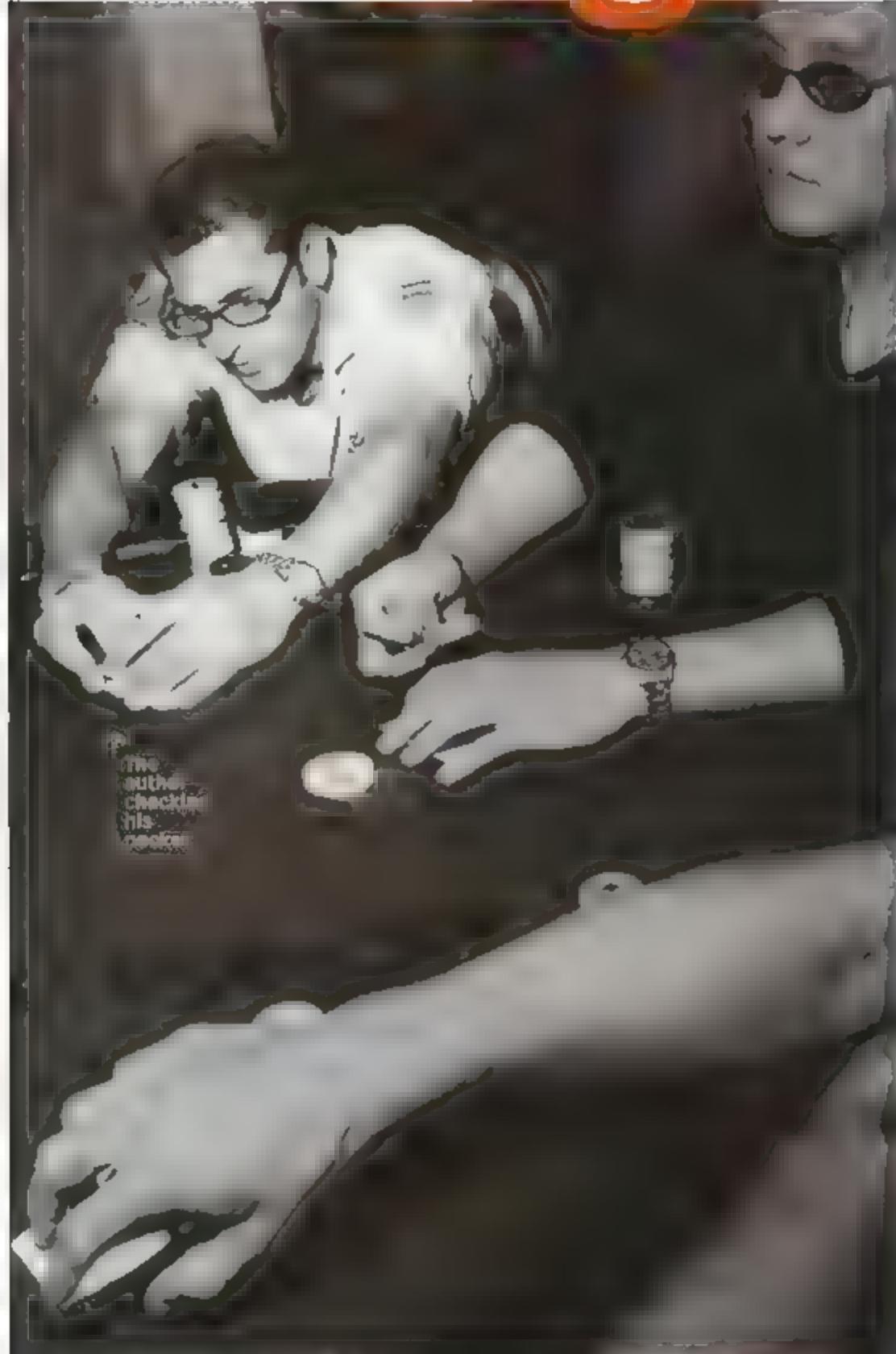
What to do with the stuff

Fry the bacon, set aside. Whisk the eggs with salt, pepper, and milk. Melt a tablespoon of butter in a frying pan on medium heat; pour in the eggs, and scramble. Just before the eggs get firm, mix in the sour cream and the chives. Spread Dijon on the muffin halves, and divide the eggs between them. Top with salmon, bacon, and cheddar. Heals two.



ILLUSTRATION BY MELINDA BECK

# The Big Game



Welcome to high-stakes poker, where **\$10,000** earns you the chance to lose to the best  
By Andy Bellin

dollar-buy-in, No-Limit Texas Hold 'Em. Hold 'Em is a variation of seven card stud that is considered the pinnacle of gambling. It's the only game played at the World Series of Poker. And No-Limit is the pinnacle of it all. No stakes, no restraints, you like your cards, you're welcome to bet your entire stack—ten, twenty grand on one flip of a card.

I've watched the Big Game for a couple of years now. I've stood around holding my rack of five dollar chips, oohing and ahhing at every raise and reraise that the big boys made like I was watching the Fourth of July fireworks. One thing I swore I would do before the turn of the century was play in the Big Game. It's the only way to find out how good I really am.

On the first Monday in September, I walked into the M Club at 8:00 P.M. sharp with a roll of a hundred C-notes crammed into my pocket. Mickey "Chips," the manager of the club and one of the best cardplayers on the East Coast, had stuck a Post-it with my name on it in front of a seat at the table.

The only thing weirder than a poker player is the guy sitting next to him. Gangsters elbow to elbow with Park Avenue lawyers and Albanian cabdrivers. The one characteristic we all have in common is the love of action. I knew five of the nine people at the table. They all had fierce cardplaying reputations. The two who scared me the most were Tony Plugs (formerly known as Tony Toupee, before his transplant), who had made it to the final table of the World Series a few years back, and a gentleman named Joe M. He is simply an assassin. Most people consider Johnny Chan or the recently deceased Stu Ungar the greatest ever to play, but for my money, Joe M. is the best. One guy I did not know introduced himself as Johnny California. He was just some high-tech club kid from Jersey (hair gel, much too tanned, wrap-around sunglasses, a gold pinkie ring with a spade-shaped, molar-sized diamond set in the middle—high tech). I knew they all saw me as a sheep, but I kept telling myself

## cards

### I AM A VERY GOOD POKER PLAYER.

Sit me down with a regular Monday-night game packed full of college buddies or work pals and I guarantee I'll win. I'm good. The question is, am I great?

I am a member of a "private" poker house—an underground casino in the middle of the financial district in New York City—called the M Club. It's a glorified basement packed with 15 card tables. On any given night, there are usually 12 games going, with maybe 110 players in attendance. I play the lowest limit. Much higher stakes than a usual "friendly" game, but in the grand scheme of poker, my \$500 buy-in is penny-ante stuff. Every Monday night, though, there's a big game. The Big Game. Ten-thousand-

that would be to my advantage.

Texas Hold 'Em (aka seven-card crack) begins with each player being dealt two cards facedown, called the pocket. Then, after a number of betting rounds, five "community" cards are dealt faceup in the middle of the table. The player then must use any combination of five of the seven cards to make his hand. Since everybody uses five of the same cards, the best possible hand (the "nuts," in poker vernacular) always varies. If there are not three cards of the same suit turned faceup, there is no way to make a flush. If there is no pair on the board, there is no way to make a full house or four of a kind. That's what makes Hold 'Em so intriguing. One hand can be won with four fives crushing a jack high full house; the next could be swept in without even a pair. It's a beautiful game.

I started real slow and real tight, playing only premium cards. Problem was, I wasn't getting that many cards to play. After a few hours, I began to get frustrated. Then a hand came, and seven players called a speed-limit raise (\$55). I was the last to act (the best position at a poker table). I couldn't wait to look at my hand. When it was my turn, I seductively peeled back the corners of the cards to reveal the 2 and 4 of clubs. A genuine dog. But then I thought, What the hell, I've got to play sometime. I called the bet. *What the hell* is the absolute worst thing you can do in poker, but in the end fortune smiled. The flop (the first three cards) came up ace of clubs, 10 of spades, and 5 of clubs. This gave me a steel-wheel draw (one card to a 5 high straight flush). Three players, me included, called a \$150 bet. The turn (fourth community card) was the 7 of diamonds. It was no help to anybody. All three of us called another \$250. Then the river (last card) came: the 3 of spades. This gave me a wheel (the lowest possible straight), which also happened to be the nuts. I was unbeatable. Another \$250 bet came to me, I raised a grand. Both players called the dime. Both had made aces up (two pair including aces) and criticized my skills as I raked in close to \$4,000.

I thought about leaving the table then. It was midnight. I had gotten very lucky, made an almost 40 percent return on my money, and taken a little coin from the big

I am a very good poker player.

**AMERICAN AIRLINES** A pocket

(see Pucker below) pair of aces.

**BIG SLICK** Holding an ace and a

king in your pocket.

**BROADWAY** An ace-high

straight.

**THE CHOP** What the house

charges to play.

**COWBOYS** A pair of kings.

**DEAD MAN'S HAND** Two pair

aces and 8's.

**MUCK** The discard pile.

**THE MARRIAGE** A king and

queen as your down cards

(known as the divorce).

Your hand does not win.

**THE NUTS** The highest possible

hand you're improbable

**THE OEDIPUS REX** A starting

hand of a queen and a jack.

**POCKET** Your two down cards

in Texas Hold 'Em.

**SAN FRANCISCO BUSBOY** A

queen and a three. A queen

with a trey—get it?

**THE STEEL WHEEL**

A five-high straight flush.

## How to Find and Play in a Poker Game

**1.** Remember, 65 million Americans play poker, so there are games everywhere—bars, basements, restaurants, social clubs, unions. All you have to do is ask around.

**2.** There are "private" poker clubs in every city in America. Most will be listed in a local directory or on the Internet. Beware: The level of play in the clubs will be much higher than in home games.

**3.** Keep in mind that gambling in this manner is technically illegal. Although most participants talk about their games freely, some guys are worried about their jobs, spouses, or reputations, so respect their desire to remain anonymous.

**4.** Most houses will charge a fee, called the "chop," for letting you play. A reasonable chop is twice the ante per hour, so if you're playing in a 50-cent ante game, you should have to pay no more than \$5 or \$6 for the night.

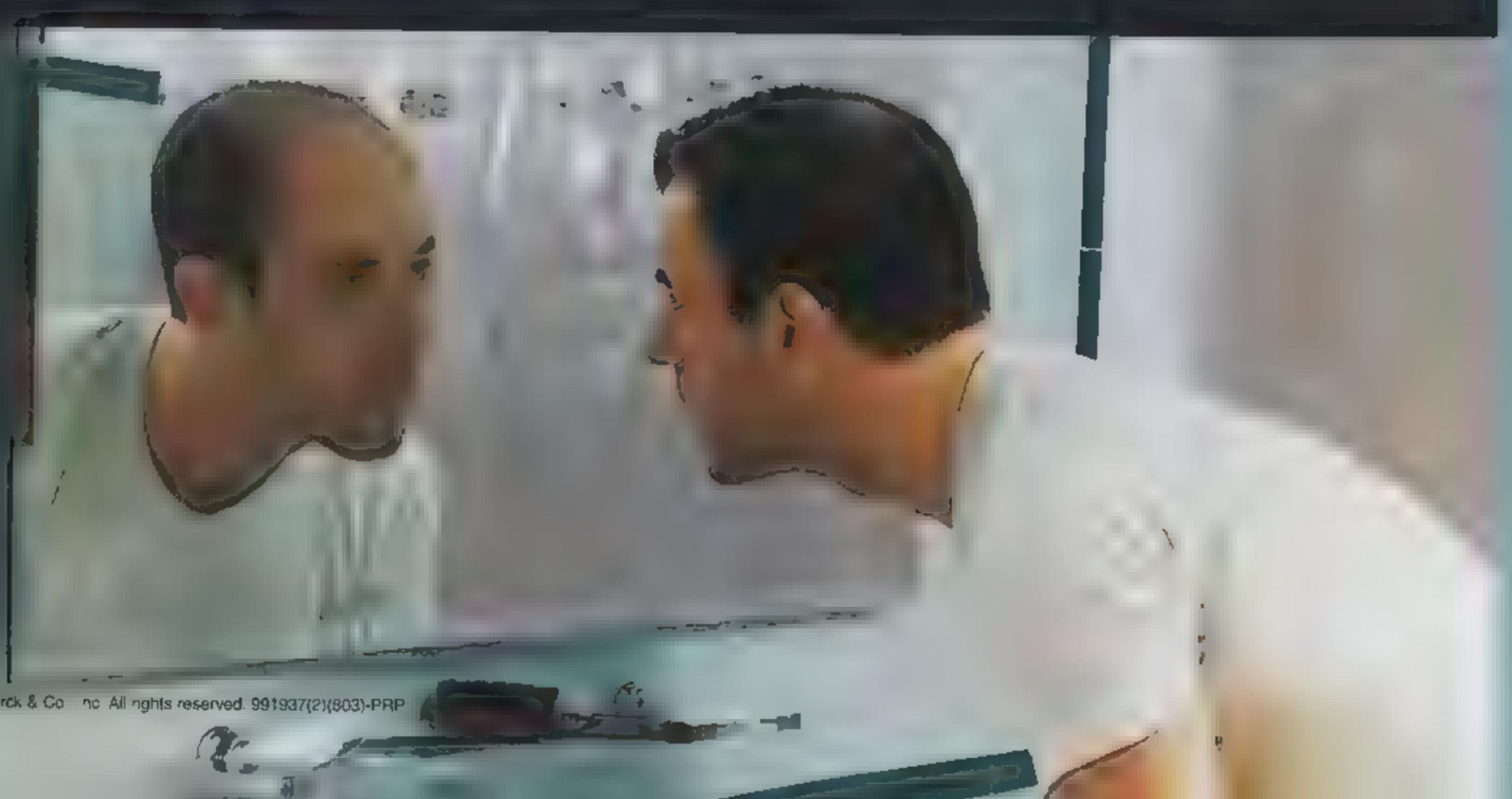
**5.** People are just as likely to cheat at a card table as they are to lie on their tax forms. But if you're going to accuse somebody, make sure you're right. Things to watch out for: Two players who make frequent eye contact with each other or who come and leave at the same time. A player who collects or discards in an orderly fashion (he may be trying to set the deck for the next hand) or who avoids cutting the cards. A player who splashes the pot, meaning he throws his chips in the middle without counting them out. (He may be trying to skim money.)

**6.** Be a gracious player. Do not be the idiot who throws chips or cards. If somebody gives you a bad beat, just smile and say, "Good hand." If there are dealers or waitresses, tip them.

**7.** Always count the cards, count your chips, and cut the deck. You're just being practical.



# IF YOU THINK LOSING MORE HAIR IS INEVITABLE, THINK AGAIN.



The first and only pill clinically proven to treat hair loss in men.

PROPECIA is a medical breakthrough—the first pill that effectively treats male pattern hair loss on the vertex (at top of head) and anterior mid-scalp area.

By all measures, the clinical results of PROPECIA in men are impressive:<sup>\*</sup>

- 83% maintained their hair based on hair count (vs. 28% with placebo)
- 66% had visible regrowth as rated by independent dermatologists (vs. 7% with placebo)
- 80% were rated as improved by clinical doctors (vs. 47% with placebo)
- Most men reported an increase in the amount of hair, a decrease in hair loss, and improvement in appearance.

\*Based on vertex studies at 24 months of men 18 to 41 with mild to moderate hair loss.

Scientists have recently discovered that men with male pattern hair loss have an increased level of DHT in their scalps. PROPECIA blocks the formation of DHT and in this way appears to interrupt a key factor in the development of inherited male pattern hair loss in men.

Importantly, PROPECIA helps grow natural hair—not just peach fuzz—and is as convenient to take as a vitamin: one pill a day.

Only a doctor can determine if PROPECIA is right for you. PROPECIA is for men only. Further, women who are or may potentially be pregnant must not use PROPECIA and should not handle crushed or broken tablets because of the risk of a specific kind of birth defect. (See accompanying Patient Information for details.) PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling.

You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more to see visible results. PROPECIA may not regrow all your hair. And if you stop using this product, you will gradually lose the hair you have gained. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works for recession at the temporal areas. If you haven't seen results after 12 months of using PROPECIA, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit.

Like all prescription products, PROPECIA may cause side effects. A very small number of men experienced certain side effects, such as: less desire for sex, difficulty in achieving an erection, and a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects were reversible and went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA.

**So start talking to your doctor.** And stop thinking further hair loss is inevitable.

**CALL 1-800-344-6622** or visit our website at [www.propecia.com](http://www.propecia.com) today.

to receive detailed product information, including clinical "before and after" photographs. Please read the next page for additional information about PROPECIA.

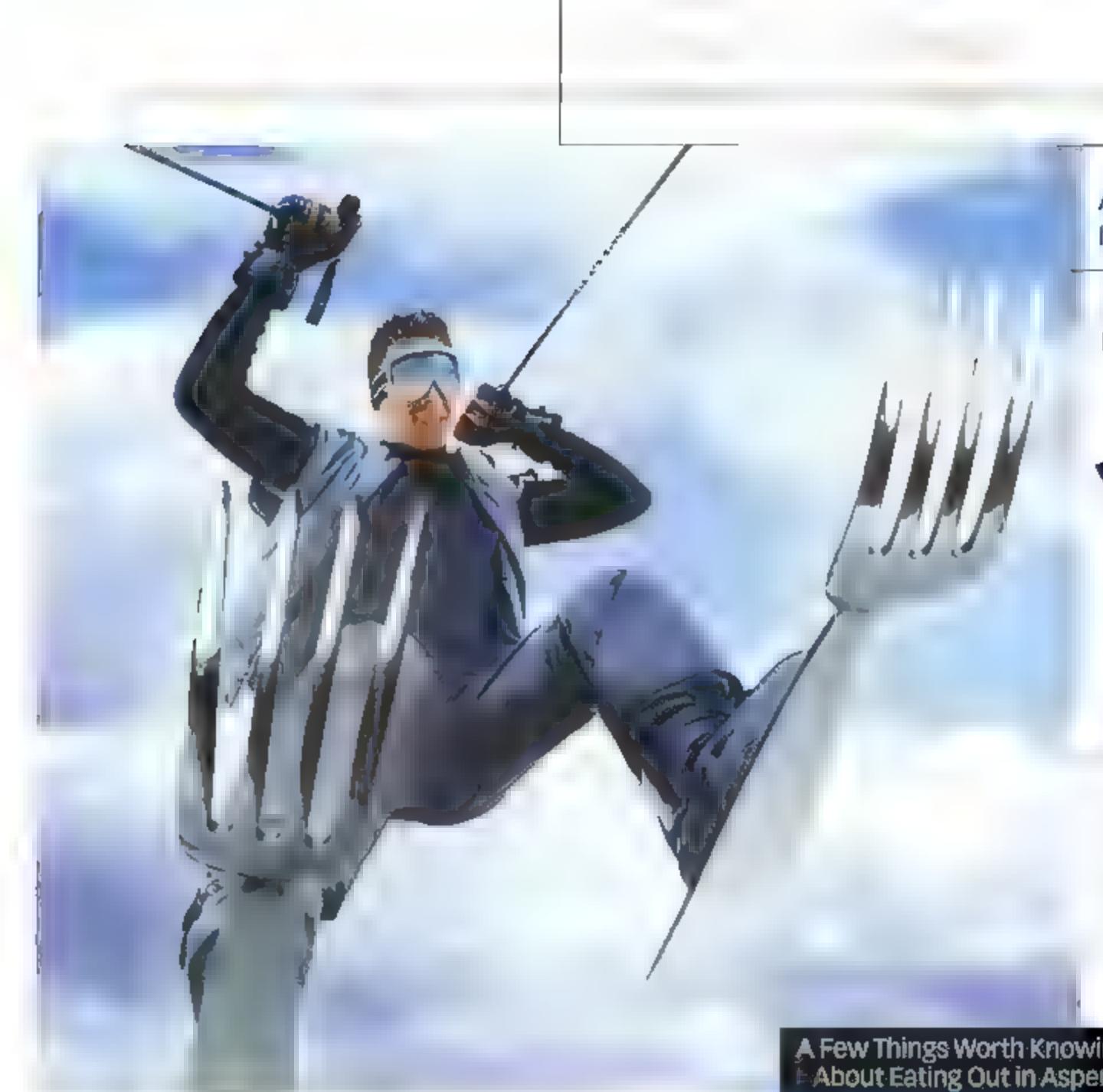


**Propecia**  
(finasteride)

Helping make hair loss history™

Aspen's restaurants raise the T-bar

# Ski Lift



## Propecia® (finasteride) Tablets

Patient Information  
about PROPECIA®  
(Pro-pea-sha)  
Generic name: finasteride  
(fin-AS-tur-ih-deed)

### PROPECIA® is for use by MEN ONLY.

Please read this leaflet before you start taking PROPECIA. Also, read the information included with PROPECIA each time you renew your prescription, just in case anything has changed. Remember, this leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss PROPECIA when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups.

#### What is PROPECIA used for?

PROPECIA is used for the treatment of male pattern hair loss on the vertex and the anterior mid-scalp area.

PROPECIA is for use by MEN ONLY and should NOT be used by women or children.

#### What is male pattern hair loss?

Male pattern hair loss is a common condition in which men experience thinning of the hair on the scalp. Often, this results in a receding hairline and/or balding on the top of the head. These changes typically begin gradually in men in their 20s.

Doctors believe male pattern hair loss is due to heredity and is dependent on hormonal effects. Doctors refer to this type of hair loss as androgenetic alopecia.

#### Results of clinical studies:

For 12 months, doctors studied over 1800 men aged 18 to 41 with mild to moderate amounts of ongoing hair loss. All men, whether receiving PROPECIA or placebo (a pill containing no medication) were given a medicated shampoo (Minoxidil 5% Gel\*\*\*\* Shampoo). Of these men, approximately 1200 with hair loss at the top of the head were studied for an additional 2 months. In general, men who took PROPECIA maintained or increased the number of visible scalp hairs and noticed improvement in their hair in the first year, with the effect maintained in the second year. Hair counts in men who did not take PROPECIA continued to decrease.

In one study, patients were questioned on the growth of body hair. PROPECIA did not appear to affect hair in places other than the scalp.

#### How does PROPECIA work for me?

For most men, PROPECIA increases the number of scalp hairs, helping to fill in thin or balding areas of the scalp. Men taking PROPECIA noted a slowing of hair loss during two years of use. Although results will vary, generally you will not be able to grow back all of the hair you have lost. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works in the treatment of receding hairline in the temporal area on both sides of the head.

Male pattern hair loss occurs gradually over time. On average, healthy hair grows only about half an inch each month. Therefore, it will take time to see any effect.

You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more before you see a benefit from taking PROPECIA. PROPECIA can only work over the long term if you continue taking it. If the drug has not worked for you in twelve months, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit. If you stop taking PROPECIA, you will likely lose the hair you have gained within 12 months of stopping treatment. You should discuss this with your doctor.

#### How should I take PROPECIA?

Follow your doctor's instructions.

- Take one tablet by mouth each day
- You may take PROPECIA with or without food
- If you forget to take PROPECIA, do not take an extra tablet. Just take the next tablet as usual.

PROPECIA will not work faster or better if you take it more than once a day.

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## Propecia® (finasteride) Tablets

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PHIL MUCC

**I love skiing.** I do not love ski resorts: The idea of slogging through a cafeteria line in parka and boots to consume mediocre frozen pizzas and bad chub is as odious to me as nibbling on rancid sandwiches at an overcrowded beach in the Hamptons.

The exception, of course, is Aspen, the most beautiful and untrammelled of the American ski towns. Aspen uses its restaurants as a competitive edge, drawing Bogner-clad bunnies who've been spoiled by the offerings in St. Moritz and Courchevel and are used to eating well back home in L. A., Dallas, New York, and Rio. Happily, the number of good restaurants in Aspen is out of all proportion to its size and population.

At the **Hotel Jerome** (330 East Main Street, 970-920-1000), a historic landmark decked out in Colorado Victorian finery, chef Todd Slossberg's cooking reflects his Rocky Mountain surroundings. He offers pan-roasted squab in a tangy whole-grain mustard and a reduction of pan juices with sweet caramelized onions. He glazes ruby trout with olive oil, grills it to a turn, and sets it over orzo pasta with baby spinach, tomato, and a lemony nage. His desserts are the best in town.

I am also very impressed with the new chef at the city's most elegant hotel, the **Little Nell** (675 East Durant Avenue, 970-920-6330). Bryan Moscarelo has managed to balance locals' demand for straightforward cooking (his Colorado rack of lamb with zucchini tart is just one great example) with his own considerable creativity. Try the ruby trout crusted with butternut squash and paired with truffle-scented gnocchi and a froth of pine nuts and spinach, a trifle of caviar with potato latkes, chive pancakes with tomato cream, and citrus French toast, or his confit of guinea hen with juicy apples

### A Few Things Worth Knowing About Eating Out in Aspen

• The steaks are dependable and the buffalo burger is a big draw at **Jimmy's** (205 South Mill Street, 970-920-7717), the product of Luigi Giordani's love and passion for the lusty, smoky flavors of his native land—plump pumpkin ravioli with walnut sauce, beef-stuffed tortelloni lavished with melted fontina and truffles, veal tenderloin with fava beans and baby corn, and stewed loin of rabbit served with steaming polenta in a terra-cotta bowl.

Luigi's wife, Elizabeth, has the energy of a Sno-Cat and an ebullience that draws you into **Campo de Fiori** (204 South Mill Street, 970-920-7717), the product of Luigi Giordani's love and passion for the lusty, smoky flavors of his native land—plump pumpkin ravioli with walnut sauce, beef-stuffed tortelloni lavished with melted fontina and truffles, veal tenderloin with fava beans and baby corn, and stewed loin of rabbit served with steaming polenta in a terra-cotta bowl.

• Strike up a friendship with someone who belongs to Harley Baldwin's **Caribou Club** (411 East Hopkins, 970-925-2929) and you'll hobnob with a very attractive crowd and dine exceptionally well on chef Miles Angelo's modern American cooking.

• By the time you read this, a new complex of oxygen-deprived casual and fine dining eateries will be open at 11,000 feet atop Aspen Mountain. Let me know how it is.

Last month, I named **Conundrum** (325 East Main Street, 970-925-9969), one of the Best New Restaurants of the Year for chef George Mahaffey's robust but refined cooking. Right now, with game season in full swing, expect him to work wonders with venison, elk, and pheasant.

And if you find yourself ravenously hungry at lunchtime, ski over to **Cloud Nine** (970-544-3063), a converted ski-patrol cabin atop Aspen Highlands. Once thawed out by the fire, you have a choice of daily options like lamb shank braised in Chianti with Israeli couscous, roast chicken with ricotta stuffing, steak pot roast with toasted barley pilaf, or garlic-studded leg of lamb with sweet-potato latkes. Always good to have options when you're stranded at 10,740 feet.

—JOHN MARIANI

# The Root of the Matter

Now you can access high-end market research for next to nothing **By Ken Kurson**

FIFTY-SIX OF Merrill Lynch's highly paid analysts found themselves on the new *Institutional Investor* list of all-stars. It's the most of any firm for the fifth time in a row, and Merrill uses its analytical dominance to market its pricey services. But there's a fundamental problem: Merrill's high-paying clients don't get access to the bad writing and good ideas of the 373 non-Merrill analysts who made the list. Maintaining accounts at all of the major research houses would cost a fortune and would overwhelm even the most omnivorous research appetite. Besides, the average individual investor is interested in only a tiny percentage of the opportunities followed by his broker's research posse. Your bank might offer you extensive research on commodity metals but have nothing on a sector you follow closely. Switch to a bank with a hotshot in your sector and the next thing you know, the guy's lured to another bank. It's a thorny problem.

Multex.com has made a nice little business trying to fix it. At Multex, visitors enter a ticker symbol and can then select a variety of reports from about 250 research departments, ranging from white shoe (Salomon Smith Barney, Morgan Stanley, and Merrill) to gym shoe (*The Red Chip Review*) to custom-fitted shoe (Jardine Fleming and Nomura). A few of the reports are truly free, and plenty more are free to those who agree to allow themselves to be marketed to by the brokerage that wrote the report. But the most fascinating part of the scheme is that Multex also offers individual reports, providing them one at a time to investors. Enter DCLK and you can download about 28 documents—anything from a free three-pager with DoubleClick's fundamentals to a 17-page transcript that'll run you \$150.

Multex has become a critical clearinghouse as investors scour the Net for stock information. Jim Tousignant, Multex's president, explains the motive behind the uncharacteristic informational generosity suddenly gripping the tight-lipped brokers: "Firms like Merrill spend a ton producing this information and another ton getting it into print and getting it to their clients. Picture Merrill with 20,000 brokers and 700 offices. They need to get info to them on a real-time basis. We do that for them." But beyond this benevolent Internet-helping-everyone explanation, the Multex system gives brokers access to an extremely rich source of leads. No one's reading a 25-page report on, say, the future of on-line lending for the richly drawn characters and original plotting. These people are ready to

invest, and they've got money to do so. Indeed, Tousignant told me that Merrill did a four-month trial and just re-upped for two years. "Research is the marketing tool to draw the on-line investor, and it's working for both sides."

Some interesting situations have developed. Fancy investment banks have largely pooh-poohed that dang Internet and have only recently been dragged in from Mahogany Row. So Multex's "Analyst Corner" chats seem to have matured overnight, graduating from begging tired old mouthpieces to becoming a prestigious showcase for some of the industry's top talents. And Tousignant describes a funny inversion of the relationship analysts have with their own firm's researchers. It seems one Analyst Corner all-star regular has noticed that several of the questions have been posed by brokers at his own firm, they'd had such a hard time reaching him that this was as close as they could get to personal contact. So much for the "inside track" a full-service broker can provide.

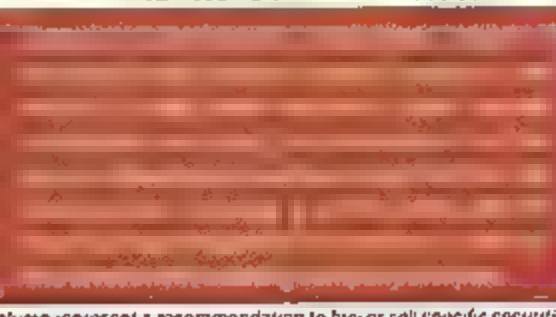
## My War: The Scorecard

A monthly look at my real-money portfolio. I started 1999 with \$16,823.

COMPANY (TICKER)	SHARES	AMOUNT INVESTED	PRICE 9/30	PRICE 10/31	GAIN/LOSS SINCE PURCHASE	VALUE 10/31
Advanta (ADVNA)	50	\$649	14	17	+\$3	\$801
Barnesandnoble.com (BNBN)	00	1,000	1	16	+\$15	\$158
Del (DELL)	30	1,217	41	40	-\$1	\$1,004
DoubleClick (DCLK)	1	1	1	1	+\$0	\$1
Excel Technology (XLTC)	100	938	4	1	-\$13	1,569
Lucent (LC)	1	1,229	63	63	+\$0	63
Mobil (MOB)	17	1,27	100	96	-\$4	1,647
Morgan Stanley (MWD)	5	1,167	1	1	+\$0	1,684
Oxford Health (OXHP)	100	1,2	2	11	+\$9	1,181
Pepsi (PEP)	1	1	1	1	+\$0	1
Summit Bank (SUB)	20	1,038	32	31	-\$16	692
Sun Microsystems (SUNW)	1	1,100	14	11	-\$3	9
TEK DigiTe (TEKI)	350	438	60	52	-\$8	182
Warner Lambert (WLA)	1	1,6	6	29	+\$23	1
WaveRider (WAVC)	100	224	68	1	+\$24	100
Wit Capital (WITC)	10	100	6	12	+\$2	76
						\$21,448
CASH* \$1,215						
PORTFOLIO NET WORTH AS OF 10/31 \$22,663						
GAIN/LOSS SINCE LAST MONTH (\$1,060) +4.91%						
GAIN/LOSS FOR 1999 +34.71%						
S&P 500 FOR 1999 +10.88%						

\* Reflects dividends paid: MWD \$3.60 on 10/29

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Under no circumstances does the information in this column represent a recommendation to buy or sell specific securities. The portfolio is for instructional purposes only. Ken Kurson can be reached at [KenK@greenmagazine.com](mailto:KenK@greenmagazine.com)

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### Female Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	\$ 103	\$ 125	\$ 145	\$ 183	\$ 205
40	\$ 123	\$ 158	\$ 185	\$ 235	\$ 260
45	\$ 199	\$ 215	\$ 253	\$ 330	\$ 385
50	\$ 253	\$ 290	\$ 363	\$ 490	\$ 495
55	\$ 360	\$ 413	\$ 550	\$ 835	\$ 1,015
60	\$ 503	\$ 608	\$ 845	\$ 2,135	\$ 2,400
65	\$ 775	\$ 975	\$ 1,593	\$ 3,900	\$ 3,900
70	\$1,338	\$1,600	\$2,970	\$7,220	\$7,220
75	\$2,275	\$4,870	\$5,820	\$10,440	\$12,420

### Male Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	\$ 123	\$ 138	\$ 165	\$ 223	\$ 253
40	\$ 148	\$ 183	\$ 224	\$ 288	\$ 335
45	\$ 225	\$ 300	\$ 360	\$ 450	\$ 513
50	\$ 338	\$ 455	\$ 525	\$ 730	\$ 828
55	\$ 500	\$ 670	\$ 768	\$ 1,638	\$ 2,330
60	\$ 783	\$ 990	\$ 1,265	\$ 3,630	\$ 3,630
65	\$1,330	\$1,650	\$2,693	\$5,250	\$5,250
70	\$2,448	\$3,175	\$4,860	\$8,790	\$8,790
75	\$4,400	\$7,443	\$9,600	\$13,260	\$15,030

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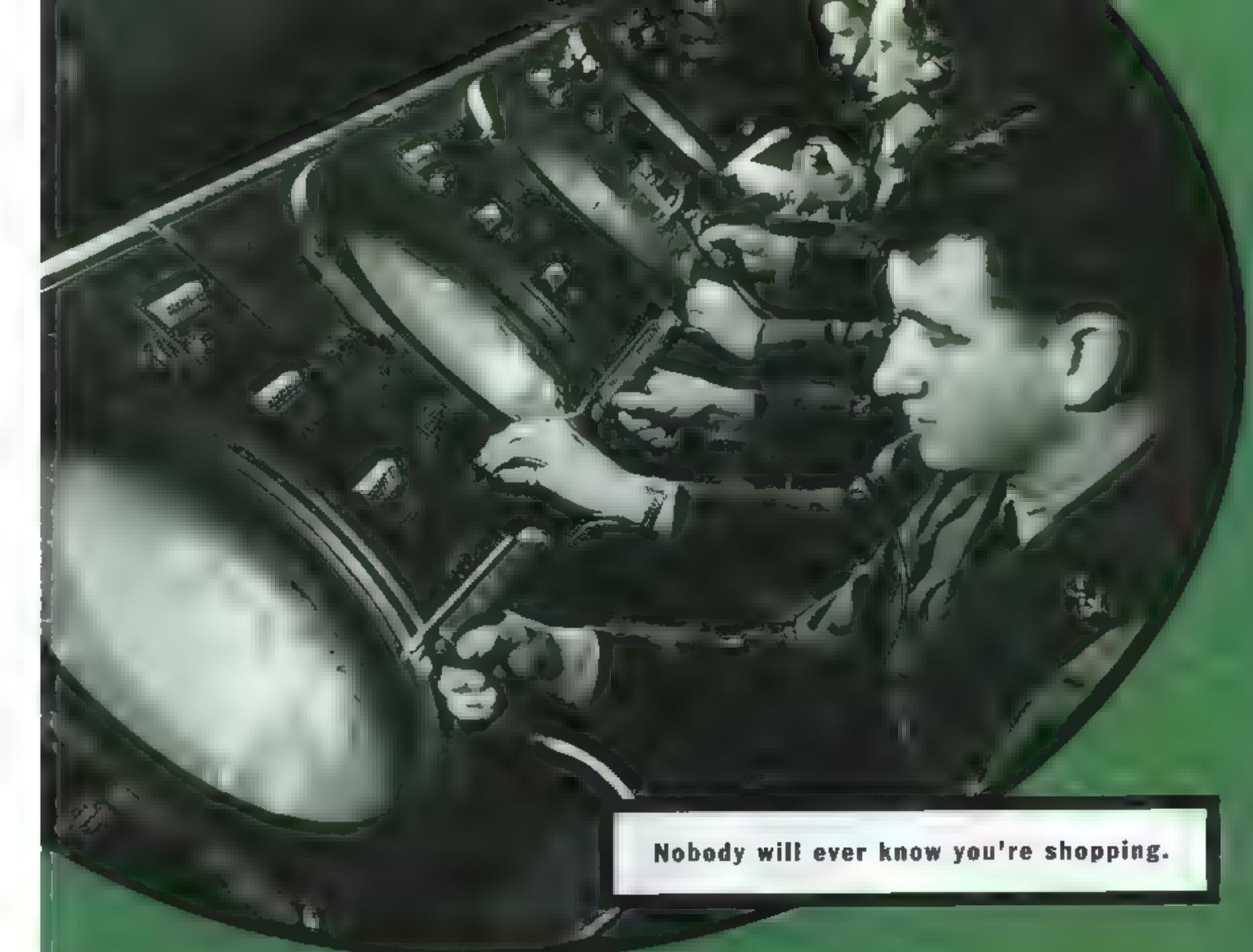
# Baaaaad

Just because Americans seem willing to watch anything doesn't mean they're sheep **By Tom Carson**

LARING AS UNPREDICTABLY as herpes attacks, Geraldo Rivera's campaigns for respect are among the most beautiful quests of our time—beautiful because they're doomed. Those who've only seen the take-me-seriously, I'm-on-cable Geraldo, hiding his genius for vulgarity under an ill-fitting thinking cap, can't appreciate what a lonely visionary he was in his prime. Not only did he pioneer the talk show as freak show, ditching the humane goodwill that was always Phil Donahue's excuse and paving the way for Jerry Springer, he also kept the planet on tenterhooks for an hour one fateful day in 1986 as it waited for him to open Al Capone's safe on live TV. Like the fools we were, we mocked him, because the safe looked empty. Little did we, or even he, know that the future of television would soon

some flying out of it, like the phantasms at the climax of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

Before Geraldo, TV's carnal side had always been kept from boiling over by the medium's aspirations to gentility—which were, in turn, a hedge against the low esteem in which television in general was held, the same way early Hollywood exaggerated its capacity for uplift to compensate for its disre-



**Nobody will ever know you're shopping.**

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# the screen

utability. Now the charade's gone by. To viewers who can remember when the stupidest flapdoodle on the tube had to pretend it was good for you, what's mind-boggling about the circus TV of the nineties is how *unapologetically rancid* and demented it is. Even the dingiest sitcoms and dramas now count as quality TV in comparison with the novelty programming that functions more as a realm than a genre—everything from

*Springer* and *Judge Judy* in the daytime to *Cops*, *WWF Smackdown*, and *The Real World* at night, all the way down to the ultimate in bottom-feeder television, Fox's scavenger compilations of disasters caught on video.

For lack of a better catchall, this is the stuff that's usually called "reality based," meaning that it's concocted but not acted—except, of course, for wrestling, whose heavy meta shtick seems designed to make postmodernist insights accessible to an audience that thinks Pirandello was one of the Mighty Morphin Power Rangers. (Like many another egghead whose secret goal in life is to wind up in an omelette, I'm hooked on it, too. Maybe I'm the type who's supposed to date on Bill Moyers wrestling with ideas instead, but I've always suspected that Moyers—PBS's version of Mankind—would lose every one of his bouts if their outcomes weren't just as rigged.) It's also the kind of television that tempts commentators to decry the end of civilization as we know it, which is fairly funny once you realize that civilization to them means *Gilligan's Island* as opposed to CBS's upcoming *Survivor*—the cross we've all been waiting for between *The Real World* and *The Most Dangerous Game*.

One reason trash programming drives critics to turn into moralists or pop sociologists is that the worst of it defies judgments based on craftsmanship or taste. It's pointless to talk about how good *Jerry Springer* is at his sausage-making job—although he certainly is, right down to his gift for expressing contempt for

his own show in a way that makes his fans feel knowing instead of insulted. Aside from observing that it's the non-white, nonsuburban version of America's *Funniest Home Videos*, there isn't a lot a reviewer can say about *Cops*: "Good criminals this week!" If some critics wind up ranting about the end of civilization as Steven Bochco knows it, that's partly because this stuff seems to foretell

pump. The avant-garde video installations these cheapo ratings grabbers uncannily resemble aren't better at exposing TV's anomie; what's being peddled isn't "reality" any more than echolalia is conversation, but you may never watch CNN again without wondering if you're kidding yourself about your motives. In fact, by unabashedly copping to the worst reasons we tune in, from voyeurism to

*schadenfreude* to just plain having nothing better to do, a lot of junk TV functions less as a travesty than as a critique of more respectable shows: *Springer's* coarseness debunks Oprah's fake concern the same way wrestling trashes sports heroics and *When Animals Attack* gnaws the leg off the Discovery Channel. If *America's Most Wanted* is the low-rent *60 Minutes*, shouldn't that lead people to suspect, correctly, that *60 Minutes* was always the upscale *America's Most Wanted*?

Terms like *low-rent* and *upscale*, let me point out, are as close as polite palaver comes to bringing up a taboo subject, namely the class distinctions that this stuff makes so roilingly evident—distinctions that yesterdecade's homogenized TV fare kept moot. A lot of circus TV has a huge following among frat-boy types, whose guiding principle—the jock version of camp taste—is to embrace everything stupid on purpose instead of risking doing so by accident. But for its hardcore audience, it's a worldview, not a goof, which is why the frat boy kibitzing is cruel. The most grotesque trash TV both

**1** **The First Epic Quandary of the Third Millennium** On the tails of one of the great debuts in TV history, HBO's *The Sopranos* kicks off its second season January 16. Filming included a week in Italy so expertly to see Tony and family visit the Boot, possibly in the third episode. But this season will also feature cameos by Janeane Garofalo and Sandra Bernhard as a wisecracking lesbian couple, a prospect more terrifying than a *Sopranos* style piano-wire garrotting.



**2** **Resolutions for the Next Millennium** Why not make this next thousand years the *Yo! Epoch*? You'll need more than a Y2K stockpile of batteries, water and cash to prepare. Who better to turn to for advice than His Holiness the XIV Dalai Lama? Following up on his best-selling books, the Lama of All Media is offering his wisdom on *Ethics for the New Millennium*, available on VHS, \$30. www.mysticfire.com. December 21. We await *Lama* magazine and the inevitable IPO.

**3** **A New Documentary You Should See** If you're thinking you just might skip *Mr. Death* because his filmmaking style has grown so obsessive-compulsive that he should've included himself as one of the subjects in *Fast Cheap & Out of Control*—well, think again. *Mr. Death: The Rise and Fall of Fred A. Leuchter Jr.* is Morris's best movie since *Gates of Heaven*. Morris aims his interrotron at Fred Leuchter (above), the dubiously credentialed Massachusetts engineer of execution equipment who blunders into the trial of Canadian neo-Nazi Ernst Zundel. Preparing to testify in Zundel's defense, Leuchter travels to Auschwitz and legally gathers samples to produce a highly controversial report based on bogus science "proving" that the Nazis could not have used gas chambers there. The ensuing controversy destroys Leuchter's life in *Mr. Death*. Morris has found a subject sturdy enough to support his technical virtuosity. Opens December 29.

**4** **NYPD Blue Preview** The 15th Precinct gunshoes return to ABC on January 11. Early episodes will feature police brutality and a case involving more than half a dozen naked corpses. Martinez (Nicholas Turturro) will leave the squad and a new black detective (Henry Simmons) will sign on. *Sipowicz* (Dennis Franz) goes on a few dates, and Sorenson (Rick Schroder) gets a new bedmate (Sheerie Rappaport).

the end of our jobs as we know them

Which I guess means it's time to chalk up another posthumous triumph for Andy Warhol. A when-Fox attacks special like *World's Scariest Explosions Caught on Tape* reduces television to its primitive, banal essence, omitting ostensible basics like continuity and narrative development in favor of a monotonous accretion of kabooms, which the lack of context renders equally arbitrary whether they're caused by terrorists, storms, or some bozo nodding off at the

panders to and holds up as objects of ridicule people with lousy educations, lousy jobs, and unbelievably lousy prospects—the nonelites of an era whose candid elitism makes the Gilded Age look like a fanfare for the common man.

The stratification of the audience along blatant socioeconomic fault lines is an inevitable result of the boutiqueing of the medium, made possible by cable and having six broadcast networks instead of three. If top-drawer sitcoms and dramas have grown more sophisticated, it's part-

ly because they no longer need to appeal to such a wide cross section of the public—they just need to cater to a plush demographic. The reason nineties sitcomland is so overstocked with smart-ass white-collar professionals in relatively privileged milieus—but not ostentatiously wealthy ones, always a demotic rather than an elitist fantasy—is that the target audience lives that way, and the hell with the proles.

As one of the lucky viewers being stroked, I should probably feel grateful and sometimes do. *Frasier* alludes to my little world a lot more than, say, *Who's the Boss*, a classic example of the implausible interactions that sitcoms used to contrive in order to be all things to all people. Yet the prime-time odyssey of *Frasier* Crane, leaving the motley world of *Cheers* behind to seek refuge among his own kind on his own series, is a perfect metaphor for the shift from TV that felt obliged to appeal to a broadly inclusive audience to programming that's geared to coteries.

So far as entertainment value goes, there isn't much anyone should miss about the old one-size-fits-all approach. The notion that everything on the tube should be held to a single standard of either quality or social responsibility, which would strike all of us as lunatic if applied to any other medium, gained currency only because of the peculiar circumstance of depending on ABC, CBS, and NBC for the works—which was like having *Time* and *Newsweek* as the only magazines around. But the need to simulate consensus did rule out favoritism. Today, by contrast, the yuppies and the culturati get fashionable shows that suck up to them while members of America's underclass are largely served by atrocious crap that defines them in their own eyes as well as everyone else's, as rabble. Which, admittedly, looks to be fine by them, but that may just mean they're taking what they can get.

However little that is, it isn't nothing—if only because class distinctions have a way of fostering class consciousness, which is seldom content to stay entirely negative. I'm taking what I can get, too, my own die-hard idealism about pop culture makes me insist that nothing on TV is worthless to the people who like watching it, no matter how it looks to outsiders. I may think *Judge Judy* is berserk, but that doesn't mean I can't see how daytime's pseudo courtrooms sublime un-

derclass yearnings for responsive government by supplanting actual institutions with notional authority figures whose clout isn't imaginary only because the audience consents to it—which was, you may remember, pretty much how the real thing was supposed to work, once upon a time. If only because its squalor is gleefully shared, the root appeal of the *Jerry Springer Show* is that it evokes a sense of community—one that, among other easily overlooked virtues, is not only more integrated than prime time but more at ease with alternative lifestyles. And on wrestling shows, the empowering side of circus TV is unmistakable. When it comes to evoking community, wrestling is the white-trash Woodstock. The fans don't just get off on the spectacle for its own sake; they get off on themselves for being initiates and love the whole shebang because it's *all theirs*, defining them as a culture because only they think it's art.

That's why it's revealing that junk programming fills civilization-as-we-know-it fans with the same horror aroused in establishment politicos by the advent of Jesse Ventura—whose election, thanks to a possibly familiar-sounding combination of genuinely disaffected voters and frat boys tagging along for kicks, seemed to augur one of those Jacksonian insurgencies of the hoipolloi that are the stuff of the political elite's nightmares. In both cases, the bottom line isn't content so much as pedigree, and the double standard is hard to miss. For instance, *Dateline*, just because it's on NBC instead of Fox, doesn't get slagged as tabloid TV, and *The Real World* gets accepted as lark instead of gruesome largely because it's on MTV and literally not low-rent. If it were on UPN instead, the brickbats would be flying, although the housemates might not have ever gotten away with kicking out the black guy.

Sometimes, though, TV's new class war is just funny, because it's truculent about the most unexpected enemies. Consider, for instance, *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*—ostentatiously devised as the people's *Jeopardy!*, with its cut-to-the-chase title, no-brainer questions, and certified clod-of-the-earth host. Until it became last summer's most unexpected hit, I'd honestly never guessed how many folks out there had spent years resenting the bejesus out of Alex Trebek—his hony-tony airs, his frigging mustache, his little corrections of everybody else's French. Who knew? **ME**

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### Four Things You Should Know



**1** **The First Epic Quandary of the Third Millennium** On the tails of one of the great debuts in TV history, HBO's *The Sopranos* kicks off its second season January 16. Filming included a week in Italy so expertly to see Tony and family visit the Boot, possibly in the third episode. But this season will also feature cameos by Janeane Garofalo and Sandra Bernhard as a wisecracking lesbian couple, a prospect more terrifying than a *Sopranos* style piano-wire garrotting.

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**4** **NYPD Blue Preview**

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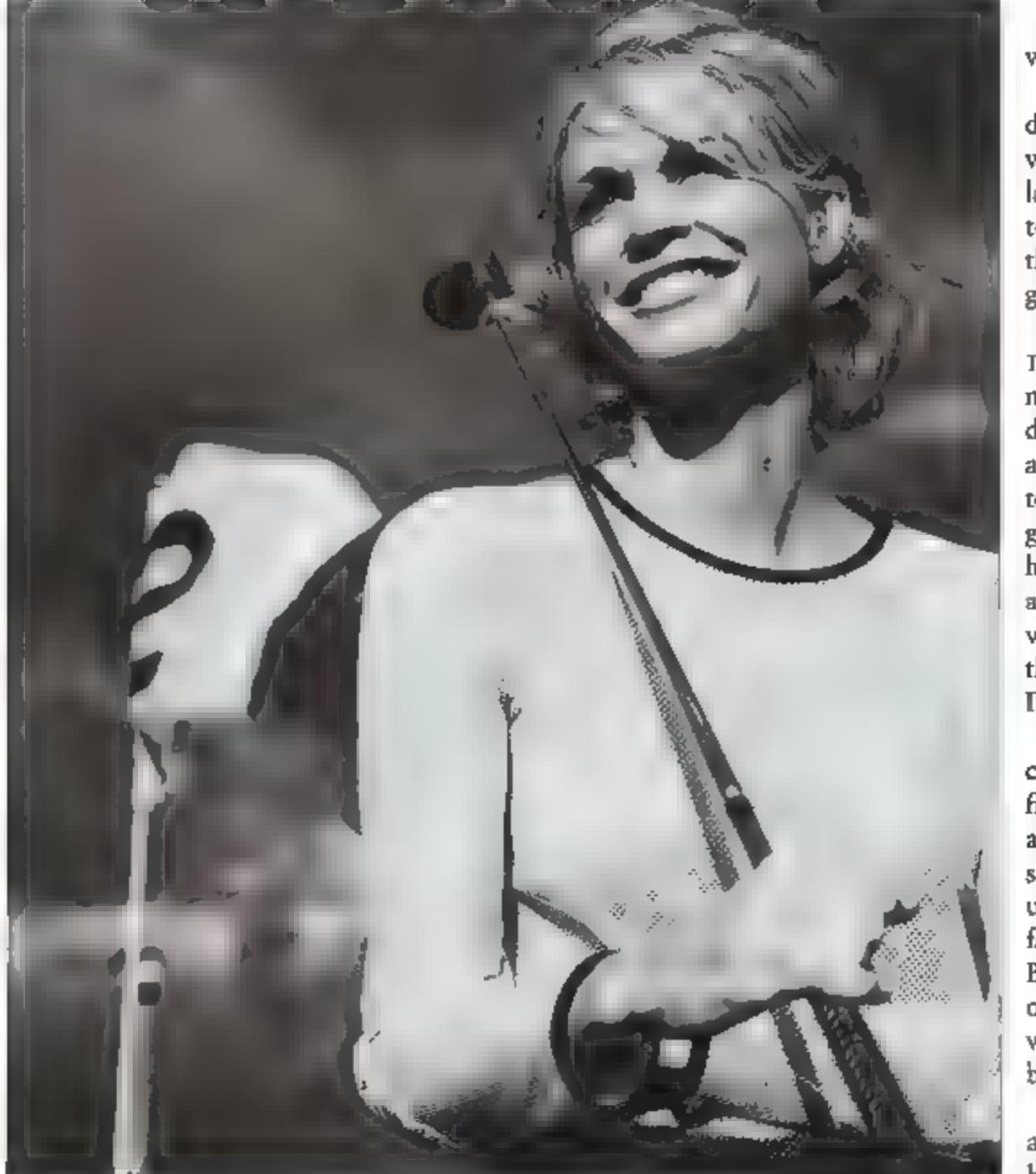
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

# Playing with the Wife

Life's not over.

It's just irrevocably altered.

By Tom Chiarella



THE PERSONAL GOLF UNIVERSE IS PRETTY SIMPLE. You pare your world down to the three people you can most easily put up with, gather them in the one place you all want to be, and the four of you walk around. As you do, you blow one another shit, slap a hand on one another's backs when needed, hammer balls, and slather on the stories. Later, you might drink. Surely you will talk. At night, you run it through your head once more, then roll over and go to sleep.

Your group, your boys, your tribe. They play your speed, shoulder-hang their bags reliably, kick around in the long grass for balls with your same sense of resignation.

Week in, week out, they throw down much the same manner of putts, snap the same sort of hooks. A little different from one hole to the next, sure, but utterly reliable from round to round. They are as certain as oaks. You bank on them.

Nothing can screw it up. Unless your wife decides to play.

When that happens, the golf universe dumps you back on the planet and wheels above you like a malevolent stellar cloud. You lose your tribe. You start to play slow. You forget your swing thoughts. You forget why you liked the game in the first place. You stumble.

THE VERY SIGHT of a golf course makes me senselessly happy. I look out the windows of planes to spot the courses from above, laid onto the earth like messages to the gods. I enjoy the briefest flash of a green seen from an interstate. The right hand turn into the driveway of my club affords me a view of the sixth hole, a wildly short par 4. I start my planning then, on the way up the driveway, before I've even put the car in park.

So it's hard for me to imagine a golf course making someone nervous and fidgety, especially someone like my wife, a nurse, a woman who regularly kick-starts the breathing of tiny blue infants under huge warming lamps as teary-eyed fathers watch from an arm's length away. But she didn't want to hit from the tees our first time out, and her hands shook when she pulled the 9-iron from my bag. She apologized for missing putts.

Her swing was somewhat herky-jerky, and she consistently hit about four inches behind the ball. It made me remember my first furtive stabs at golf, in high school, when I skipped class to sneak onto the public course at Genesee Valley Park. My fellow truants had been playing for years; their ball flight was true, and they knew how to talk the game. I once saw a kid named Art Constantine hit a beautifully arced pitching wedge straight over three guys washing a sky-blue Eldorado, onto the back edge of a small green. When it landed, Art yelled, "Suck back!" hoping for backspin. One of the guys looked up and shot him the bird. The pitch seemed so purposeful, so



## golf

full of calculation, while everything I did seemed an accident. I started asking Art for advice, which he gave me fully for a month. Put your weight here. Turn your hands there. Keep your shoulders level. Don't move your head. I found myself twisted into about six different shapes as I swung, scared and anxious over the ball. One summer day after graduation, as I whiffed the ball yet again, Art shrugged and offered me this cruel gem before turning away: "You need a lesson."

So I decided to shut my mouth when it came to my wife. We started playing almost regularly, and I saw that she could hit the ball, which is more than some, and she understood the game, which is more than most. I said nothing, I clammed up. She didn't seem to mind that I wasn't talking, and since silence is the golfer's best friend, I felt hope for her chances in the long term. Finally, after a particularly ugly skull shot, she looked up at me. "What do you think?"

I shrugged. "I think you should just hit it as hard as you can. Don't worry about it."

She looked at me. "What do you mean?"

"You make contact," I said. "That's half the battle. Just hit it. Swing hard."

She smiled. "Swing hard." I had learned one lesson from Art, from my years of pawing the pages of golf magazines, from the hundreds of tips and tricks I'd been given and dozens of lessons I had taken. Keep it simple and give praise.

Then, on the par-3 eighth, I watched as my wife made her first correction, all by her lonesome, lining the ball up to the left of the flag to compensate for her tendency to block the ball right. For a moment, I considered the standard advice: Take dead aim, turn faster, get your hands through to the release. But when she spanked a 5-wood to the center of the green, it skip-stopped and rolled to within five feet of the hole. "Jesus!" I said. I hadn't hit that green cleanly in four weeks.

From then on, it didn't matter what she did; the bug had made its bite. She wanted to play all the time. For the next few weeks, every time I went out, she asked if

she could come. The concepts that made up the sinew of the golf experience for me—the reliable foursome, the speed of play, the three-man games of wolf, the five-dollar Nassaus, the spur-of-the-moment two-man best-balls, the long-drive bets—were thrown to the wind. She liked to play odd numbers of holes. "Ten holes would be perfect," she would say over breakfast.

"Let's go play ten."

seven holes might take us two and a half hours. I didn't post any scores for a month.

Soon I forgot to practice.

I DID NOT BLAME HER. Hitting a golf ball is hard, and nailing a green is addictive. I understood where she was. I just wasn't there with her. She needed practice. I needed a game. One afternoon, when she whiffed the ball yet again, I couldn't help myself.

"Maybe it's time for a lesson," I said.

She looked up at me, teary-eyed and pissed. "Thanks a lot, asshole."

I had become what I beheld. I was Art Constantine, just another impatient know-it-all.

We waited at the next tee box, staring down the fairway at the group of women there. I was hoping we weren't about to walk off after five holes. I wanted to play the entire side.

My wife was looking down the slot, and her eyes narrowed. "That's Janet," she said. I knew the woman as a nursery school teacher who played in a regular group every Tuesday. She clanked it dead right. "That was ugly," my wife said. "I could do that."

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That's when it occurred to me. She needed practice, sure, but what she wanted was a game. She had crossed over, and I hadn't recognized it. She was just like me, just like any golfer. She wanted to beat someone. "Don't you think I could do better than that?" she said.

"Sure you could," I said. "You could rip her. She can't putt."

"Oh, really?" she said, smiling, staring down the fairway, teeing her ball up. "I shouldn't hit, should I?" she said, looking at the group as they gathered over yet another chip.

"I think you're okay," I said. "Go ahead and hit it. Let them know you're here. Send old Janet a message."

"What am I supposed to be telling her?" she said, smiling. She cranked it down the middle of the fairway, a little high and fat, but straight as an arrow. I didn't give her an answer. She was onward already, past me and away, grabbing her tee and stepping to the cart, ready with the routine, having said all there is for a golfer to say to

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## TWO Places You Can Play

1

**John's Island West, Wabasso, Florida, Tom Fazio, 1985**  
Years ago, when I asked Tom Fazio which was his most underrated course, he said he was baffled as to why John's Island West wasn't right up there with his best. Amazingly, it's kept a low profile, even as Fazio's reputation has shifted into hyperdrive.

The dunesy site was literally reshaped in places, but in other respects the design is the antithesis of Fazio's formulaic 1990s successes, featuring small greens that aren't always receptive and relatively tight-lancing areas. Its success all goes back to attitude. Developed as a pure golf retreat for a large vero

2

**Talking Stick Golf Club, Scottsdale, Arizona, North course by Bill Coore and Ben Crenshaw, 1997**  
A remarkable new design, given its location—not among the desert peaks of north Scottsdale but on the uncompromisingly flat Salt River Pima Maricopa Indian reservation. Jagged butters and native grasses set each hole apart, despite the fact that few places were raised or lowered by more than five feet.

There are seven holes featuring distinct alternate landing areas for the tee shot, based on bunkers or created washes that divide fairways. On another course these would be overkill, but they add great interest to a flattish site.

And like no other course since Royal Liverpool, Talking Stick has a distinguishing feature on the North course: the use of a boundary fence in the strategy of three holes. Out-of-bounds is seldom used as a hazard today, and the hard-line boundary is not only more intimidating and natural than the transition from fairway to desert, but it eliminates the need for awkward club-sculpting recoveries after an errant approach.

The par 5 second, for example, is a terrific hole—out-of-bounds all the way from tee to green on the left and at the world or airway on the right. The more one strays to the right on the first and second shots, the more rightening the approach back toward the fence. Rating: 7

Reviewed by Tom Doak, principal architect of Renaissance Golf Design



And we did. Sometimes we played four or six or eight. We almost never finished nine. Her game fluctuated, thrilling and frustrating her. Often she would smoke a 5-wood deep off the tee, then skull the ball eight times to the edge of the green. She began looking to me for advice. I stayed with my program. Just knock the snot out of it, I'd say. And she would.

When she missed, I tried not to care. But she missed a lot. When I got bored, I tried to watch with dispassion. People played through us all the time. A solid round of

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Sincerely,

Valerie Salembier

Valerie Salembier  
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2 How old are you? (check one age group)

11 Under 18  
12 18-21  
13 22-24  
14 25-29  
15 30-34  
16 35-39  
17 40-44  
18 45-49  
19 50-54  
20 55-59  
21 60-64  
22 65+

3 Are you married?  
12-1 Yes 13 No

4 What is your household's total income (from all sources)?

13-1 Under \$30,000  
12 30,000-39,999  
13 40,000-49,999  
14 50,000-59,999  
15 60,000-69,999  
16 70,000-74,999  
17 75,000-99,999  
18 100,000-149,999  
19 150,000-199,999  
20 200,000-249,999  
21 250,000+

5 What is the highest level of education you have currently achieved?

14-1 Graduated High School  
15 Attended Some College  
16 Graduated 4 Year College  
17 Post-Graduate Study  
18 Post-Graduate Degree

6 What is your employment status?

15-1 Employed Full-Time  
16 Employed Part-Time  
17 Retired  
18 Other

7 Which of the following best describes your current occupation/job responsibilities? (check all that apply)

6-1 Top Management  
2 Professional/Managerial  
3 Sales/Technical  
4 Administrative/Clerical  
5 Self-Employed  
6 Entrepreneur/Small Business Owner  
7 Other

8 In what field do you work? (check more than one if needed)

19 Accounting  
20 Art/Design  
21 Education  
22 Engineering  
23 Entertainment  
24 Fashion  
25 Finance/Banking  
26 Food/Wine  
27 Government  
28 Insurance  
29 Law  
30 Marketing  
31 Media  
32 Medicine  
33 Publishing  
34 Retail  
35 Research and Development  
36 Sales  
37 Technology  
38 Transportation

9 How did you obtain this issue of Esquire?

39-1 Subscription  
2 Newsstand/Store  
3 From a Friend/Relative  
4 Other

10 How long do you spend reading a copy of Esquire (on total)?

20-1 Less than 30 min  
21 30 min-59 min  
22 1 hour-1 hour, 59 min  
23 24 hours

11 Have you bought fragrance/cologne in the past year?

21-1 Yes 22 No

12 Do you own...

a dress watch? 23-1 Yes 24-1 No

a sport watch? 23-1 Yes 24-1 No

any other watch?

24-1 Yes 25-1 No

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# Slouching Towards Bed Again

She wants another child. Really, really wants one. He's not so sure. **By Robert Huber**

IN DAY LAST SPRING, I get up at five to sleep down to the small back room I share with Sherman, a cat. In the early morning silence, is our two small windows—mine, and Sherman's—soften with the day's first light, I work. Nothing else. I am zeroed in on the golden simplicity of going hard at it while the rest of the world sleeps. Suddenly—

A bump. The swinging door opens. Karen, my wife, is holding a cup of coffee in one hand and throttling the spine of a big dining-room chair in the other, trying to get it through the doorway. I don't help her. I just wonder what she's doing up, coming into my

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16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. © Philip Morris Inc. 1999

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

IT'S A SMOOTHER PLACE TO BE.

# man overboard There are two tragedies in life: not getting what you want, and getting it.

room so early. She parks the chair near me, facing me, then sits down with her feet under her, cradles her cup with two hands, and smiles.

"I want to tell you something," she says.

She is still smiling. Her smile looks like Martha Stewart's. She looks pleased with herself for no reason at six in the morning.

"Do you want to hear it?"

I look at an incomplete sentence on my monitor. "Sure."

"I want to have another baby. It's something I've been thinking about, and it's something I really, really want. I want to be able to stay home this time, do it that way." She is still smiling.

I say nothing.

"I think this will be good for everybody, and I think I should get pregnant now, because . . ." It's here that I shut down. Well, not completely—part of me takes in her argument that she's pushing forty and wants to try for a girl after two boys and the timing with her job is just right, but I'm transfixed now by her smile, which is still there, in her eyes, as she talks. "So what do you think?"

"I don't want to have another baby."

"Don't say that." The smile is gone. "How can you say that? You haven't even thought about it. At least think about it."

And we agree, my wife and I, sitting in my room at dawn, that I will think about it. She asks how much time I will need

I think for a moment. "The fall."

"What?"

"The fall. I'll give you an answer in the fall."

"That's ridiculous. You're just putting it off. That's just your way of saying no." Karen gets up, picks up the chair, backs to the door, and says, "You're not even going to consider this."

"I just told you that I would."

We watch each other silently as we hear a familiar scratching underneath my desk, accompanied by a familiar odor. "I don't know how you can work in here with the cat," Karen says. "It's disgusting."

She bumps back out, and then I'm alone with Sherman's ripe offering. It would be offensive if Sherman were a person. Since he's a cat, it helps me understand him. (Anyway, I've got standards—

there's a lid on the litter box.) I look back at the monitor, at the unfinished sentence that was about to describe, from the vantage of a twenty-first-floor apartment in Philadelphia, a rooftop setup of two springy metal chairs around a metal table with a Chinese lantern in the center, a place that a couple, I'm sure, comes up to at night. To drink wine and talk and look at the sky.

I get rid of the sentence because the idea seems dumb. Karen calls up the stairs to Sam and Nick, whose presence and ages—ten and six—are suddenly the contrast to what's missing: a girl, a baby girl. The light in my tiny window is blunt. I turn off the computer and feel sorry for myself by remembering an Oscar Wilde line: There are two tragedies in life. The first is not getting what you want. The second is getting it.

I'm angry. Not because Karen wants a third child—how could I be angry at that? It's her timing. Our sons are getting independent, and in the last year I made a career change that doubled my salary; things are finally calm enough for me to sneak out of bed early and chase what I really want, a sideline project I've been working on in fits and starts for ten years. I'm forty-five; it's now or never. Which is the exact instant she realizes her life will be ruined if we don't have another baby.

Yet whining about her timing won't cut it. She's got her own now-or-never scenario that might just be, in fact, a little more pressing than mine. So it's not her agenda that bothers me—I like women who know what they want, and I like babies, and I'd like to say yes to my wife. What bothers me is that she's forgotten mine.

A LONG TIME AGO, back in my college town post-college, I had a lonely career as a single guy, because mostly I was looking for a woman whose glowing brilliance would confirm my own. Never mind that I wasn't doing much to prove it myself. I spent a lot of time alone.

Then one night, I went to the diner late, sat there writing in my notebook. About 2:00 A.M., bar-closing time, Karen came in with some friends. We knew each other vaguely—she was a waitress there, and

she'd been out drinking. But when she saw me, she came over and sat down and smiled, and kept smiling—the same smile, in fact, she gave me in Sherman's room at 6:00 A.M. Karen wanted something back then in the diner, too, and what she wanted was me.

That smile believed in me implicitly. And, oh, she was wonderful. Then I got nervous—a woman who wants me couldn't be a woman I would want. I broke up with her. But then something in me snapped. I didn't have to do this to myself. I went back to her, relaxing, it seemed, for the first time in my life. When I looked at her calmly, she was still there, right there, looking back. She looked nothing like Martha Stewart, though she was powerful and smart and lovely. I took the risk—not such a small risk in those days—of trusting how I felt. Everything changed.

That was a long time ago. Now I don't need her help knowing what I should do or, more to the point, doing it. It's help she's long past supplying anyway. My wife simply wants what she wants: another baby. Writing a novel is my problem.

And not getting what she wants—Karen doesn't do very well with that. But if I give in because that's easier than dealing with her if I don't, I'm in big trouble, because I'll resent her, and maybe even the baby, and certainly myself for being a big pussy, all my time taken up with two sons and a mortgage and, once again, changing diapers—ordinary responsibility that is so common because it is exactly that. Ordinary.

THROUGH THE SUMMER, Karen's oddly quiet on the baby front. Has she given up on the idea? One day when we're talking about going camping in the fall, I say, quite cheerfully, "I wonder if that's a good idea. What if you have morning sickness?"

I'm an idiot. That's one very articulate message I get from her silence. Another is, Don't fuck with me over this. Make a decision.

Mostly, though, I avoid thinking about it. I work on my book early mornings, rewrite scenes. It's too early to tell if it's going well. I can feel myself sliding to-

ward what she wants, hardly a surprise given my general ambivalence and her lack of it. And I have moments of simply wanting a baby for her, stabs that would have me blurt, Oh, sure, sweetie, let's do it. Now I am, however, able to keep them to myself.

I share my dilemma with a couple friends. They shake their heads—they know where this is going. But they're missing the point. I'm all for showing a little backbone. But I'm not interested in merely proving that I can. I want the right answer.

IT COMES AS SUDDENLY as Karen's request, one day when I'm working, home alone, my family spending Labor Day weekend at the ocean. It's going well enough. I'm rewriting the scene in which my hero looks down from the twenty-first floor of an apartment building in Philadelphia, at a rooftop where two chairs wait around a metal table with a Chinese lantern—he's imagining the couple who comes there. And the couple he sees—whom I see—is Karen and me. Alone, late at night. Then I remember: I was working on this scene the morning Karen dragged a dining-room chair into Sherman's room with her request.

There is nothing else on that roof, just the sky and us. Our sons are asleep below. We're silent. There's a question hovering over us: What now?

What I suddenly understand, as I imagine that silent couple—us!—on that rooftop, is that I can't trap the rest of my life in my dream, that I can't tell everyone to sit quietly with their hands folded while I do what I have to do. I have to take the risk of moving forward. That's the point of being married, how Karen and I got together in the first place: She took a flier on me, which stripped my fear of how I really felt, and how I really felt was in love with her. We took off for California. We had two sons. It seems, in retrospect, so simple.

And now I see how the two things merge: I won't be able to dream the dream without living my life, and that means making it larger again instead of controlling it, giving my wife what she wants. Maybe that also means the novel never gets written. But I have a strong feeling—all alone in my tiny back room with Sherman, who's asleep—that forging ahead is the only way that it can.

She knows all this. Of course she knows this. She also just wants another goddamn

baby. And now I've come home again to simplicity: I do, too.

I call Karen, tell her I think we should. She says: "Good, the timing is perfect. You have to come now."

I laugh.

"I can feel it. I'm rumbling down there."

We both laugh. She doesn't seem surprised—she seems more like, This is the way it should go, and of course I would see the light eventually, and seeing the light means it's time to get rolling.

I pour Sherman a big bowl of food and go, stopping at a frozen-custard place on the edge of a golf course, probably its last weekend of the year. A pretty, bored high school girl huddled in a wool sweater opens the tiny sliding door, takes my order for a chocolate shake, closes the door. I turn away in the sweet air, with that feeling of desire that's like sap rising, that you can taste—novel? I want to tell her, and the guy across the parking lot changing into his golf shoes, that I'm on my way to the ocean, making a beeline to my wife. Instead, I give the girl a dollar tip, and she smiles weakly, closes her plastic door. I slip giddily to my car as the guy hunched under the weight of his clubs scratches slowly across the macadam.

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# the B-SIDE guide



## The Getaway

Fess up: When it comes to packing for some R&R, you're a little more like Mr. Howell than you'd care to admit, right? No, maybe you don't fill trunks for something as short as a three-hour tour, but you do overpack. And that is not what a two- or three-day warm-weather getaway is about. The key word in that sentence, of course, is *getaway*: get away from work, from family, from the load—both mental and physical. That means packing light. One bag full of neutral-colored clothes—something from the designer holiday collections shown here, for example—and you're all set.

Prepared, in fact, for anything, including when the weather starts getting rough and your tiny ship is tossed.

Clockwise from top left: leather suitcase (\$995) by Salvatore Ferragamo; comb (\$16) by Mason Pearson; toothbrush (\$13) by Koh-i-Noor; sneakers (\$550) by Hermès; sunglasses (\$105) by Ray-Ban; toiletry kit (\$220) by Louis Vuitton; hat (\$33) by Polo Sport Ralph Lauren; watch (\$1,595) by Daniel JeanRichard; K-1 khakis (\$65) by Dockers Khakis; cotton pants (\$60) by Tommy Hilfiger; boxers (\$28) by Robert Talbott; boxers (\$85) by Lorenzini; nylon trunks (\$45) by Polo Sport Ralph Lauren; tank (\$13) by Calvin Klein Underwear; merino-wool vest (\$215) by PS Paul Smith; cotton shorts (\$70) by Burberry; cashmere V-neck (\$495) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; cotton shirt (\$120) by Thomas Pink; cuff links (\$285) by Saks & Saks.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY ZUKERKORN  
STYLING BY DON SUMADA





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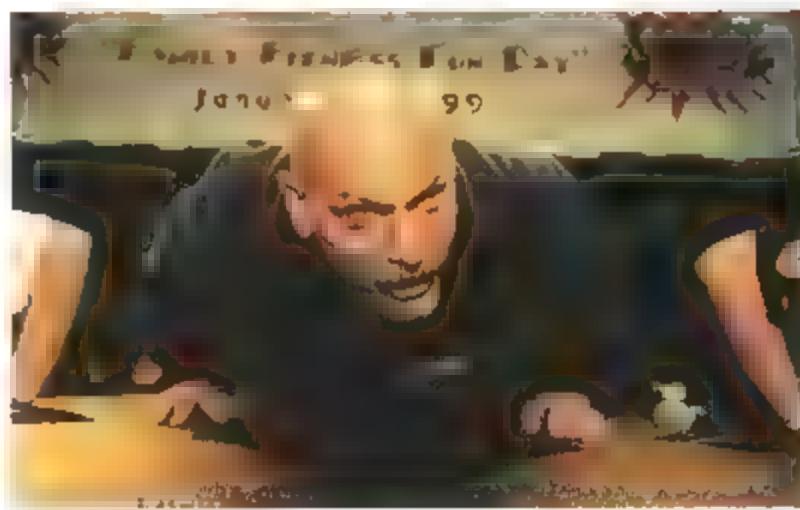
SINCE 1913

## The 1999 Dubious Achievement Awards

Hasta la Vista!



The most Dubious year of the  
most Dubious millennium ever!



**HATES RELIGION, LOVES TITS. THIS MAKES HIM A NUT?**

Minnesota governor Jesse Ventura announced he'd like to be reincarnated as a size 38DD bra.

**SURE, BUT HOW DO WE KNOW IT REALLY BELONGED TO MICKEY MANTLE?**

Before eBay decided to remove the item from its Internet auction site, bidding on a human kidney surpassed \$5 million.

**AND SOME CAKE**

Newt Gingrich called his wife during her mother's eighty-fourth birthday celebration to tell her he was having an affair with a thirty-three-year-old congressional aide, and asked for a divorce.



**BUT ROD STEIGER'S SNORING SCARES THE MONKEY**

About his relationship with Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Jackson said, "She's a warm, cuddly blanket that I love to snuggle up to and cover myself with."

**GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE, APES WITH GUNS KILL PEOPLE**

House majority whip Tom DeLay blamed the Columbine shootings on children's being taught "that they are nothing but glorified apes who are evolutionized out of some primordial soup of mud."

**DO THAT AGAIN, JOHNNY, AND I'M SENDING YOU TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE--IN A BOX**

In response to the Columbine shootings, NRA president Charlton Heston suggested arming teachers.

**WHEN CHRIS ROCK SAYS IT, HE GETS AN EMMY**

An aide to newly elected Washington mayor Anthony Williams was forced to resign after he referred to certain budgetary allocations as *niggardly*.

**COINCIDENTALLY, THAT'S ALSO HOW YOU MAKE GRAVLAX**

A Helsinki rehab center reported that some Finnish women, in order to avoid having alcohol on their breath, are soaking tampons in vodka and absorbing the alcohol through their vaginas.

**NOW YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GET GRANDMA ON THE PHONE, EITHER**

The first controlled study of Viagra use by women indicated that the drug helps the post-menopausal have orgasms.

**LATER IN THE INTERVIEW, HE REVEALED THAT HIS ASSHOLE IS A PORTAL TO HEAVEN**  
George Lucas said that his *Star Wars* movies were "designed to make people think about larger entities and mysteries of life."

**TRUE, BUT THEY SHOULD ALSO GET THEIR MONEY BACK**

At the same press conference, Lucas dismissed die-hard *Star Wars* fans. "It's just a movie. And a lot of people say, 'Get a life.'"

**EXCEPT FOR VANCE REGO**

Explaining why he quit his job to be the first person in line to see *The Phantom Menace*, store manager Vance Rego said, "I had to set my priorities straight."

**EXCUSE ME, HOLY MOTHER, BUT IS THAT MOUSSE ON YOUR HALO?**

The cover line on a story about Jesus's mother in the October issue of *U.S. Catholic* magazine: "There's Something About Mary."

**OKAY**

The placenta from the birth of Lee's son is stored in her refrigerator in a bag labeled, DO NOT EAT.



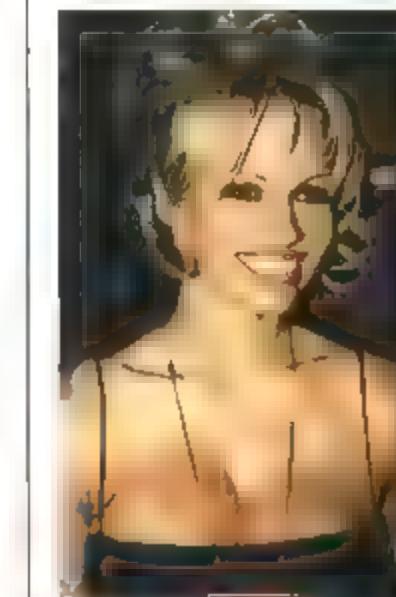
**»Haven't the Jews Suffered Enough?**

Guests at a Passover seder hosted by Madonna included Juliette Lewis, David Spade, Gwyneth Paltrow, and Lionel Richie.

**NO, NO, NO, HALF MUSHROOM, PEPPERONI ON THE WHOLE—WOW, THE LIGHTS WENT OUT THERE FOR A SECOND**

Philippine president Joseph Estrada was unable to stop the execution of a condemned man at the last minute because all the phone lines to the prison were tied up.

**AS IT TURNS OUT, HE COULD GET ARRESTED**  
Matthew McConaughey



**TOMMY LEE WAS SO IMPRESSED, HE HAD HIS DOCTOR TAKE A COUPLE INCHES OFF THE TOP**  
After Pamela Anderson Lee had her breast implants surgically removed, she reported feeling "much sexier."

**OKAY**

The placenta from the birth of Lee's son is stored in her refrigerator in a bag labeled, DO NOT EAT.

**THOSE RAT BASTARDS!**

An Italian scientist claimed that he had produced four human babies using sperm grown in the testes of rodents.

**A GOOD EXAMPLE OF LONG-TERM PLANNING**

Woody Allen adopted a baby girl.

# CLINTON



**»Rejected Political Poster of the Year**

**BUT ONLY AFTER FAILING TO SATISFY THEM**

Medical researchers now believe that humans first contracted AIDS from chimpanzees, most likely by eating them.



**IT'S A FLY-DRIVE-SWIM PACKAGE**

For a \$100,000 contribution, the Democratic party offered a "Camelot weekend" at the Kennedy compound in Hyannis Port.

**NOW, GET THOSE HAPPY MEAL TOYS FINISHED OR WE'LL SHOOT YOUR PARENTS**

To celebrate the golden anniversary of the People's Republic of China, the Communist party issued this officially approved slogan: "Adhere to the basic economic system, with public ownership dominant and diverse forms of ownership developing side by side, and 'To each according to his work' as the main distribution form and with other forms as well."

**OKAY, WHERE DO YOU PUT THEM?**

In an interview with *Wine X* magazine, Tori Amos said, "I hear the wine. . . I hear it before I taste it. It's calling me. And then I start to hear it when I'm tasting it. Not that I put crystal suppositories up my ass."

**NOTE FROM CREATIVE EXECUTIVE: THIS DRAFT, MAKE SURE TO INDICATE THAT MIDGET IS LITTLE**

Testifying in court during a lawsuit brought by Jeffrey Katzenberg, Michael Eisner admitted he may have said, "I hate the little midget."

**WE KNOW THAT SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF MONEY**

Katzenberg's attorney told reporters they would be seeking damages in the amount of "sixty zillion dollars."

**AL GORE WOULD KILL FOR THOSE NUMBERS**

According to one poll, 87 percent of the American public had no opinion on or had never heard of House Speaker Dennis Hastert.

**DON'T WORRY, THEY WON'T REALLY PAY FOR IT ANYWAY**

Donald Trump chided Bill and Hillary Clinton for paying too much for their new house in Chappaqua, New York: "I could save them about \$600,000 or \$700,000."

**BECAUSE BY NOW HE'D BE BOTH DEAD AND A LOT LESS ANNOYING**

Responding to Trump, a White House spokesman said, "It's too

bad he wasn't president for the Louisiana Purchase."

**YOU'RE LEADING AGAIN, NAOMI**

After attempting to teach Al Gore to dance the "Booty Call" aboard *Air Force Two*, a reporter said, "He got stuck. He couldn't cross that one leg over the other."



**WOW! A VENTRILOQUIST'S DUMMY THAT GIVES HEAD!**

During Jim Brown's trial on domestic-abuse charges, his wife claimed that she had given him permission to smash up her car with a shovel.

## The 1999 Dubious Achievement Awards



### HAIKU OF THE YEAR

After John Kennedy Jr.'s fatal plane crash, Kathie Lee Gifford said:

I will never look  
at haze  
the same way again.

### ARYAN HAIKU OF THE YEAR

When he was asked if he had anything to say to the family of James Byrd Jr., a black man whom he had chained to the back of a truck and dragged to

death on a dirt road outside Jasper, Texas, John William King replied:

Yeah, They can  
suck  
my dick.

### ARYAN LOVE POEM OF THE YEAR

In a note to one of his codefendants in the dragging death of Byrd, King wrote:

Seriously though  
bro',  
regardless of the outcome  
of this  
we have made his-  
-story;  
and shall die proudly  
if need be  
Gotta go,  
Much Aryan love.

**THEY WRITE DARN GOOD POETRY, THAT'S FOR SURE**  
Benjamin Nathaniel Smith, who killed two people and wounded nine in a two-state shooting spree that targeted minorities, was a member of the World Church of the Creator, which preaches, according to founder Matt Hale, that "white people are the most gifted creations on earth."

### CRIME FREE SINCE 1992!

George W. Bush, who for months refused to answer questions about whether he had ever used drugs, finally said he had not done so in the past seven years.

### SINCE MY YOUNG AND IRRESPONSIBLE INVOLVEMENT IN THE TATE/LABIANCA MURDERS

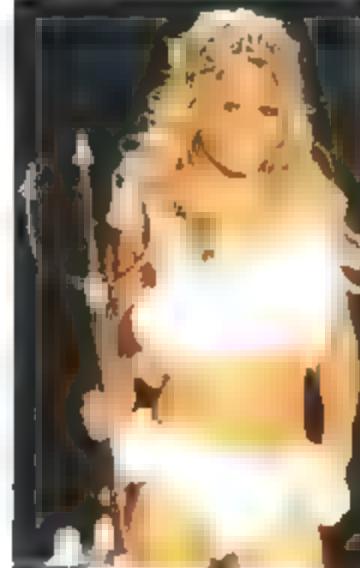
Later, Bush said he had not taken drugs for the past twenty-five years.

**REMEMBER THE ALAMOE**  
"Starting in this town, in this place, in this hour, we will fight back." Dan Quayle, formally announcing his candidacy for president



### WE'D WORRY MORE ABOUT THE THIRTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD FAT GUYS

*Phantom Menace* star Natalie Portman said she felt uncomfortable being rendered as an action figure, because "it's very strange to know that little kids somewhere will be playing with me."



they get caught in that situation. You lie. You just lie."

### GREAT, NOW CAN WE HAVE THE KEYS TO THE GODDAMN CHASTITY BELTS?

Nearly nine hundred years after the Crusades, a Christian group sent religious leaders in Jerusalem framed apologies for the slaughter of Jews and Muslims.

### YOU'RE JUST GOING TO BE APOLOGIZING FOR THIS IN ANOTHER NINE HUNDRED YEARS

A Colorado Springs church accused *Pokémon* of representing Satan and hacked apart a *Pokémon* doll during services.

### SO WHAT'S ABE HIRSCHFELD, CHOPPED LIVER?

*Time* called Chris Rock the funniest man in America.

### WHAT WOULD JESUS HAVE ? AW, FUCK IT—I'M GONNA PUT MY SANDAL UP HIS ASS

Sean "Puff Daddy" Combs assaulted a record-company executive who neglected to cut a scene from a video in which Combs appeared to be crucified.

**APPARENTLY, HE HAS TROUBLE REMEMBERING ANYTHING GOING BACK MORE THAN SEVEN YEARS**  
After he was asked by a Florence, South Carolina, student about his favorite children's book, George W. Bush said, "I can't remember any specific books."



### SHE FOUND LIPSTICK ON HIS DIAPER

As part of a \$3 billion divorce lawsuit, Phyllis Redstone, seventy-four, accused her husband, Sumner, seventy-six, of adultery.

### NO SHIT. HE TRIED THAT. NOW WHAT?

Redstone, the CEO of Viacom, offered some belated advice to Bill Clinton on how he should have handled the Monica Lewinsky scandal. "The American people expect people to be when

### CAREFUL--THE LAST ONE WHO TRIED THAT GAINED SIXTY-FIVE POUNDS

In a letter to *The Irish Times* about "this Bill Clinton nonsense," Sinéad O'Connor asked, "Does impeachment mean that they're gonna turn him into a peach? If so—can I eat him?"

### AND THAT MAKES YOU SPECIAL?

Columbine High School killer Eric Harris wrote in his diary, "You know what I hate? The WB network!!! Oh Jesus, Mary Mother of God Almighty, I hate that channel with all my heart and soul."

### »Hare of the Year

**On March 27,** at an Al Gore campaign appearance in Nashua, New Hampshire, a six foot bunny with gaping, bloody wounds was unleashed by PETA to protest Gore's support for a program to test thousands of common chemicals on animals.

On April 7, as Gore was delivering a speech in Ames, Iowa, Secret Service agents made the bunny sit in the backseat of a car while they ran a security check. The bunny came up clean.

Despite constant harassment by the Secret Service, Gore's refusal to negotiate, and an oversized Plexiglas head that required a van to cart it, the bunny stalked the vice-president across America. Finally, on July 30 in Minneapolis, the travel and strain got to the bunny, who almost fainted. "You have to take off your head to drink," he explained. "I neglected to do that."

Tired of being hounded by the bunny—whose cause had by now been joined by Alec Baldwin, Bea Arthur, and the Doris Day Animal League—and anxious to share up his reputation among conservationists, Gore agreed in October to oppose the testing program and spare eight hundred thousand animals.

For his efforts, the bunny was sent to open a PETA office in India. Reflecting on his body of work—including once spending a day in intercourse in Pennsylvania, disguised as a condom, the bunny, Jason Baker, said, "I've never been beaten up, but probably should be, don't you think?"



### CHEERS!

Actress Sarah Miles cured her sinus troubles by drinking her own urine.

### SEMANTICS FOR BITCHES

In his book, *Takin' Back My Name*, Ike Turner refuted charges that he had abused his former wife: "Sure, I've slapped Tina . . . And there have been times when I punched her without thinking. But I never beat her."



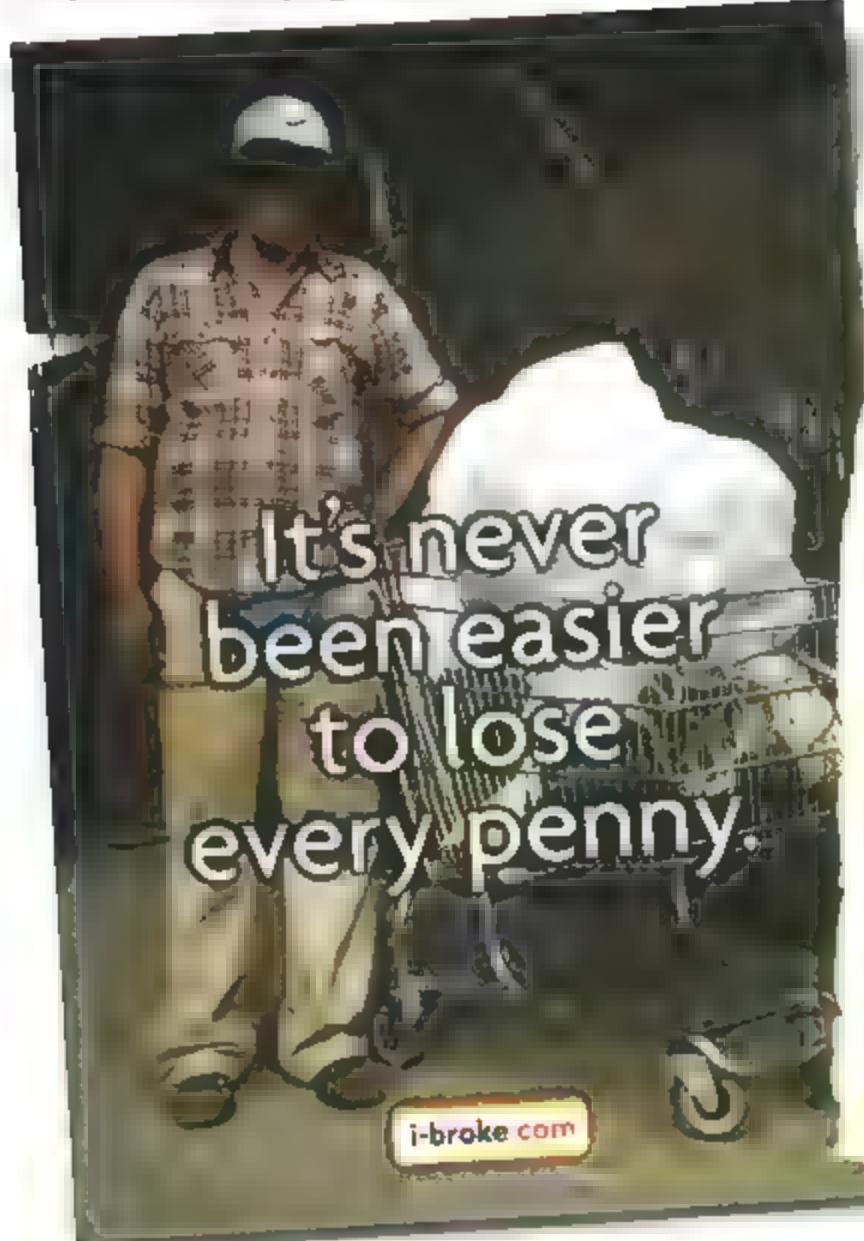
### THRILL RIDE OF THE YEAR

Helping to inaugurate the Apollo's Chariot roller coaster at Busch Gardens in Virginia, Fabio was struck in the face by a goose.

### BECAUSE AT THE MOMENT, PAT BUCHANAN IS BOTCHING THE CASE

Alan Dershowitz told a group of Yale Law School students that, given the chance, he would have defended Adolf Hitler—"and I would win."

### »Rejected Ad Campaign of the Year



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- 1 Tear out complete and sign
- 2 Include a signed blank check
- 3 You're only a few hours away from losing your first shirt!

i-broke.com

### ACCOUNT HOLDER INFORMATION

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Social Security # \_\_\_\_\_  
Secret cash machine code \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation walked away from.  
How soon will you be divorced?

How much can we get for your house?

Up to \$50,000  
 \$50,000 to \$100,000  
 \$100,000 to \$150,000  
 Already booked:

Will your wife be willing to hook?  
 Yes

Please check all that apply

Valium  
 Prozac  
 Xanax  
 Brew  
 Smack

Would you be interested  
in hearing about how to  
purchase drugs directly  
from i-broke.com?

Yes  
 No

How will you be killing yourself?

i-broke.com

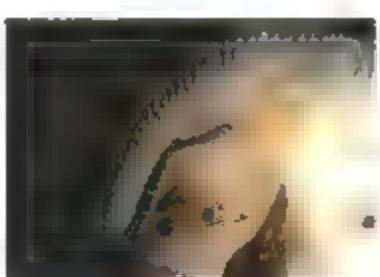
## The 1999 Dubious Achievement



**JUST SHOW US YOUR BRACES**  
Cover girl Jennifer Love Hewitt was named "#1 Readers' Choice" by *Maxim* magazine.

**JUST SHOW US YOUR TITS**  
Arnold Schwarzenegger said he was contemplating a run for governor of California.

**DON'T WORRY, IT WAS TESTED ON THAT BITCH ELIZABETH WURTZEL**  
The FDA approved a new psychotropic drug for treating anxious and depressed dogs.



**THAT NEW DRUG IS HELPING ALREADY**

Linda Tripp, who believes President Clinton's friends are trying to kill her, told Larry King, "I'm not paranoid. I'm not delusional. I'm normal."

**... COKE?**

In defense of President Clinton, Mark Wahlberg said, "Bill is thugged out, you know. Bill's OG—original gangster. You've got to give him his props. He got away with everything but murder."

**OF COURSE, IF HE HAD AN ITALIAN WIFE, HE'D BE DEAD ALREADY**

Of Clinton, John Gotti said, "If he had an Italian last name, they would have electrocuted him."

**BILLY JOEL REALLY WANTED THAT GIG**

Violators of noise ordinances in Fort Lupton, Colorado, were required by Judge Paul Sacco to report to court and listen to music ranging from Roger Whitaker to bagpipes, as well as the judge's own guitar compositions.

**NOT TO MENTION THE PERSONAL AD SEEKING A GIRL WITH A BOWL CUT AND STRAIGHT, DARK HAIR**

The *China Youth Daily* admitted that it had been falsifying its weather reports for thirty-six years.

**BUT HE MADE \$2.4 MILLION CASHING IN ALL THOSE EMPTIES**

After purchasing the Virginia mansion of Ted Kennedy for \$6 million, billionaire Eric Holtz decided to raze the building because it had bad feng shui.

**AND SHE IS CATHOLIC SCHOOLGIRL**

The Dalai Lama told *Newsweek*, "Sometimes in dream I have violence or am meeting women. Then in dream I remember, I am monk."

**YOU'VE GOT MAIL**

David Kaczynski, who turned in his brother, Ted, sold the *Unabomber* movie rights to Avnet/Kerner, which will make the film with Disney.

**SO DOES BRET EASTON ELLIS, BUT YOU DON'T SEE ANYONE PUBLISHING HIM**

After a New York college magazine published "Ship of Fools," a short story by Ted

Kaczynski, its editor explained, "I think people realize that he wasn't just a serial killer. He had something to say."

**APOLOGY ACCEPTED. JUST DON'T HAVE ANY MORE**

Matt Groening, creator of the animated antihero Bart Simpson, said, "I now have a seven-year-old boy and a nine-year-old boy, so all I can say is, I apologize."

**AND FIRE HOSES JUST MAKE THEIR BACKS WETTER**

An instructor for the Cambridge, Massachusetts, police department asserted that pepper spray is less effective against Mexican-Americans because they eat so much spicy food.

**» And We Were That Close to Forgiving Her for Killing Vince Foster**



Hillary Clinton: The fact is, I've always been a Yankee fan.

Katie Couric: I thought you were a Cubs fan.

Clinton: I am. I am a Cubs fan.

Couric: Oh.

**THEY ALSO FOUND THAT IT IMPROVED THEIR GRIP**

After Gold Bond discovered that college students and military cadets were using its medicated powder to receive "a cool, tingling sensation in their sensitive areas," the company launched an ad campaign with the line "a party in your pants."

**CAN'T WE LEAVE THIS POOR MAN ALONE?**  
Reptile owners chose Bill Gates.

**ACTUALLY, THEY WERE MORE WORRIED ABOUT PEOPLE THROWING THEMSELVES IN FRONT OF A TRAIN**

New York City's Metropolitan Transportation Authority banned movie posters for *Big Daddy* from subways because they featured an image of Adam Sandler urinating in public.

**REENACTMENT OF THE YEAR**  
Woodstock '99



**I HAVE TO HAVE A FEW DRINKS IN ME JUST TO SHOOT THEM**

Denying that his troops were committing mass rape, Serbian deputy prime minister Vojislav Seselj said, "If you look at what has been coming out of the slums in Kosovo, only a blind person could rape something like that."



**YOU MEAN LIKE A SURGICALLY RECONSTRUCTED CZECH SKI INSTRUCTOR IN STRETCH PANTS?**

Addressing the Lewinsky scandal, Donald Trump said,

"People would have been more forgiving if he'd had an affair with a really beautiful woman of sophistication."

**HERE'S BLOOD IN YOUR EYE!**

At a business conference in China, Sumner Redstone said, "Journalistic integrity must prevail in the final analysis, but that doesn't mean that journalistic integrity should be exer-

cised in a way that is unnecessarily offensive to the countries in which you operate."

**WHO KNEW THEY COULD READ?**

After writing an editorial in his Scottsdale, Arizona, high school paper connecting football to violence in American culture, student Sam Claiborn was beaten up by a member of the school's football team.

**IN D.C., HOOKERS ARE OFFERING A FREE STARR 69 WITH EVERY THIRD LEWINSKY**

After a character on a *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit* episode referred to oral sex as "getting a Lewinsky," Bernard Lewinsky, Monica's father, demanded an apology.

**WILSON, I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO COME IN HERE WITH THAT PERTY LITTLE MOUTH OF YOURS**

In two separate polls, M.B.A. students and prison inmates gave almost identical answers to a series of ethical questions.

**YOU MORON, YOU BOOTED UP THE NEW YORK CITY PROGRAM!**

The Los Angeles Bureau of Sanitation accidentally spilled three million gallons of raw sewage onto city streets during a test of computers for Y2K compliance.

**EVER HEARD A LAWN WHINE, "JUST THIS ONCE, CAN'T WE TALK FIRST?"**

According to a *Home & Garden*

**» Look Who's Talking**

**Match the Quote with the Speaker**



**A. Hillary Clinton, surrounded by life guards on a Long Island beach during her New York state "listening tour"**



**B. Jeffrey Berry, national imperial wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, requesting permission for Klan members to wear their hoods in a Manhattan rally**



**C. Tom Brokaw, describing his reaction to the homeless people he passed sleeping on the street en route to an appearance on the *Today* show**



**D. Chess legend Bobby Fischer after denying to a Hungarian radio interviewer that he is Jewish**



**E. President Clinton recounting what he was told by his sixth-grade teacher**

Television survey, men would rather tend their lawns than have sex.

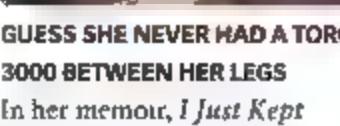
**WHICH WAS WELL WITHIN GOVERNMENT GUIDELINES**

The CIA acknowledged that it sold twenty-five laptops at auction but forgot to erase secret information from the hard drives.



**OH, BUT WHEN STEPHEN KING DOES IT, HE ONLY GETS RUN OVER BY A CAR**

A Texas seventh grader was jailed after he wrote a Halloween essay that described the killing of his teacher and classmates.



**BRITISH RESEARCHERS IDENTIFY MAD COW ZERO**

Margaret Thatcher told a Conservative party conference, "We are quite the best country in Europe. In my lifetime, all the problems have come from mainland Europe, and all the solutions have come from the English-speaking nations of the world."

**» Rejected Corporate Slogan of the Year**




**I MEAN, HAVE YOU BEEN TO A BABY GAP LATELY?**

*Diff'rent Strokes* star Gary Coleman filed for bankruptcy, explaining, "I have a lifestyle requirements. Photos, meetings, lunches, dinners, facial care, tooth care. It requires an exorbitant amount of money."

**AND WHETHER SHE LEFT ANY TOOTHPASTE**

After his *Diff'rent Strokes* costar Dana Plato died of a drug overdose in May,

Coleman said, "My thoughts were with her son and the press issue and whether it would affect my ability to get employment."

**IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL, PRIZEFIGHTING IS GOING TO GET TAWDRY**

Margaret MacGregor, a thirty-six year-old landscaper, won every round of the first-ever "sanctioned" intersex prize-fight, thoroughly outboxing Lori Chow, a thirty-four-year-old jockey who barely came up to MacGregor's chin.


**UTAH WOMAN RAISES SIX CHILDREN WITHOUT FREAKING OUT!**

Depressed after the birth of her seventh child, Marie Osmond said, "I basically gave the baby to the baby-sitter, gave her the credit card, got in my car . . . and just left, never thinking I would come back."


**THEY FOUND TWENTY?**

*George* magazine named Pamela Lee one of the twenty most fascinating women in politics.

**I'LL HAVE THE BLUE-FACE SPECIAL**

The family of Dana Plato announced plans to turn the trailer home where she died of a drug overdose into a museum and café.

**NOW, THAT'S JUST PILING ON**

Al Gore told a group of dinner guests, "Not even I would vote for the Al Gore I've been reading about."

**NOT ONLY DID HE STAY HARD, HE DIDN'T COMPLAIN ABOUT SLEEPING ON THE WET SPOT**

In March, a California woman gave birth to a girl conceived from sperm that had been extracted from her husband's body after he died in 1995.

**JUST THE BORING PARTS**

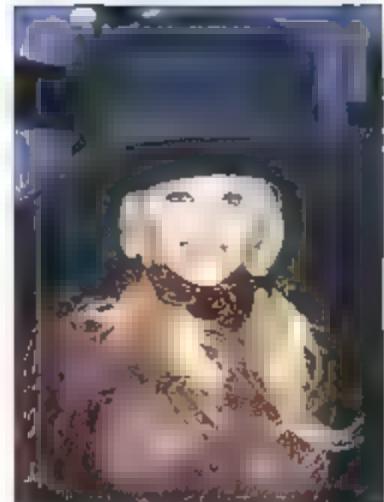
A federal court threw out the death sentence of a Texas man because his defense attorney had slept through much of the trial.

**THOUGH NOT NECESSARILY ALL AT ONCE**

Koop's Web site, Drkoop.com, listed the top fourteen "innovative and advanced health-care institutions across the country" but failed to disclose that the hospitals had paid \$40,000 each to be included on the list.



»**Thank-You Note of the Year**  
Received last summer by Dr. Bernard S. Lewinsky from the Democratic National Committee.



**SOUNDS LIKE THE GUY WE TOOK TO THE PROM**  
Reinaldo Silvestre, an unlicensed plastic surgeon with a thriving practice, administered animal anesthetic before inserting female breast implants into a male bodybuilder.

**TED! SATAN HERE. I HEAR YOU LIKE JOKES.**

Asked what he would say to the pope if he ever met him, Ted Turner said, "Ever seen a Polish mine detector?" and then showed the audience his foot



**I, FOR EXAMPLE, HAVE A WEAKNESS FOR ANILINGUS**  
House majority whip Tom DeLay stopped the Chinese ambassador in the hallway after his appearance on *Meet the Press*, grabbed his arm, and said, "Don't mistake the weakness of this president for the weakness of the American people."

**AN UNFORTUNATE FREUDIAN KIKE**

Speaking at New York University's graduation ceremonies, Dean Jo Ivey Boufford accidentally referred to her school as "N.Y.-Jew."

**TOMORROW: JEFFREY DAHMER'S HARVEST-TABLE RECIPES**

To illustrate a story about National Clown Week, *The Kansas City Star* used a photo of serial killer John Wayne Gacy in clown makeup and the caption "It's a rule. You must celebrate Clown Week."

**REASON TO GO ON LIVING ALL YOUR ENGINEERS ARE FROM KANSAS**  
Jim Carrey told *Vanity Fair* he sometimes feels like quitting show business.


**» Our Glorious Century**


» **1907** Modern medical care begins as Mary Mallon is seized and labeled Typhoid Mary. Beside her are Halle Hepatitis, Golda Gonorrhea, and Ani War Ai.



» **1939** Six million Jews get together and decide to ruin Germany's reputation by taking a holocaust. Then they bury themselves all over Poland.



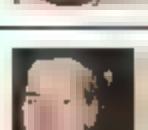
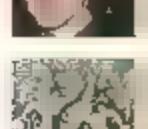
» **1969** Astronaut Neil Armstrong inadvertently creates a logo for MTV. For the next thirty years, we are forced not only to listen to what fifteen-year-olds think but to pretend to give a shit.



» **1997** Immediately following the senseless death of Princess Diana, two million roses and tulips are senselessly murdered.

## Dubious Achievements

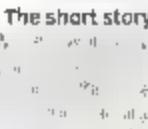
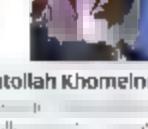
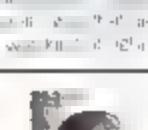
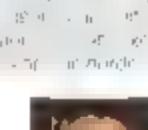
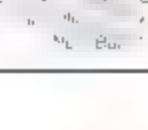
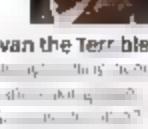
### Single Elimination Playoff Battle Royale

	<b>Black death</b> Killed 20 million people in 1347-50
	<b>Ricky Martin</b> In 2000, he sold 30 million records
	<b>Bret Easton Ellis</b> Wrote <i>White Boys</i> and <i>American Psycho</i>
	<b>Aztecs</b> In 1487, they built the city of Tenochtitlan
	<b>Pol Pot</b> Killed 1.7 million people in Cambodia
	<b>The lute</b> In 1500, it was the most popular instrument in Europe
	<b>The Warsaw Pact</b> In 1955, it was formed by the Soviet Union and 10 Eastern European countries
	<b>Women's lib</b> In 1970, it was born
	<b>Bolsheviks</b> In 1917, they took over Russia
	<b>Scientology</b> In 1954, it was founded by L. Ron Hubbard
	<b>Al Gore</b> In 1993, he became Vice President of the United States
	<b>The corset</b> In 1995, it was invented
	<b>Cyberbillionaires</b> In 1998, there were 200 of them
	<b>Panty hose</b> In 1999, they sold 100 million pairs
	<b>Johannes Gutenberg</b> In 1440, he invented the printing press
	<b>Steve Gutterberg</b> In 1999, he directed <i>Independence Day</i>

## Man of the Millennium

thousand years. Please turn the page.



	<b>Neville Chamberlain</b> In 1938, he signed the Munich Agreement
	<b>Serfs</b> Constantly trying to escape their masters
	<b>The short story</b> If you can't get your books, it's better to make up your own
	<b>Slobodan Milosevic</b> In 1990, he became president of Serbia
	<b>Pirates</b> Would board whaling ships without asking, then eat their blubber
	<b>Ayatollah Khomeini</b> Elected Iranian leader in 1979
	<b>Perspective</b> Allows us to see things from different angles
	<b>Genghis Khan</b> In 1206, he became the Khan of all the Mongols
	<b>Steven Spielberg</b> Directed <i>Empire of the Sun</i> , <i>Indiana Jones</i> , <i>Close Encounters</i> , <i>Jurassic Park</i>
	<b>Robespierre</b> In 1793, he was the leader of the French Revolution
	<b>Ivan the Terrible</b> In 1584, he became tsar of Russia
	<b>Court jesters</b> In 1584, they were used to entertain the king
	<b>Ethelred the Unready</b> In 978, he became King of England
	<b>Ethe</b> In 978, he became King of England
	<b>Squalor</b> In 1999, he directed <i>Empire of the Sun</i>



# Dubious Achievements of the Millennium

1,000 YEARS OF QUESTIONABLE JUDGMENTS

## BERNARD LEWINSKY'S HEART GOES OUT TO THE POOR, DUMB BASTARD

John Duns Scotus (1266-1308) ruminated on divinity, will, being, and intellect at such length and in such a convoluted way that the word *dunce* was derived from his name.

## THE LIVING SHALL ENVY THE DEAD

One commonly prescribed remedy for the black death was piercing your testicles.

## THANK GOD SOMEONE SAVED THE RECIPE FOR THOSE DELICIOUS FIG BARS

Isaac Newton's dog, Diamond, knocked over a candle, destroying the only copies of Newton's work on the nature of light.

## ANOTHER REASON TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

In sixteenth-century England, husbands were banned from beating their wives after 9:00 P.M.

## THE LINEN WAS OKAY, BUT THAT ZIPPER WAS A KILLER

In 1560, in the wake of the first recorded syphilis epidemic, Gabriel Fallopius invented the condom, a linen sheath that Mme de Sevigné would call "gossamer against infection, steel against love."

## TELEMARKETERS AND ROAMING CHARGES, TO NAME JUST A COUPLE

In 1876, a Western Union internal memo predicted, "This 'telephone' has too many shortcomings to be seriously considered as a means of communication."

## YOU FORGOT "GEORGE THE APPALLING ASSHOLE"

In 1096, thousands of peasants led by Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless set off across Europe to Jerusalem, so annoying local Christians that this "Peasant's Crusade" was wiped out before it could get anywhere near the Holy Land.

slavery. Nicholas's group made it only as far as Italy, where they disappeared without a trace.

## "GIOVANNI! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FORGOT OUR ANNIVERSARY!"

Between 1949 and 1981, Giovanni Vigliotto married 105 women in fourteen countries and twenty-eight states without the benefit of a single divorce.

## THE KING BILL VERSION

In 1631, a Bible appeared in London with the misprinted commandment "Thou Shalt Commit Adultery."

## GET ON DER NICE FOOT

Mrs. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe called her husband's penis "Herr Schonfuss" (Mister Nice Foot).

## THE DIM AGES

Though a supernova appeared in the sky in 1054 and remained visible for twenty-two months, no one in Europe noticed.

## WHO DEFENDED HER, MARCIA CLARK?

In 1474 in Switzerland, a deep-throated hen was mistaken for a rooster and burned at the stake for laying an egg.

## »Dead men talking

"There are six guineas for you, and do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell." —James, Duke of Monmouth, at his 1685 beheading

"The executioner is, believe, very expert and my neck is very slender." —Anne Boleyn, kneeling at the block in 1536

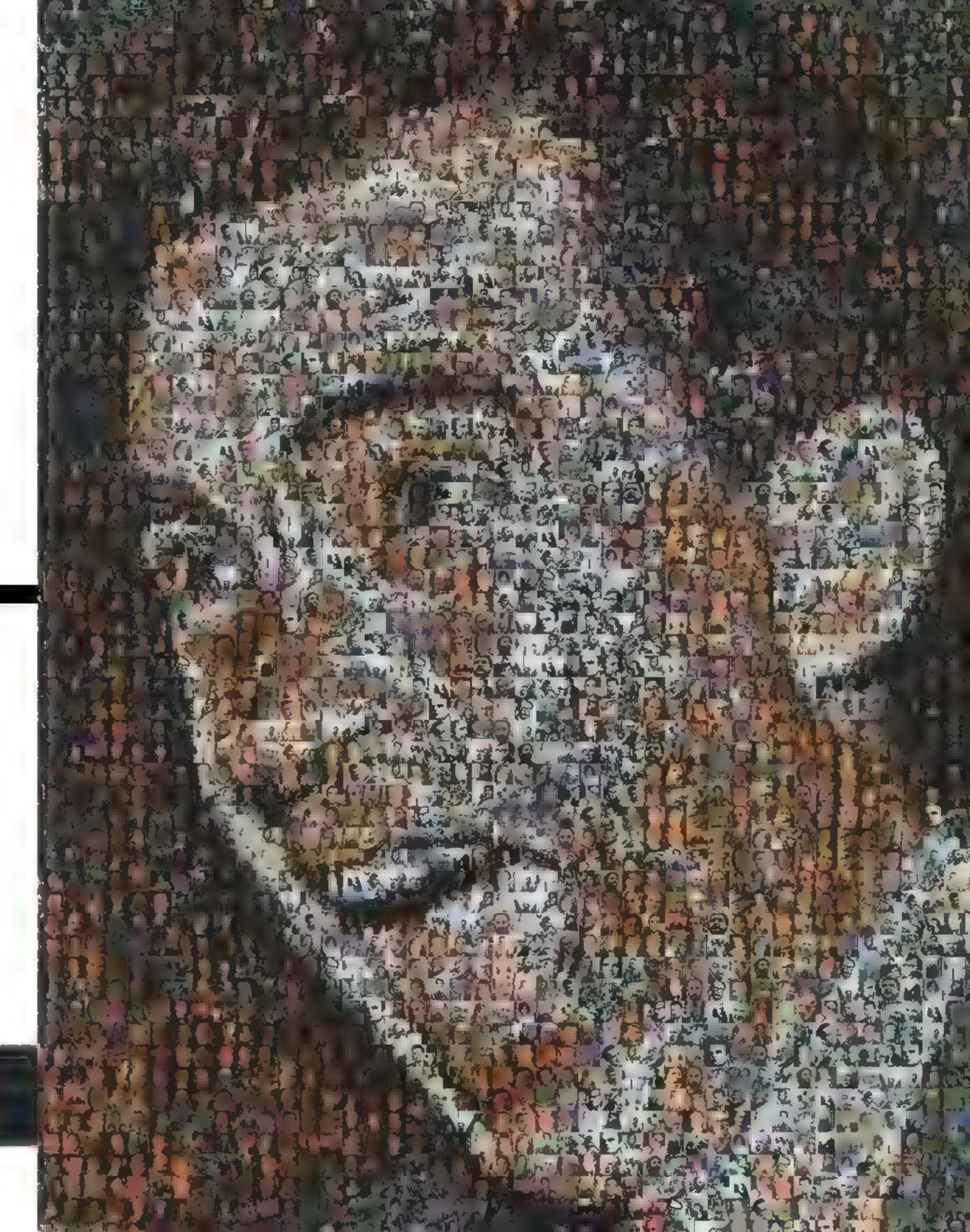
"Is this safe?" —William Palmer, testing the trapdoor before being hanged in 1856

"Folks, you're about to see a baked Appel." —George Appel, just before he was electrocuted in 1928

"I didn't get my SpaghettiOs, I got spaghetti wan the press to know this." —Thomas J. Grasso, executed in 1995

## WHICH SURPRISED THE HELL OUT OF HIM

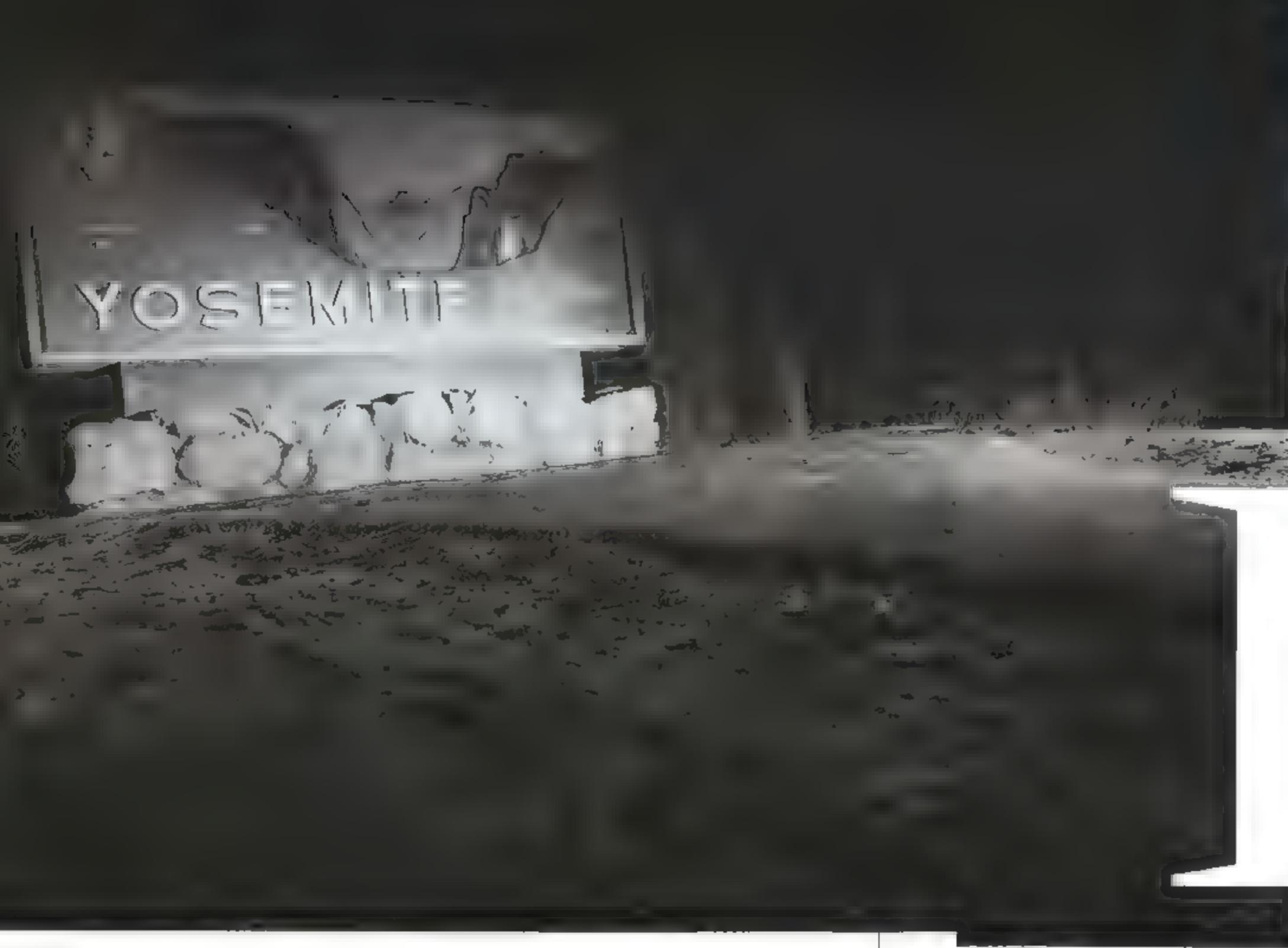
Nostradamus made his first predictions in 1547.



Why is this man laughing?  
The Dubious Man of the Millennium  
RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON  
(and his countless enemies)

As a kid, Cary Stayner became famous for all the bad things that happened to his family. Last year, he became famous for the bad things that happened to four women in Yosemite National Park. He sits in jail now and says he wonders what the world thinks of him. ~ By Sean Flynn

# A Voice in the dark



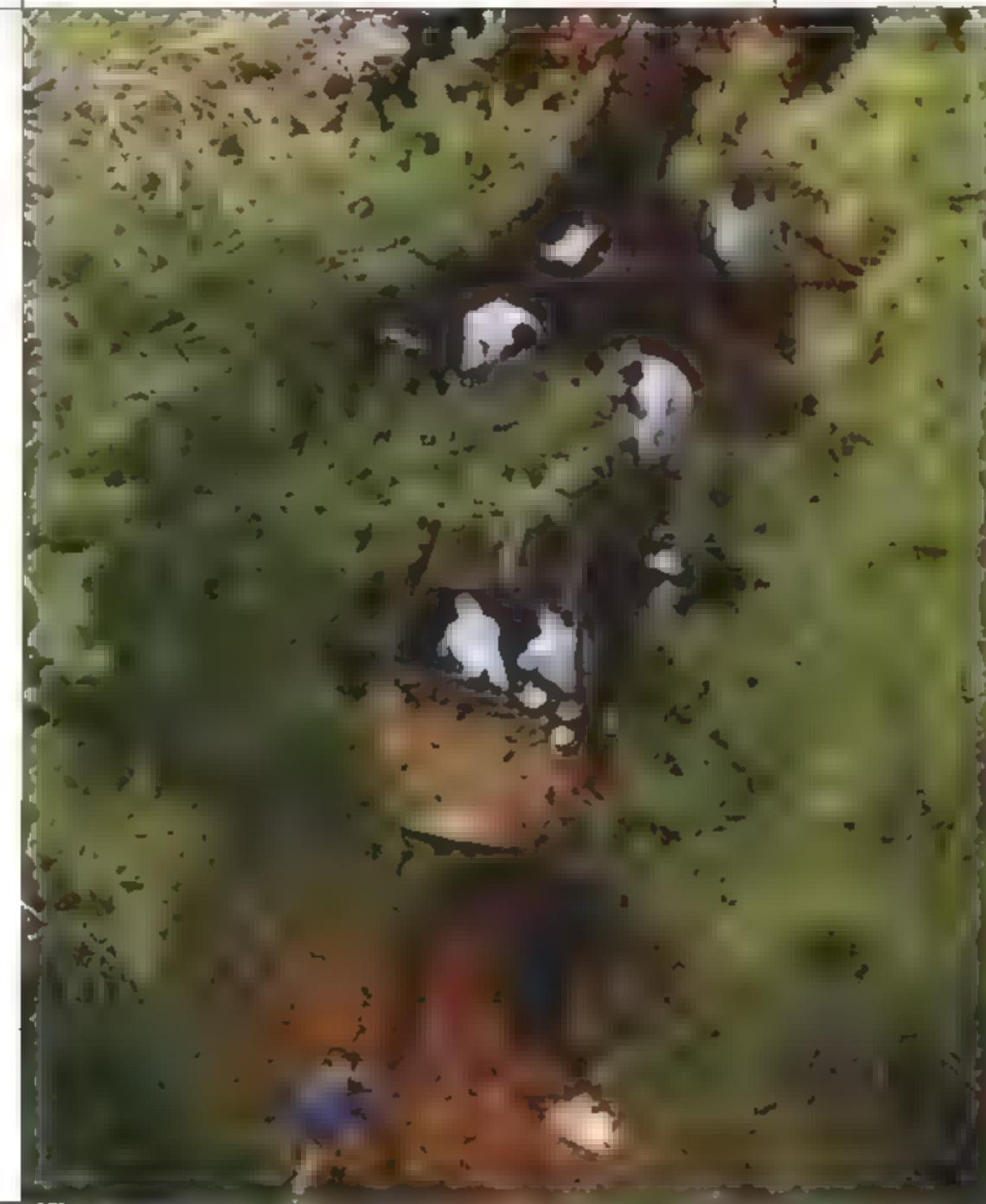
Photograph by Karen Kuehn



silvina      juli      joie      carole

IT IS EASY TO HIDE IN THE HIGH SIERRAS, to disappear in the shadows of the steep granite canyons and the bristled canopies of sugar pines and redwoods. Four million tourists a year traipse through these mountains and never see the felons and drunkards and bail jumpers, the drifters and dropouts, who lose themselves in plain sight. Runners, the locals call them, hobbled souls limping away from something or anything or maybe even everything. ¶ The runners see things the tourists miss. Like the marijuana fields sprouting in the backwoods, or the cold, clear pools, perfect for swimming, where the river rolled away the boulders that tumbled down under the weight of ancient glaciers. Sometimes, one of them will even catch a glimpse of Bigfoot, who, under the pale light of a round white moon, might shamble too close to the edge of a meadow, too far from the dense stands of forest, then linger just long enough to become real. ¶ Cary Stayner saw Bigfoot. Cary was a runner, too. When he was a younger man, he would steer his pickup east on Highway 140, over the Bradley Overpass and out of Merced, where he grew up and where his family became famous because of the bad things that kept happening to it. Like when his little brother, Steven, was kidnapped in 1972 by a pedophile who sodomized

On February 15, 1999, Carole and Juli Sund, along with family friend Silvina Pelosso, were enjoying their Yosemite vacation, snapping pictures of one another on the valley floor. Hours later all three would be dead. Carole and Silvina would be discovered weeks later in their burned-out Pontiac (below right). Juli's body would be found an hour west. Today, a shrine marks the site (below) where the car was found.



him for seven years. When he escaped, the adults called him a hero; the kids called him a faggot. Later, Steven died in a motorcycle wreck just fifteen months before someone shotgunned a hole through Uncle Jerry's head. "That poor family," people would say. "Can you believe it?"

Cary didn't much like being famous. Mostly he liked being alone, and mostly he liked being stoned. So he'd run, driving a

straight ribbon of blacktop past the almond groves and peach orchards and up into the mountains, where the road twists into hairpins and then settles along the crooked banks of the Merced River. Cary would follow the pavement all the way to the floor of the Yosemite Valley, then wander up a trail to smoke a joint and be alone in the woods.

Once, back before Steven was dead and Jerry got murdered,

Cary dropped down a narrow trail to a tiny settlement near Yosemite called Foresta. He was riding in a truck with his eyes focused on the headlight beam, trying to ward off the motion sickness that roiled in his gut. When the lights swept across the frame of an old, rotting barn, Cary saw a creature crouching in the shadows, staring back with glowing red eyes. Startled by the glare, it sprang upright, spun away, and sprinted into the

darkness with long, thoroughbred strides.

It wasn't a bear. Cary was sure of that. No, this thing was more simian than ursine, with lanky limbs and thick hair instead of stubby legs and silky fur. Then it howled from the shadows—"A horrible shriek," Cary says now, "like a woman screaming through a bullhorn"—the noise echoing through the dark cathedral canyon before fading to a low, soft growl, the sound of fear surrendering to sadness.

CARY NEVER SAW BIGFOOT AGAIN, but he loved to tell people about the time he did. "Do you believe in Bigfoot?" he'd ask, and the people would almost always answer that they didn't. "He's real," Cary would say. "I saw him."

One of the last people he told was a thirty-year-old cab-driver named Jenny Paul, who picked him up one clear, cold February morning in Sierra Village, not far from a place called Long Barn. Cary told her he'd been stranded there by some friends and paid her \$125 for a ride to the Yosemite Lodge. As they twisted down a road high above the valley, he pointed to the trees beyond Big Meadow. "That's where I saw him," he told her.

Cary had run into the mountains for good in the spring of 1997, settling at Cedar Lodge, a 206-room motel on the same road, Highway 140, that leads back to Merced. He got a job working maintenance on the swing shift and rented a room above the bar next door. He was a good worker, always on time. He was quiet, Polite. He could fix almost anything, even the whirlpool tubs that befuddled so many other handymen. He was neat, a fastidious dresser, with his T-shirt tucked into his shorts—Cary almost always wore shorts, no matter how cold the weather—and his radio clipped to his belt just so. He kept his brown hair cropped close and covered by a baseball cap, the bill shading eyes that flashed from a muddy hazel to steely gray.

When he wasn't working, Cary would drive his truck, a baby-blue 1979 International Scout with wide white stripes and four mismatched tires, to a curve so tight that the speed limit drops to 25 miles per hour. He would climb out, walk down a steep bank to a beach of boulders and river sand, light a joint, and strip off his clothes. Cary liked to be naked. He would tell the high school girls working at Mountain Pizza that he was a sun worshiper. At night, he would take those girls across the road to a gazebo and get high with them.

Other times, Cary would go back to Foresta, near where he saw Bigfoot, even though a forest fire had charred the trees around there into soaring black spikes a few years back. He always hoped he'd find Bigfoot again. "I guess that's why I kept going back," Cary says. "To relive the experience." The last time he was there was July 21, 1999, which also happened to be when a park worker noticed his Scout parked just off the road.

The next day, in the same place, the police found twenty-six-year-old Joie Armstrong's headless body half underwater in a creek. Joie was the fourth woman murdered in the Sierras in five months. The first three were tourists who had disappeared from Cedar Lodge in February. Carole Sund, who was forty-two, and a family friend, Silvina Pelosso, who was sixteen, were dumped near Long Barn, their bodies stuffed in the trunk of a burned-out Pontiac. Juli Sund, Carole's fifteen-year-old daughter, bled to death along the shore of New Don Pedro Reservoir, an hour or so west of Yosemite. By the time Juli's body was found, the gash in her throat had spread so wide, it looked as if someone had tried to decapitate her.

For a time last spring, the police and the FBI thought they had the killers locked up. A grungy crew of ex-cons and crank freaks in jail on other charges seemed to know more about the murdered tourists than innocent men should. But there was never enough evidence to charge them. So the tips kept pouring in

head, so they confiscated his pack anyway.

That night in the bar, Cary sold his television and his VCR, his stereo and some CDs, to anyone who was paying cash. His truck needed fixing, he said. He was thinking about moving north, he said.

The next morning, July 23, Cary pitched his tent by a lake in a nudist resort southeast of Sacramento called Laguna del Sol. A few hours later, the police found Joie Armstrong's head. It was underwater forty feet downstream. It had been washed there by the current after it was sawed from her shoulders.

**KEN PARNELL WAS ANOTHER RUNNER** By the spring of 1972, when he steered his battered white Buick down Highway 140 and ran, his forty-one years on this earth had been a dreary march of failure and shame. He'd spent his teenage years bouncing through California's juvenile lockups for arson and stealing cars and having sex with boys in public. As an adult, he drifted

Parnell promise as much before. Today, they would do it.

Just past two o'clock in the afternoon, Parnell dropped Murphy on Yosemite Parkway and told him to pass out tracts to children walking home from school. Seven-year-old Steven Stayner was three blocks from his house when Murphy pushed a pamphlet at him. Murphy said he was collecting donations for a church; Steven, who had been raised a proper Mormon, said his mother would surely contribute.

Parnell pulled to the curb. He told Steven he'd drive him home, get him out of the sleet. Steven climbed into the back-seat. Murphy got in front with Parnell—the minister, Murphy called him. Then they drove east, past Shirley Street, which

brightest star he could find, and wished for Stevie to come home.

He never wished it aloud, though. In Merced in the seventies, Steven Stayner wasn't someone you talked about. The strain on Cary's father, Delbert, who worked as a mechanic in a peach cannery, was obvious—the way he shrank into his grief, his already weathered face worn more hollow by mourning. It was harder to decipher in his mother, Kay. She was aloof, almost cold, and she still had Cary, her firstborn, and three daughters to raise, which she did with rote and distant precision.

As the years passed, Cary began spending more time with his uncle Jesse, whom everyone called Jerry, than he did at home. Cary would go to Jerry's after school and get high with his un-

**From left: MICHAEL MARCHESE (AKA SPARROW) AND SPROUT FOX.** In 1995, Marchese told Cary to seek psychiatric help. Sprout says she saw the madness coming. JANET DAMANT, NUDIST. After Joie's murder, Cary fled north to Laguna del Sol. When Janet heard that Cary was wanted for questioning, she called the cops. JENNY PAUL, CAUDRIVER, picked up Cary after he'd ditched Carole's Pontiac near Long Barn. Cary told her he'd been stranded by friends JAMES MADDOCK AND JOE SHEEHAN, FBI. After his arrest, Cary couldn't wait to talk. "It wasn't about violence. It was about control," he said, as if he'd rehearsed his confession in front of a mirror.



through the spring and early summer, more than three thousand whispered pleas for police to check out paroled rapists and skeevy woodsmen, angel-dusted drifters and Mexican janitors.

No one ever mentioned Cary Stayner. At night in the bar at Cedar Lodge, he would sit with the locals and listen as they talked about how awful the killings were, about how sadistic the retributor should be. "They should take him and tie him to the back of a truck," Darla Zeek would say while mixing drinks under a giant neon Budweiser sign. "And then they should drag him along the road until his flesh gets all chewed up and his skin gets torn off, and then let the maggots go to work on him."

"Yeah," Cary would say, taking a sip from the same Bacardi and Coke he'd been nursing all night. "Yeah, they should do that." He never offered any of his own grisly ideas, though.

When the park rangers and the sheriff's deputies asked Cary about Joie Armstrong, he didn't say much then, either. The day Joie's body was found, they tracked Cary to the beach below the tight curve where his truck was parked. He was naked and stoned, and the cops took away his weed. Yes, Cary told them, they could search his Scout. No, they couldn't search his green JanSport backpack. But the deputies still hadn't found Joie's

from one menial job to another and from one crumbling marriage to a second and then a third. When he wasn't working or divorcing, he was in prisons or mental hospitals, the first time, in 1951, for molesting a prepubescent boy and the last, between 1960 and 1967, for sucking up a gas station in Salt Lake City.

Yosemite offered refuge for a man like Parnell, or at least a steady job and a cheap room, both of which he found at the Yosemite Lodge, just inside the park. He also managed to find a friend, a slow-witted drifter named Ervin Murphy who scraped grease from the lodge ovens every night. Parnell worked the same shift but in the front office, counting the receipts and auditing the books. With his horn-rimmed glasses and pasty skin, his balding head and stooped gait, Parnell looked like a lonely old bookkeeper.

On December 4, 1972, Parnell and Murphy drove the Buick eighty miles west under a sleeting sky, down from the mountains and across the flats of the San Joaquin Valley into Merced. In the car, Parnell had a stack of religious pamphlets. He needed these, he told Murphy, because he was on a mission: He was going to rescue a battered child, find a boy on the street to take home as his own. Murphy, wide-eyed but simple, had heard

led to Steven's block, and over the Bradley Overpass. Don't worry, Parnell told Steven. We'll call your mother from our place, ask her if you can spend the night. Steven watched out the window. He'd never been that far on Highway 140 before.

A half hour later, Parnell wheeled the Buick up a dirt road in Catheys Valley, where he rented an unheated one-room cabin. That night, Parnell fed Steven, told him to shower, and took him to bed naked. The next night, back in Yosemite, Parnell drove Steven to a dark parking lot and unzipped his pants. "This is what I want you to do from now on," he told Steven, pushing the boy's head into his lap.

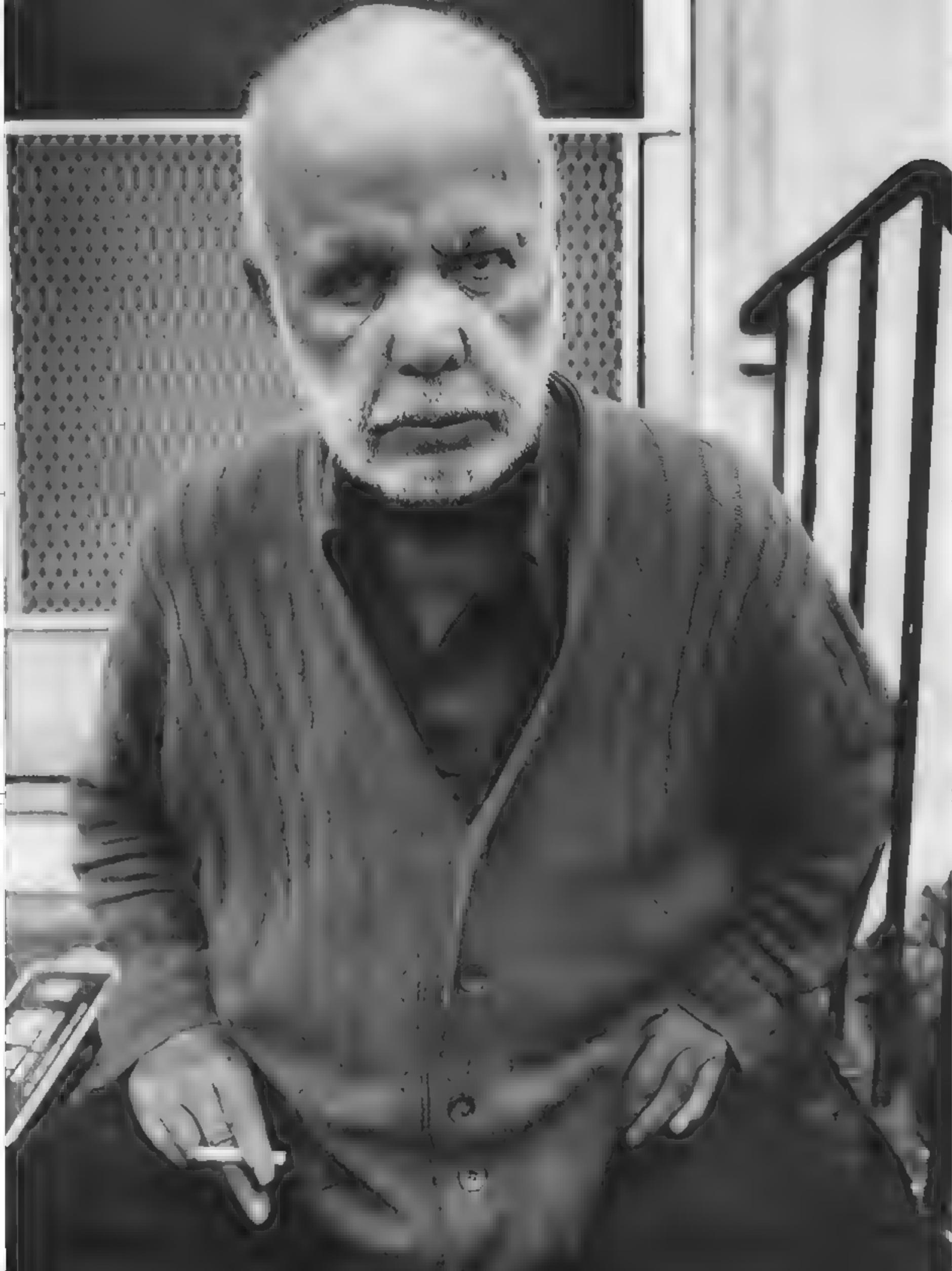
Parnell kept Steven squirreled away in his room at the lodge for a few more nights before driving back to Catheys Valley. Then, a week after the kidnapping, Parnell gave the boy a puppy—Steven named her Queenie—and sat him on his lap. Your parents don't want you anymore, he said. I've adopted you. Your name is now Dennis, and I am now Dad.

ONE NIGHT SOON AFTER his brother disappeared, eleven-year-old Cary Stayner walked from the family's boxy green clapboard house on Bette Street to the corner, looked up at the

cle and his uncle's best friend, Michael Marchese, who also goes by Sparrow on account of the tattoo—SPARRO—that an illiterate inmate had stabbed into his arm with cigarette-ash ink in 1970 when Michael did thirty days for possession. But even stoned, his eyes heavy and glassy under the bill of his San Francisco Giants cap, Cary wouldn't talk about Steven. Hell, he never talked about his family at all. Michael always thought Cary had only two sisters, not three.

Then again, Cary never dwelled much on girls. Oh, maybe he'd say yeah when Michael or Jerry would point at some girl and say how they'd like a piece of that ass. Girls liked Cary, however, especially once his muscles caught up with his six-foot-one-inch frame and when his hair was covered with a cap, or at least cut so short no one could tell how much of it he'd pulled out. But he never went out with any of them. Michael even started thinking Cary might be gay.

More likely, Cary just didn't like being around people, male or female. His four years at Merced High School were pointedly uncelebrated in *El Rodeo*, the yearbook. His name was misspelled almost every year, even in 1977, when he was hiding in the back of the yearbook staff's group photo. "Carry Stayner,"



the caption read. The next two years, he was "Gary Stayner." For a time, Cary wanted to go by his middle name, Anthony—or Tony for short. But it never caught on. One of the only times his name was spelled right was in the caption for the staff photo of *The Statesman*, the school paper for which Cary was the cartoonist. He was good at drawing. On the yearbook pages devoted to *The Statesman*, he sketched a news hawker holding up a paper, hollering, "Extra! Extra! Read all about it!" Cary was in the back row for the photo, staring at the floor.

BY 1979, KEN PARNELL WAS GOING from flophouse to cabin to trailer, having dragged "Dennis" north from Yosemite to Santa Rosa to the hills of Mendocino County. He'd done his best to raise the boy right, sending him to school, dressing him warmly in winter, whacking him when he goofed around with matches. But Dennis was fourteen already, galloping into puberty. Parnell needed a younger son.

Cary's younger brother, Steven, was kidnapped in 1972 and sexually abused for seven years. Following his dramatic escape and homecoming (below), he became the subject of a TV movie and a best-selling book. He died at twenty-four. Ken Parnell, opposite, served five years for kidnapping and raping Steven. Now sixty-eight, he lives in Berkeley and says Cary's crimes have nothing to do with his own.



In the middle of February 1980, he kidnapped five-year-old Timmy White from a street in Ukiah. By then, though, Dennis had figured out that young boys shouldn't be kidnapped and raped. So on March 1, he fled in the darkness into Ukiah, carrying Timmy when the smaller boy tired, hitchhiking his way to the police station.

Steven Stayner became an immediate celebrity, the victim who returned alive after being held for seven years by a pedophile, the hero who rescued a little boy. Reporters flooded Bette Street. Three days after he came home, Steven was on *Good Morning America* with his parents. His first words to the police—"I know my first name is Steven"—were so poignant, they became the title of a movie on NBC and a book written by Mike Echols.

Cary still never talked about his brother or, rather, what had happened to him. Nor did anyone else in the family. "It was like it never happened," one of Cary's friends says, "like he was never kidnapped or anything. There's just something, you know, off with that whole family."

Steven was surely off. He was a teenager hardened beyond his years, a kid who wanted to smoke dope and get drunk and set his own curfew. It hardly helped that Delbert and Kay forbade Steven to see any therapists. "They think you only go to those people if you're weak," says Echols. "And this family doesn't

have anyone who's weak." Steven struggled through high school, missing classes to testify at the trials of Parnell and Murphy and to appear on the morning talk shows. He graduated and took menial jobs, packing meat and delivering pizzas. When he turned eighteen, he picked up \$25,000 for consulting on the TV movie and another \$15,000 for rescuing Timmy White. He blew the whole \$40,000 on drugs and cars in three months.

THE FIRST THING CARY REMEMBERS wanting to be when he grew up was an artist. He changed his mind a few times, though, from stuntman to actor or cinematographer to director before finally settling on cartoonist. He figures he could have been any one of those things if he'd tried, too, except for an actor, because he doesn't think he photographs well. "It was always easier *not* to succeed," Cary says. "I was never a very motivated kid. I had a lot of things going on in my head."

So when Cary grew up, he became a glazer. Uncle Jerry



taught him the trade, how to install windows and windshields, and put him to work at the company he'd founded, C&S Glass. It was steady work, and Cary was good with his hands.

They lived together, uncle and nephew, in a spotless house with an orange tree in the yard and a stalk of Cary's home-grown weed in the closet. He was an accomplished grower by then. In 1987, when he lived with some roommates in a house on Wolf Street in Merced, he planted fifteen seedlings under a white tent in the backyard and gently tended them until they swelled into fat, tender shrubs. Right before harvest time, as the sweet stink of the ripe buds wafted out from the yard, someone ripped off his crop. Cary was a lot more paranoid after that, so afraid of getting busted for his illegal cable converter that he plugged it in only when he wanted to watch something really special, like ultimate fighting. Cary loved ultimate fighting.

The marijuana stalk was still stashed in the closet at Christmastime in 1990, which was when Uncle Jerry was murdered right in his own house and with his own gun. He'd come home from work early one day and apparently surprised an intruder, who pointed a shotgun at Jerry's face and pulled the trigger.

Cary was never a suspect. He had an alibi, for one thing, and besides, he loved Jerry like a father. And even if he hadn't, he was too paranoid to turn his own home, the one he shared with Jer-

ry, with the bootleg cable box and the weed in the closet, into a crime scene. "Uh uh," Michael says. "No way he'd do that."

And Cary hardly needed to bring any more grief to his family. Jerry was the second Stayner to die in only fifteen months. On a rainy night in September 1989, Steven had gotten stoned after work at Pizza Hut, gotten on his motorcycle without a helmet or a license, and driven into the side of a farmworker's car stalled on Santa Fe Drive. He left a widow, a son, and a daughter. He was twenty-four years old.

**SPROUT FOX SAW THE BREAKDOWN COMING**, which isn't all that clairvoyant, since Cary told her he was going nuts. It happened in the spring of 1995, when Cary was working at Merced Glass with Sprout's common-law husband, Michael Marchese. One night in a bar, Cary sat on the stool next to her, fidgeting with a glass of draft beer.

"I can't handle it," he blurted.

"Can't handle what?" Sprout asked him. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know," Cary said, his voice edgy. "I have these, these . . . thoughts." He fidgeted, then started up again. "Sometimes," he said, "I feel happy. But then I feel really, really angry."

A few days later, Michael was loading the truck in the glass shop early in the morning when Cary showed up. "Man, I don't feel so good," he told Michael, pacing the floor, clutching his fists. "I don't feel right."

Michael told Cary to wait out back while he finished loading. When he was done, he found Cary standing in front of a rack that held glass and plywood, his eyes glassy, his face crimson. Cary was driving his fist, torn and bloodied, into a sheet of wood.

"Cary, stop it!" Michael shouted. "You're hurting yourself."

"Mike," Cary panted, "I'm just freakin' out."

"Man, maybe you've got a chemical imbalance or something," Michael said. Cary said someone had told him that once, that his brain chemistry was off.

"You gotta go see a doctor," Michael told him. "They got pills for that stuff. Take a pill and you'll be all fixed."

Cary cut him off. "I don't know, Mike. I just feel like getting in the truck and driving it through the wall and killing Gordon and getting out and killing everyone and just torching the place."

Now Michael was worried. Gordon Ekas, the boss, could be tough. But kill him? Christ, Gordon liked Cary. "Gordon," Michael told him, "Cary's freaking out. You need to get him to a doctor." Which Gordon did, waiting at the mental-health center with Cary for more than an hour. He told Cary to take all the time he needed, that his job would be waiting whenever he was ready to come back to it.

Cary left the Merced County Mental Health Center a few hours after Gordon. He never went back. Three days later, he picked up his paycheck at Merced Glass and announced he was moving north to Santa Cruz. He was going to sell caravans on the boardwalk.

**SHORTLY PAST TEN O'CLOCK** the night after Valentine's Day 1999, Cary Stayner knocked on the door of Cedar Lodge room 509. He'd been laid off for the winter lul—the lodge rented only 20 of 206 rooms that night—but Carole Sund didn't know that. All she knew was that there was a handyman, clean-cut and soft-spoken, at her door telling her he needed to fix a leak behind the bathroom wall. She believed him.

Cary edged past her, nodded at Juli and Silvina, and ducked into the bathroom. Then he fished out the 22 pistol he'd

brought in his toolbox, turned back toward the bedroom, and leveled the barrel at Carole's chest. "This is only a robbery," he said. "No one's going to get hurt."

Maybe Carole believed that, too. Because she didn't struggle when Cary wrapped her wrists, didn't scream when he sealed her mouth with duct tape. He bound Juli and Silvina next, herded them into the bathroom, and pulled the door shut. Then he pushed Carole onto the bed.

He would later tell investigators that he never suspected it would be so hard to strangle someone. Cary is a strong, broad-shouldered man with hands built for plumbing and glazing, but there he was, pulling on the rope for what seemed like forever, staring into Carole's bulging eyes, squeezing her screams into silent, airless gags. She finally went limp, and he relaxed his grip, sweating and panting. Then he bundled her into the trunk of the Pontiac she'd parked out front next to the redbud tree.

Cary killed Silvina next, choking her the same way, and stuffed her into the trunk with Carole. Then he pushed Juli from the bathroom into the bedroom, unzipped his pants, and forced her to fellate him. She endured it for hours, gagging on his flaccid penis, Cary trying to get hard, fighting his impotence.

At four o'clock in the morning, he dragged Juli into the Pontiac and steered west, climbing up steep grades in the dark, until he reached Moccasin Point, a vista overlooking New Don Pedro Reservoir. He prodded her down a trail and into the scrub pines, where he unzipped his pants again. Still no erection. Finally, he cut her throat, deeply enough to kill her, but slowly. Juli begged him, rasping and gurgling, to shoot her dead. Cary threw some brush over her and left her to die.

He drove the Pontiac east to an old logging road off Highway 108 near Long Barn. He wanted to ditch the car, with the bodies in the trunk, deep in the forest, but he bottomed out on a stump a hundred yards from the main road. With dawn breaking, he walked two miles to a pay phone and called a cab.

**CARY NEVER MADE IT TO SANTA CRUZ** The last time Michael saw him, in the spring of 1997, Cary was living in Atwater, working as a roadie for a local band called Big White Hiney and growing marijuana. The cops finally busted him, but Cary didn't seem to care. By then, his paranoia had faded into a sort of dreamy confidence. He said he was cultivating a medical crop, which was by then legal in California, and proved it with the ad he put in the local paper for a dummy co-op. "They don't know what to do with me," Cary told his old friend, which was true, because the charges were eventually dropped.

A few months later, Cary ran into the mountains. He showed up at Cedar Lodge, which was still recovering from the New Year's flood that tore the redbuds out at their roots and rearranged the boulders and the swimming holes in the river. Cary ate most of his meals in the diner next to the lodge, sitting at a red vinyl booth by the window where he could watch the pubescent girls splashing in the pool. His room was upstairs, unit 4, in the northwest corner, where the morning view is of Trumble Peak slathered in pink light.

Cary kept his room tidy. Scrubbed it clean every day, wiping away the dust, sweeping out the clutter. No family photographs, no stray newspapers, no piles of laundry. The bathroom was practically sterile. Said so on the paper band Cary slipped over his own toilet seat some mornings before leaving: SANITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION!

Only a few people ever saw his room, though. One of them

was Jen Yates, the seventeen-year-old stepdaughter of Jesse Houtz, whose family runs the bar and restaurant at the lodge. She and Cary would go for long walks in the woods or sit by the river, even though her mother, Trisha, thought he was creepy. "There's something about his eyes," Trisha would say. "You just don't understand him," Jen would counter.

One night in the summer of 1997, Cary invited Jen up to his room. Minutes later, she was back in the bar, pale and clammy. She was spooked. The bathroom—with the whole SANITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION! thing—was eerie enough, she told her mom, but then Cary started pulling his hair out and ranting about his bitchy sisters. Jen told her mother, "You were right."

Trisha was relieved. She knew it wasn't normal for a man in his mid-thirties to flirt with girls in their teens, and she'd tried all summer to push him away from Jen. "Listen, Cary," Trisha had told him only a few days earlier, staring across a white plastic table on the porch. "I asked you once, now I'm telling you. Stay away from my daughter."

"I think that's Jen's decision," Cary answered, calm as always.

Trisha stared a little harder, gathering words in her throat. "You must be the most moronic motherfucker on the planet," she snarled. "I'm telling you, *stay the fuck away from my kid*. I will tear your dick off and shove it down your throat if you go near my daughter, you child-molesting piece of shit."

Cary looked away, a flush rising up his neck and into his face. Under the table, his fists were clenched. "Cary," she finally said, her voice level again, "she's seventeen. You're thirty-five. Why are you picking on my daughter?"

Cary stared back with eyes now more gray than hazel. "Because," he said, "she let me."

**TWO DAYS PASSED** before Carole Sund and the girls were reported missing, enough time for Cary to drive back to Long Barn and torch the Pontiac. Park rangers and sheriff's deputies and volunteers searched thousands of acres, but the only thing anyone found was Carole's wallet in Modesto. Cary had dropped it there, in the middle of an intersection, hoping to steer everyone away from Long Barn. By then, five days after the women had disappeared, investigators already assumed they were dead, killed by exposure if nothing else. Now the wallet suggested a robbery, which in turn suggested murder.

It took a stray hiker nearly a month to happen upon the Pontiac. When news of the discovery hit, Cary wrote the FBI a letter telling them where Juli's body could be found. He sealed it in an envelope he got another man to lick and dropped it in a mailbox in Stockton, an hour north of Modesto. Between all those clues and all those miles, investigators were certain they were looking for at least two killers, maybe a gang of them, like those crank freaks they'd picked up a couple months back.

When the FBI came to Cedar Lodge to investigate the last place the three women were seen alive, Cary was very helpful. He answered all their questions, then unlocked the guest rooms so the forensic people could hunt for evidence. But Darla, the bartender, noticed something different about him. "My God, Cary," she gasped one night, snatching the cap from his head. "What are you stressing out about?"

Cary grabbed his hat back. His short brown hair was woven through with new gray. "Runs in the family," he told her.

**CARY TRIED AGAIN WITH A WOMAN** last summer. She is tall and doesn't want her name used, because no one in Yosemite

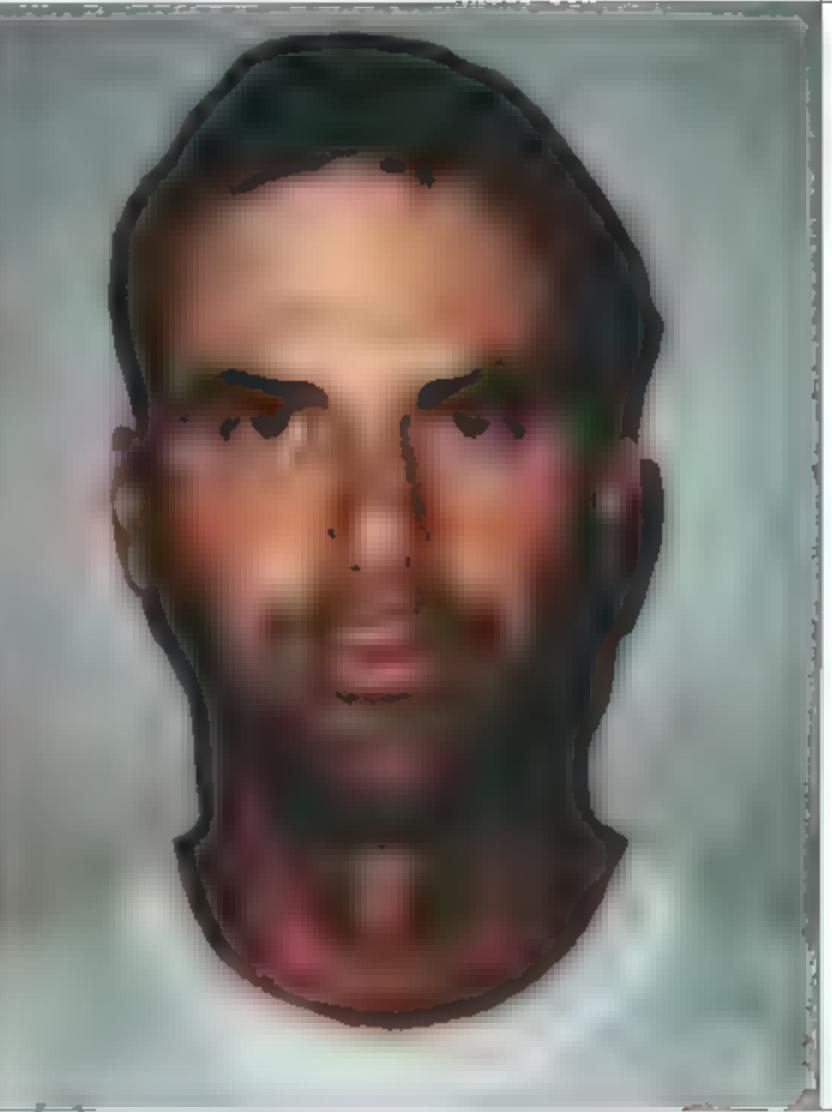
knows she took Cary to bed three times. Technically, she had sex with him, but the duration was measured in seconds, sometimes less. As soon as he entered her, Cary would climax.

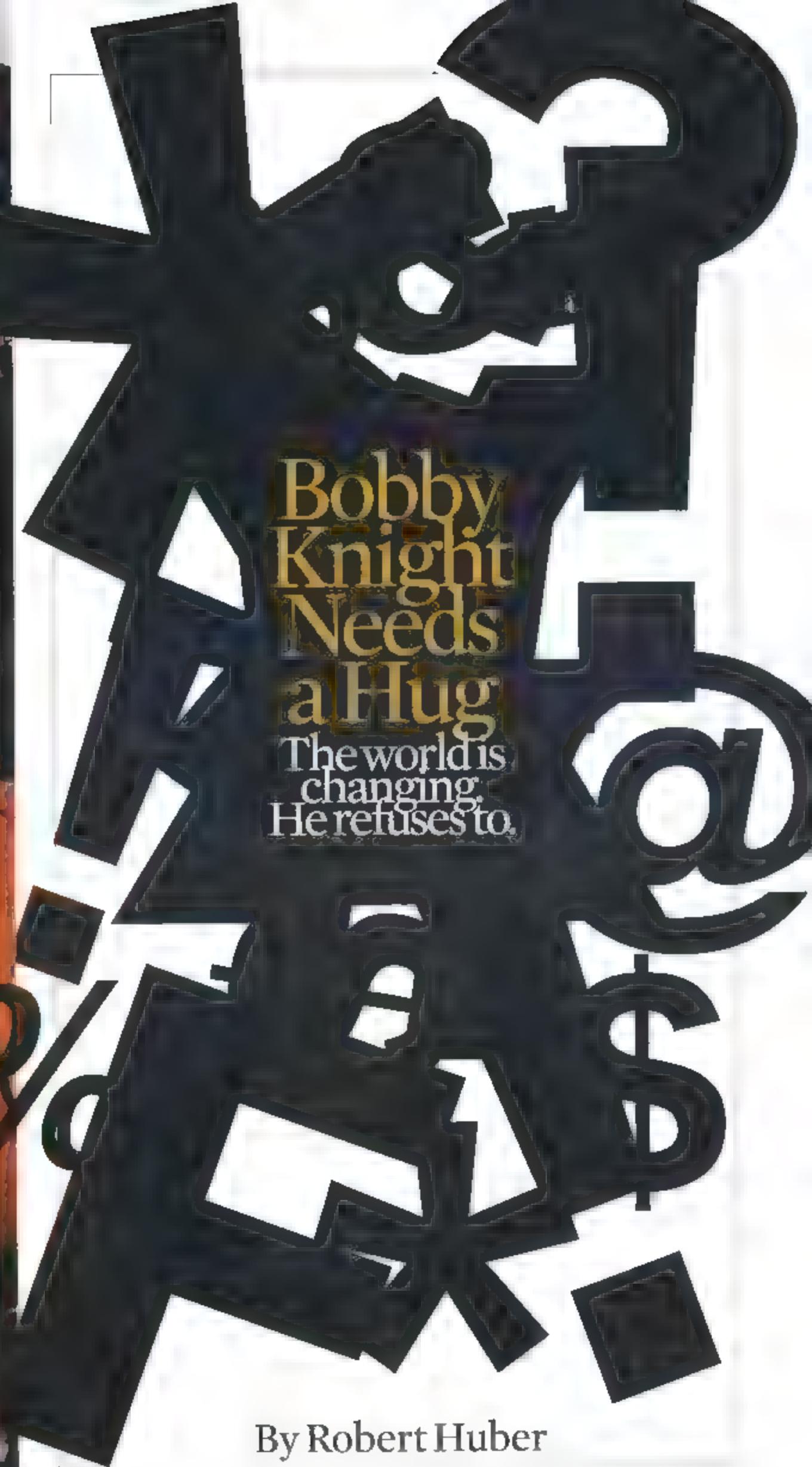
Later, after he was arrested, Cary would tell the FBI he'd wanted to kill that woman. And a few other ones, too. It was a struggle not choking anyone, fighting away the fantasies, especially now that he knew he could get away with it, now that he had the feds scratching their stupid heads. But then Cary happened upon Joie Armstrong, a pretty blond of twenty-six who worked as a naturalist, teaching tourists and children about the spectacular canyons and forests of eastern California, and he couldn't resist. Cary saw her from Foresta Road, not far from where he swears Bigfoot once sprinted through the woods. The warm midsummer sun was just starting to throw shadows across the valley when Cary climbed out of his Scout and said hello to Joie just outside her cabin.

He wanted to be sure she was alone. Then he grabbed her. Joie fought like hell. She wriggled away from Cary and bolted into her cabin. Cary chased her, struggling to get the duct tape around her wrists. He finally stuffed her into his Scout, put the truck in gear, and started to roll up the road. Joie squirmed through the window, squeezing out as the truck bounced over ruts, and flopped onto the dirt. She scrambled to her feet and ran. Cary slammed the Scout to a stop and barreled after her. He wrapped his arms around her, pushed up her bra, and tugged down her pants. Joie still fought. Finally, he cut her throat, pushing the flat, sharp blade of a knife through her jugular.

Surging on adrenaline and rage, [continued on page 124]

**At first, the prison guards thought Cary might try to kill himself "I had to eat with my hands," Cary says. "Really. What, they thought I was going to cut myself with a plastic spoon?"**





By Robert Huber

ILLUSTRATION BY EDMUND GUY

IT'S LATE SEPTEMBER, and basketball practice won't start for two more weeks, so Bobby Knight, just back from a basketball clinic in Las Vegas, a place he had never been before, has time. He spent big chunks of his summer, as he does every year, hunting and fishing in the big-country wilderness of the Northwest and Canada. And when he's home off-season, he has lunch at Marsh's, a big supermarket and deli in Bloomington, where he can hold court at a long white table for as long as he feels like spinning stories to whatever acolytes he's summoned.

Knight is in trouble. Lately, his Indiana University teams haven't been good enough. Good, yes, but when you're Bobby Knight, not making it out of the NCAA regionals five years running constitutes a major slump. The last of his three NCAA championships came in 1987, now a light year back in everyone's rearview mirror.

But that's not the half of it. He's in trouble because a lot of people, even in Indiana, the basketball mecca he still rules, are starting to think that his time has passed, that coaching his way is over. Worse yet, some of the people thinking these things happen to be his own players. In the last three years, three of them—all former McDonald's high school all-Americans sick of the tirades, of Knight constantly getting in their face to do better, to work harder—have left him for more pat-on-the-butt coaches. And then there's Bobby himself: Last summer, Knight added to a career of anger mismanagement by getting arrested for "choking" a guy outside a local Mexican restaurant after the guy accused him of loud, profane, and racist dinner conversation.

Never mind that Knight could pull five guys out of a rec league in Bloomington and still win twenty games—or, for that matter, that he had the best record in the Big Ten in the nineties. Never mind that he wasn't charged in the restaurant incident, that plenty of witnesses said the accusations were off the wall. People are saying the hard-driving boys-to-men journey is kaput. They're saying he's too big of a pain in the ass, out of control, too angry. That Bobby Knight is all wrong.

It is, as he might put it, one helluva catch-22: He has to win, but they don't want him to do it the only way he knows how.

Now, at Marsh's, he sits down before a huge crescent of watermelon, and a newcomer asks, "My God, are you going to eat that?"

"No. I put it there to attract doves."

Bobby Knight is not smiling. But Norm, a former Knight assistant coach, and Harry, a retired Indiana U. law professor, and Charlie, a guy Knight helps support who will pick him up at the airport no matter how late he gets in after a road game, are here, and they love Bobby. So he starts talking.

"I just remembered something funny," Knight says. "Pat [his younger son and one of his assistant coaches] came to me the other day with *Sports Illustrated*, and he said, 'You've got to see this.' There was a reference to Jim Brown's 'close friendships with Louis Farrakhan and Bob Knight.'"

Everyone laughs except Knight, who looks merely amused. And it's hard to tell what tickles him more—being paired with

Farrakhan or the fact that yet another writer got something wrong: Knight hardly knows Brown. "Where do they come up with this stuff?" he wonders.

No one knows. Everyone eats.

"Boy, I'll tell you," he says. "Parcells is really suffering. I talked to him this morning, and he really gets down, but I've never heard him like this. If I could, I'd go to New York tomorrow and go to Denver Sunday with the team, because, boy, he's really down."

"It's his defense," Norm says.

"He had one back called for four interference penalties yesterday. Four. And, boy, is he down. Tony gets like that, too. I spend half my time trying to keep Parcells and La Russa sane."

An attractive woman in cutoffs who seems to know Knight only slightly comes over with her baby, which she plops in his lap. Knight is game—his older son, Tim, has a one-year-old boy—but he doesn't know enough to keep the baby's head from lolling around. For a moment, everyone looks at the baby sitting uncomfortably on Bobby Knight's lap. He pronounces it a fine baby. Then he hands it back. The woman turns to go, but Knight calls her over again, puts his arm around her waist, and says, "You may have had a baby, but you know what? You've still got a nice ass."

She smiles. "It's a little wider."

"And I want you to know we notice."

The woman looks away, away from Knight and the other men at the table, deciding what to make of this, and she apparently decides that the point of Knight mentioning her ass is that he's not supposed to.

"I'll see you," she says, smiling as she goes.

"Hey, Harry, you'd be pleased with this," Knight says. Harry is eighty-three years old and losing his eyesight, and he's been friends with Knight for two decades. A state cop was suspended for eight days for giving Knight information about the police investigation into his confrontation outside the Mexican restaurant, and now Knight tells Harry, the lawyer in the group, what he told the cop to say to the press. "I don't agree with all the reasons for my suspension, but I am first and foremost a state policeman, and I am really anxious to get back on the job and do the best job I can, as I always have." Period. And I said, "That's all you say, and don't even think about saying another word."

"I wonder," Harry says. "Could you have made a soft statement like that on an appropriate occasion?"

"Harry, if they ever gave an award to the person you know who has ignored more horseshit than anyone else, I would get the fucking award hands fucking down."

"No one else would be in the running," Harry agrees. "That was great advice—it read very well in the paper."

"You gotta know when to hold 'em and know when to fold 'em. Sometimes I'm a little mistaken on when to fold 'em, though."

Knight is smiling impishly. He's a surprise—he seems to look like no one else could. Beyond Marsh's plate-glass windows, it's raining hard, the first real rain parched Bloomington has seen in months, and Knight's black hooded nylon jacket hangs off his shoulders like a judge's robe, his hair stranded on top of his big tanned head like albino straw, his brown eyebrows so long and curled he could tuck a cigarette inside each one. A handsome, regal man—that's the surprise. He's so at odds with that other Bobby, the one at work.

ing—and the accomplishments of those graduates: four guys currently in the NBA, a dentist, a doctor, a lawyer, all sorts of success in the business world, Abernethy with a basketball academy, May—"Christ, Scott May owns half of Bloomington."

And the coaches he's turned out! Wittman, Smart, Jim Thomas, Carter, Crews, Alford, and that's just the tip of the iceberg in both the coaching ranks and in the business world. Even three out of those four who didn't graduate are doing just fine. "Seventy nine out of eighty," Knight says. "There's one kid who's a little flaky—actually, more than a little—but I've got seventy-nine kids that are doing really well, seventy-nine kids that haven't been picked up for anything, seventy-nine kids that have good jobs. I don't have anybody picked up for DWI. I don't have anybody that's been out on a drug rap. I don't have anybody that's been put up for rape. So why change?"

That night at dinner, Knight orders calamari with tartar sauce as an appetizer. But there is no tartar sauce, John, the young waiter, has to tell Bobby Knight.

"John," he says. "Not having tartar sauce—that doesn't please me, John." John creeps away.

Knight's fifty-nine now, and he couldn't change even if he wanted to. It goes way back. He grew up in a small northern Ohio town in the forties and fifties. His father, whose life advice to his son consisted of "Never gamble and don't hang out with queers," never raised his voice to Bobby. "But I mean, he was brutally tough," Knight recalls. "One time in winter, leaving for work, he slipped on the ice, and he threw his right hand up behind his head so he didn't crack his head on the steps, then picked himself up and went to work—he was a freight agent on the railroad. And when he came home from work, his arm was in a cast, because he'd broken both bones in his wrist. And he'd spent all day working, writing left handed, then went to see the doctor after work."

But it's coaches—his coaches—that Knight most reminiscences about, an intense give-and-take that he fell in love with very early; even as a kid in junior high, he'd scout other teams with his coach. Knight is now the kind of guy who can talk about his favorite World War II generals for hours and tell you the last line of John Updike's story on Ted Williams's last game—"So he knew how to do even that, the hardest thing. Quit"—and sports a plaque on his office wall quoting Lincoln's ideal of being true to oneself, but really, that stuff is window dressing. He is still this kind of guy.

His high school football coach, Bill Shunkwiler, now a scout with the Indianapolis Colts, once made Knight scrimmage ninety-two straight plays in intense heat during a preseason practice up near Lake Erie because somebody had blown up a rubber on the bus ride and it had floated to the front, right into Shunkwiler's lap. That somebody, Shunkwiler decided, had to be Bobby Knight. That night, after ninety-two straight plays, he didn't feel so good. The next day, more of the same. That evening, he asked Shunkwiler if he could lie down in the back of the pickup truck with the team's equipment rather than get back on the bus for the two-hour ride home. Shunkwiler thought this was a very good idea. Never a word from either of them about the rubber.

Until one day over the phone a couple decades later, when Knight asked Shunkwiler, "Do you remember that time up on Lake Erie when you made me scrimmage ninety-two straight plays?"



AT PRACTICE: In Bobby Knight's world, tough coaching is the currency of something that goes way beyond basketball. He's a throwback, a no-excuses kind of guy in an era when everyone's got a bundle.

BOBBY KNIGHT, TALKING IN HIS OFFICE the next morning, does not like to be asked whether he should change.

"Maybe I've forgotten this, but I don't think I've ever shot anybody," Knight says. "Maybe I've forgotten that, maybe there's somebody along the way I've shot, but I don't remember."

Apparently he's not counting the time he fired a starter pistol at a sportswriter, and it's still a couple of weeks before Knight will make news by accidentally nailing a hunting buddy in the shoulder with buckshot.

"Listen," Knight says, "what was right twenty-five years ago is still right. I'm not going to change—it's up to them to change. The best teachers I've known are intolerant people. They don't tolerate mistakes."

Then Knight is on to a subject he dearly loves, which is the graduation rate of IU's players during his tenure—the seventy-six out of eighty who stayed through four years, which is amaz-

"Do you remember blowing up that rubber?" Shunkwiler shot back.

But now the conversation, as it always does with Knight, wends back to his players—for thirty-five years he's been on that side of the equation. His favorite player is not Isiah Thomas or Quinn Buckner or Scott May or Calbert Cheaney. No, his favorite player just might be Bobby Wilkerson, a six-seven guard on his first NCAA championship team back in 1976:

"At the beginning of his junior year, I took him in the locker room and said, 'Bobby, you may never average ten points a game, but here's what I want—I want you to be the best defensive player in America, and I want you to be the best rebounder we have. If you do what I'm telling you, you'll be a first-round draft choice.'" Against Minnesota his senior year, Wilkerson guarded a hot shooting forward, then a five-ten guard, and ended up on the center when Kent Benson got into foul trouble. "Wilkerson," Knight concludes more than once, "was a bitch." He was also drafted in the first round in '76 by Seattle after averaging a paltry eight points.

John the waiter creeps back to check on things. "You're doing a little better, John," Knight says, and John brightens. "But only a little."

**VERY EARLY ONE MONDAY** morning a couple years ago, Dan Dakich is in the shower, thinking about his team, because his team, Bowling Green, is really bad. It's his first year as a head coach. His team got hammered Saturday night. He's got so many guys hurt, he's down to playing walk-ons. His first year is just a big mess.

His wife comes into the bathroom: "Dan, you've got a phone call."

"Well, tell them I'll call back when—"

"It's Coach Knight."

Dakich gets out of the shower. He played for Knight and coached under him before the Bowling Green job, and he knows that Indiana played at Michigan yesterday and got beat by about fifty, but when Coach Knight calls—

"Coach, how ya doin'?" Dakich says.

"Don't worry about how I'm doing," Knight instructs dripping Dan Dakich. "How are you doing? How's your team? Tell me what I can do to help you with your team."

"Goddamn, coach, I ought to be asking you that. You just got beat by fifty."

"Hey, I'm all right—I'll straighten myself out. How can I help you out? Tell me what's going on—I know you've got injuries. Tell me what you're doing about it."

Jesus Christ, this is amazing! Dakich thinks, Coach Knight calling me like this. "And ever since," Dakich says now, "every time we have a big win—and he may have gotten beat or he may have won—my phone rings ten o'clock at night: 'I just saw you guys beat Toledo! What a great win for you! How were you able . . . ?'"

It was Knight, naturally, who got Dakich into coaching in the first place, making him a graduate assistant at IU after his

four years of playing.

"Now, that was a hell of a thing," Dakich says. "Most coaches are only going to take care of guys like Buckner and Isiah, the guys who won championships for them."

Knight has never been like most coaches. He got a call one day late in the '97 season from Lyndon Jones, who graduated in '91. The timing couldn't have been worse. It was the day before the last Big Ten game of the year, against Wisconsin, and Knight was going for his seven hundredth win. Much more important, winning likely meant a berth in the NCAA tournament; losing probably meant getting shuffled off to the NIT. Knight was huddled with his assistants an hour before practice, dissecting videotape.

But Jones mentioned that he was up for a promotion at his Detroit company. Knight shut off the VCR and spent that hour before practice making calls on his behalf, then rang Jones back and told him he would get the promotion. He did, of course. And Knight, winning his seven hundredth game the next day, 70-66, got his team into the NCAAs.

It's a mantra of Knight's, doing the right thing. Three years ago, after Keith Smart had played pro ball all over the world for almost a decade, Knight called him up, had him come in to talk. Smart was a player and assistant coach for Fort Wayne in the Continental Basketball Association, but Dakich had just left Knight's staff for the Bowling Green job, so Knight had an opening.

Was he interested in coming back to IU?

Very interested. Even though he'd been offered the Fort Wayne head-coaching job, Smart would have jumped back to Bloomington, his adopted hometown, in a heartbeat. Knight knew this. And what a recruiter Smart could be in the ongoing Indiana turf battle with Gene Keady's Purdue Boilermakers! Smart is engaging, good-looking, and very bright, and that NCAA-winning jump shot against Syracuse in '87 is indelibly pressed into the memory of every Midwest kid who grew up going to bed with a basketball. Especially every black kid.

So Knight told him to become head coach at Fort Wayne.

Why? Smart asked, suddenly wondering if Knight didn't really want him. Simply a better career move, Knight decided. Better, at thirty-two, to be a head coach in the pro minor leagues than a college assistant, even at IU. Smart stayed at Fort Wayne.

"When I talk to him," says Isiah Thomas, who got into his share of dustups with Knight and is the one player whose departure after two years (and a national championship) made sense even to his coach, "I try to leave Coach Knight with this: 'You're right.'"

**BUT WHEN I COME BACK IN MID-OCTOBER** to watch the team practice, I get a taste of the other side.

The first morning, Knight takes me into the coaches' locker room. He asks assistant Mike Davis about a recruit, a local high school senior they really want. I start taking notes.

"If you're writing down what we're talking about," Knight advises, "just put a big X through it."

A very large X indeed.

But something comes over him. "You know, that was really dumb. Who said you could write down a conversation between me and my assistant?"

"Coach, you invited me in to—"

"I didn't invite you in to take notes. You writers are all alike—you think you can just do whatever you want. I'll tell



**"THINK!"** You're a high school blue chipper. A bona fide pro prospect. Just a couple years shy of an eight-figure deal, the agents whisper to you. So do you really need to listen to this guy bellow all day long?

you what, you just go write your fucking article tearing us apart. Just go. We're done."

"I'm not interested in tearing—"

"We're done!" he yells, standing, his face hard, flushed. "I don't want to have to throw you out of here!"

"Can we talk later?"

"No! You're out of here! We're done!"

I stand. He puts a hand on my shoulder and ushers me out.

It was probably inevitable that I'd stumble into a Knight tantrum, the sort of out-of-nowhere outburst that even his inner circle scratch their heads over. Even Karen, his second wife of eleven years, wonders, "Why can't you just be nice?"

But why would Knight be nice when he is right and everybody else, so much of the time, is wrong? Take the game at Illinois two years ago. Knight didn't like a couple of calls and got bounced with three technicals. But that was just the warm-up. What really got him steamed was getting fined \$10,000 by the Big Ten for unsportsmanlike conduct after he'd called the officiating the "greatest travesty" he'd ever seen. "I'd been ejected from a game for no valid reason—even the other officials said that. To me, that eliminates anything that happens from then on."

Oh, the burden of always being right—he should have decked that guy last summer in the parking lot of the Mexican restaurant, the guy who accused him of profane, racist remarks. The guy was wrong. "Plus, it wouldn't have made things any worse," Knight says, "and I would have gotten a lot more satisfaction out of it." Why, Bobby, why?

That Knight's been considered a genius at what he does since his days as the boy-wonder coach of Army three and a half decades ago has never seemed to mitigate his need to thrash about mightily into deep soup of his own making. It's a contradiction once nailed by an old friend of Knight's, a newspaperman who's known him since Knight was a high school junior-varsity coach after graduating from Ohio State in 1962. "Bob Knight is an asshole. But he knows it and tries like hell to make up for it."

High praise, of a sort. Knight is stuck being Knight, a six-six argument of nature, which is precisely what got him where he is.

Sometimes it's ugly, and Knight would never tolerate some of his own behavior in one of his players. But nobody tries harder than Bobby Knight.

Especially at winning. His mother once advised him that somebody has to lose. "I agree with you," he said. "In any game, somebody is going to lose. But it doesn't need to be me."

**KNIGHT WANTS TO COACH** at least another four or five years. This year's team looks mediocre, with a preseason all-American, A. J. Guyton, at guard, Kirk Haston inside, and not much else.

On the fourth day of practice, Knight watches a four-on-four drill with his arms folded, calm, until—

"Goddammit! Hold it!"

The drill abruptly stops. It is not just Knight's anger that rives everyone—there are a lot of coaches in a lot of gyms who sound like that. With Knight, it's a demand. Messing up is not merely messing up. It is wrong.

"I don't know why we even have fucking rules if you're not going to follow them!" Eight players watch as Knight positions himself defensively, demonstrating. The rules he's talking about are his rules, how-to-play-the-game dictums that his players carry around in a notebook.

"Jesus fucking Christ—I don't know when you guys are going to think. Think! Think, goddammit!"

This is the hard-edged style that is causing Knight particular grief, because it doesn't play well anymore. Which drives him nuts. The kids he pursues have ever-increasing options—by the time the really good ones are out of high school, they've had agents and sneaker guys and slick suits from other colleges blowing in their ears for years about the possibilities, and Knight is looking more and more like what he is: an old guy in a gaudy red sweater doing it the old way. Kind of a strange twist, since his technique is age-old no bullshit and now they want to know who gave him the right. He's trying like hell to make his kids into better players, and they shoot him down for style points, for telling him he can't talk to them the way he does. What an ass-backward time.

"Goddammit, Kirk, get down!" Knight yells at Haston in practice. "Don't let him drive to the bucket like that! Don't be up there when he's going baseline!"

Haston, a six-ten sophomore center, is a special player. He's special because Knight thinks he has a chance to be really, really good, and he's special because his mother was killed in a tornado in Linden, Tennessee, near Haston's hometown, in May. Knight immediately went down to Linden to help Kirk, whose parents split up, Knight says, when he was very young. "His mother was a really, really nice lady. He's not a real tough kid to begin with, and this has had an effect on him."

Now, though, Knight treats him the way he treats everybody else, meaning it doesn't seem as if Haston can do much right. At a coaches' meeting earlier, Knight noted, "Haston doesn't do a good job doing anything. He doesn't deny the post. He plays way too soft." A minute later: "His whole thing needs to be stepped up." And: "When he sets a screen, he needs to hit the goddamn target. He thinks he's screening when he's just going at a guy. He really lacks aggressiveness."

Which at practice becomes: "Get into it, Kirk, goddammit! Let's go! Let's go!"

It's befuddling to Knight why they don't get it, the players who desert him. He's fond of point-[continued on page 128]

Do you know where your meatus is? Do you know the difference between sperm and semen? Do you know what Leydig's are? If you can answer all of the above questions, do not read these stories.

## COMPLETE

# the PENIS

by DAVID FIDDELL

THE "LOGIC" GOES LIKE THIS. Learn too much about your penis and you'll start worrying about it; worry about it and something will go wrong down there. This is why, for most men, the penis is the anatomical analogue of Churchill's famous riff on Russia: "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." We know what makes the penis happy, but we don't know why. We know what it does but not how it does it. Heil, we don't even *want* to know how or why—we just want it to keep doing it. We're cockeyed optimists, all of us.

This ignorance is part cultural and all foolishness. Not long after humans left caves to live in huts, women started pass-

## Everything you need to know about the thing you don't want to know about

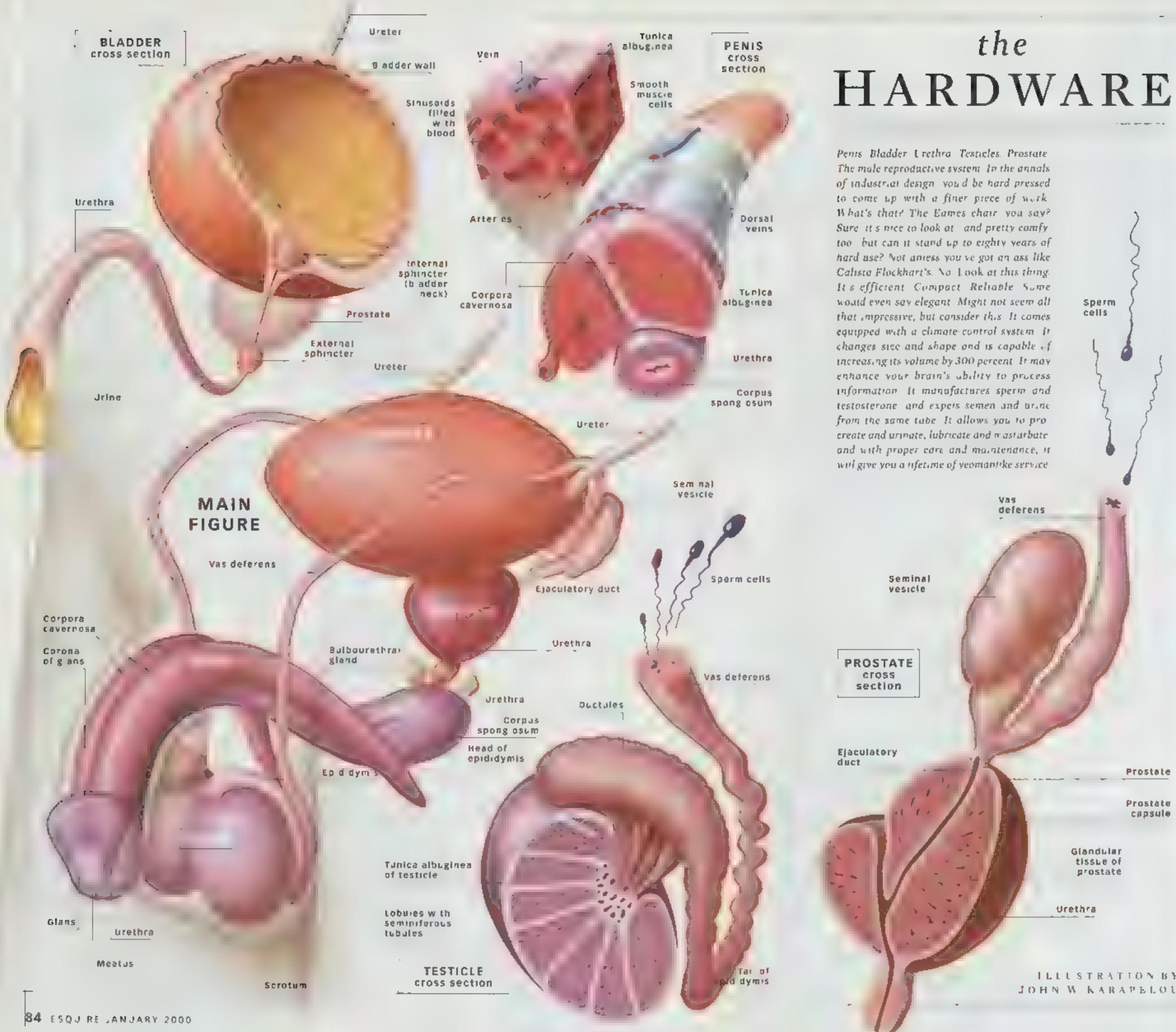
ing key information about menstruation and reproduction from one generation to the next. Men, on the other hand, told their sons to go out and get laid. Little has changed. Contemporary women grasp the importance of body awareness and professional care, visiting the gynecologist at least once a year, while men avoid doctors for fear that they will find a flaw in the one place they need to feel invulnerable. Viagra—Prozac for the privates—lured millions to the consulting room, only to make them stupider: Why learn about the root of the problem or the anatomy of the penis when a pill can do the heavy lifting for you?

Actually, three reasons come to mind.

Photographs by DAN WINTERS and GARY TANHAUSER



# the HARDWARE



First: Knowledge is power—maybe the power to make a Viagra script unnecessary. Second: If the penis defines us as men, shouldn't we be able to define it as something beyond "Mr. Happy"? Which brings us to the third and most compelling reason: For the sheer aesthetic-intellectual thrill of it. This is one astonishingly well-made tool.

**"THE PENIS IS AN ANATOMICAL MARVEL,"** says Dr. Arthur Burnett of the Johns Hopkins Medical Center. "It can change size and shape, become rigid and flaccid, and expel semen and urine through the same collapsible tube. What other organ goes through so many changes or has so many functions—penetration, ejaculation, and urination? It is clearly one of the most cleverly designed organs in the body."

That cleverness begins on the outside. The skin of the shaft is thinner, looser, and more elastic than any patch on the body. The head, or glans, is hairless, putting it in direct contact with everything it touches. A 1986 study in *Brain Research* found sensory receptors peculiar to the penis in the glans, the corona (the fleshy lip on the glans), and the frenulum (the wrinkly band of skin just below the glans—and under the foreskin, if you have one). All three of these areas enlarge when aroused, creating more surface area—and more sensation.

The result is a unique neurological hot spot, but one that is more about quality than quantity. One measure of sensitivity is density of nerves, says Dr. Claire C. Yang, one of medicine's rarest breeds, a female neurologist. Nerve density is "probably greater in the face and hands than in the penis," Yang says, because there are "larger areas in the brain working to process signals from those places." This makes sense, considering that we're descended from animals that lived on all fours. But no one is suggesting that signals from your palm are more vivid than those from your penis. Messages from the penis are so strong, in fact, that Yang thinks they enable it to do something no other body part can: temporarily alter the brain itself. "Stimulation from the penis seems to expand and enhance the brain's ability to process that stimulation," she says. Yang, a researcher at the University of Washington, hasn't proved this yet, but she's working on it.

A properly functioning penis expels its primary products—urine and semen—from a small opening in the glans. You probably call it the hole; its medical name is the meatus (*me-ate-us*). The urethra, the penis's transport tube, runs from the meatus to the bladder, a distance of about seven inches, and, like the rest of the penis, stretches when the organ is erect. The urethra closes up when off duty, but it can reach a diameter of more than a quarter of an inch when on the job. It is surrounded by the corpus spongiosum, one of three spongy cylinders inside the penis. Before it enters the bladder, the urethra goes down the shaft and into the body, where it passes through a sphincter and then the prostate gland, which surrounds the base of the urethra like a doughnut. A second sphincter, also known as the bladder neck, girds the urethra as it enters the bladder.

"Voiding occurs when the bladder signals the brain, asking to be emptied, and you answer," Burnett says. "The bladder neck and the external sphincter relax, the [continued on page 130]

**FACT** Roughly three thousand American men will contract penile cancer this year. A penectomy or total amputation is the most common treatment.



# THE TESTICLES

By RAMSEY KELLY

*IN THE BEGINNING, there was the goober. That goober, something of a cosmic über-goober, produced a squirming seed that wriggled its way through a damp human delta and into a beckoning egg, forming the one-celled thing that would one day be named Joe. And Joe would be called Joe because his parents saw that he also had goobers. And that they were good.*

*I am those goobers, and this is my story.*

**I BEGIN MY LIFE** as a germinal microglad of indeterminate gender, tucked into the midsection of a four-week-old fetus. At first, I behave girlishly, even donning a diaphanous tunic for protection. But at seven weeks, my foregoober's chromosomal marching orders kick in like a bugling reveille, separating the boy goobers from the girl goobers. Sensing my destiny, I eagerly sprout primitive masculine ductal structures, and, thus equipped, I lead a snaillike migration southward into the Great Abdominal Void. Girl goobers stay behind, becoming ovaries.

But enough about them, because I am *Joe's* goobers.

With my mission thus cast, I deploy radiating tubules to shelter the precious generators of my life's work: the Leydig cells, makers of the mighty testosterone. By week twelve, my Leydig cells reach their peak prenatal productivity. I start "acting out," sending messengers to the four corners of Joe's body, engineering all of the critical components for boyishness, sprinkling bits of testosterone here and there, hardwiring Baby Joe's brain for classic guylike conduct, heedless of the declining popularity of such behaviors.

I'm still in midmigration when I detect a growing shroud gathering around me—the primordial scrotum, God's own brilliantly designed jockstrap.

Once safely ensconced, I enter a deep sleep. My Leydig cells vanish. Months of inactivity pass, but my early work has made Baby Joe's brain grow differently from Baby Jane's. Since Joe will be right-handed, I've arranged his cells and brain chemistry in the traditional fashion, which will encourage a highly organized brain, particularly good in areas of mathematical reasoning and spatial skill. I will keep his corpus callosum—which straddles his two brain halves—smaller than Jane's, thereby reducing communication static between the two hemispheres. Jane's brain, then, will be more "plastic," less organized but more function sharing. Left-handed Joes get some of the same benefits.

Sometime during my eighth prenatal month, my journey through the Great Abdominal Void nears its end. I see a docking station and then feel my thin protective pouch emerging through a hole at the abdomen's southern extreme just below Joe's penis. About the size of a sparrow egg now, I slip into the pouch, snuggling in to finish my nap before opening day.

"IT'S A BOY!" JOE'S DAD SHOUTS upon first seeing me. Then he freaks at how purple and delicately sheathed I am. Odd, he thinks, that the human seedpod—and the source of masculinity's very elixir—should be so thinly shielded from life's hard knocks.

In time, though, the scrotum will become thicker, layered and corrugated. And the most remarkable muscles, dartos muscles, will grow to provide a state-of-the-art temperature-regulation system. You see, I can't make sperm very well at Joe's normal 98.6 degree body temperature. I work best at about 94 degrees, which means I need to maintain some distance between me and Joe for maximum reproductive performance. My dartos muscles are constantly relaxing and contracting until they get it just right.

While I continue growing, Baby Joe's brain responds more slowly than Baby Jane's to the arrival of familiar faces at crib-side. Joe is also less sensitive to facial expressions. By the crawling stage, Joe shows a decided preference for toys with moving parts. Mom and Pop note that he giggles more than Baby Jane when tossed in the air.

And I, Joe's goobers, caused all of this.

But I'm not all sweetness and light. Sometimes my abdominal journey gets stalled, and I fail to show at birth. This means I'm an "undescended" goober, capable of hormonal function but trapped in the wrong place. I fail this way in about three out of every hundred boys. In many cases, I emerge into the proper position postnatally. But either way, my failure to descend in a timely fashion gives Joe an increased risk of goobular cancer as an adult.

My presence also signals other risks. Joe will be more susceptible than Jane to an early onset of schizophrenia, to Tourette's syndrome, to learning disabilities, to heart disease, to violence, to acne, to hair loss, and to a shorter life span—six years shorter than hers. And then there's Baby Joe's affection for weapons, a genetic reality that tests the most nobly intentioned pacifist parents. That's my fault, too.

In the physiological sense, I'm developing throughout infancy and early childhood. My gymnastic abilities are becoming more advanced. When Joey is threatened, coughs, or yells, my contractile dartos muscles recoil to full retreat for protection. And just for practice, I start lending assistance to Joey's nearby member, which needs a hormonal trigger from me to rise and fall.

**YEARS PASS. JOEY GROWS.** And then . . .

Like the bursting of a spring dandelion, I come alive for the first time since those heady days in the womb. Though Joey, now eleven, is not altogether done with being a child, I flood his body with the powerful stuff of manhood all over again. The testosterone receptors I left behind years ago welcome the output of my resurgent Leydig cells and Joey starts to get feelings around girls. Whenever this happens, I roll around in his scrotum to remind him of where this feeling comes from. It sometimes risks trouble, like when I begin acting up at the sight of a fifth-grade teacher's calves pirouetting in modest heels. I command Joey's member to *rise, rise, rise*, whether or not he thinks this is the appropriate time.

**FACT** THE AMA ESTIMATES THAT TEN MILLION TO THIRTY MILLION AMERICAN MEN HAVE ONGOING PROBLEMS WITH ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION. FIVE MILLION OF THOSE MEN HAVE TAKEN VIAGRA.

Soon Joey will also develop the discipline to summon Great Moments in Baseball into his mind at times like this. But even as that starts to happen, at around thirteen, I'll be giving Joey other embarrassing emergencies to cope with. Because of me, his voice box begins to pop from the smooth surface of his gullet. While this is happening, his voice squeaks at unpredictable moments. Just when he thinks he's settling into a babe-magnet tenor, a falsetto leaps out in midword.

And you wouldn't believe the other responsibilities I have. I get a big say in how tall Joe will be, how muscular, how hairy, even how much acne he'll get. I'll also help him if he chooses to compete athletically, intellectually, sexually, socially, or politically. If he's inclined to become an alpha Joe in whatever club he chooses, all he'll have to do is ask me.

By the time Joe hits his late teens, I am emerging into my most glorious years. I am now full grown, two inches long, an inch wide, weighing about the same as a ripe olive at half an ounce. It is also important to note that when people talk about manly men as having gargantuan goobers, they mean it metaphorically. Rare cases of goobular elephantiasis have been reported, though, with one distressed Georgia boy in the late nineteenth century seeking removal of sixty-three-pounds.

At eighteen, I am decked out in full regalia. I transport my immature seeds into the epididymis—a convoluted duct that flares off my surface like a Portuguese man-of-war, its descending tentacles serving as an incubator for the sperm, which linger here before entering the vas deferens, which shepherds them to the prostate, which bathes them in seminal fluid, which then . . . well, you know what then.

Okay, I'm the one. It's not Joe's fault. *I make him do it, okay?* It's what I do, for crying out loud. Will the Catholics please lighten up?

I make about fifty thousand sperm every minute, seventy-two million per day. Each one takes about ninety days to go from embryonic sperm to grown-up sperm. But even if a healthy Joe can pack up to six hundred million of them boogers in one squirt, Darwin says only the strongest swimmers will even get near the egg. I may make a lot of faulty ones, but my strongest swimmers can travel an inch in 6.5 minutes. And think about this: If all of Joe's sperm were healthy, and they all met healthy eggs, he would have to squirt only twelve times to replenish the earth's current burden of six billion people. Something to think about, no? Why are you turning red?

AT TWENTY-FIVE, I NOW RESEMBLE my foregoober. If I'm a right-handed Joe, my left goober hangs lower than my right. The opposite may be true of left-handed Joes.

Sometimes, without any apparent rhyme or reason, I get tangled up in my fishing lines, the epididymis and the vas. When this happens, it's called torsion. Joe will feel intense pain, and if he doesn't get me some expert help right away, I can die. *Gasp!* If Joe ever finds me in this condition, I want him to rush to the emergency room stat so the doctor can surgically untangle me before I choke to death.

If I'm a healthy adult goober producing a normal level of testosterone, I have amazing power over Joe. I will float seven times more testosterone in Joe's blood [continued on page 131]

FACT CLINICAL STUDIES NOW SUPPORT WHAT MARRIED COUPLES HAVE LONG SUSPECTED: A MAN'S TESTOSTERONE LEVEL TENDS TO DECREASE FOLLOWING HIS WEDDING DAY



## the PROSTATE

By CAL FUSSMAN

"STAND UP AND LEAN over the examining table" is, without argument, one of the most unsettling requests a man will ever hear. The rest you know all too well. The snap of the latex glove. A strange hand on your backside. Some cold K-Y jelly. Lawdy, lawdy, here it comes: the Finger Wave.

Try to make your insides as limp as overcooked spaghetti. That's it. Doc's getting there. He's got to make sure he gets this right. Your prostate may be smaller than a shot glass, but it's pretty damn important. It surrounds your urethra, helping to control the flow of your urine, and it makes about 90 percent of your semen, which carries sperm and helps expel it outside your body during ejaculation.

*Whoa!* That sudden sense that you've got to take a leak? Don't worry. It's normal. Happens because of the pressure the doc's exerting at the base of your bladder. Divert yourself. Put your mind elsewhere. Hey, think of the poor urologist—he's got to do the Finger Wave forty times a day.

DOC'S CIRCLING YOUR PROSTATE now, which feels to him like a valentine with a little groove down the center. If it's normal, it'll have a texture similar to the heel of your hand—spongy, smooth, and yielding. If you've got an infection, if you've got a problem that comes with age, or if you've got cancer, the Finger Wave will tell the doc almost everything he needs to know.

Let's say your prostate feels doughy to the doctor. That'll tell him that you haven't had sex lately. Got to get it on two or three times a week in order to keep your prostate healthy. That's what Dr. William Catalona, professor of urology at Washington University, recommends. More sex, you'll be happy to know, is better than less. That's because your prostate is like a honeycomb filled with secretions, and ejaculations empty the honeycomb. A long dry spell will engorge your prostate. It'll feel boggy to you, and you'll notice a slowing of your stream or a burning sensation when you urinate.

Sometimes it's hard to understand what the hell's going on down there. You could have prostatitis, a urinary-tract infection, without even realizing it. You might feel discomfort when urinating, but generally the problem disappears by itself. A more severe case would be treated with antibiotics.

If the doc senses that one lobe of your prostate is larger than the other, or the whole gland is enlarged, you might have BPH (benign prostatic hyperplasia). This is as common to aging as gray hair and is often present in men over forty. (The prostate goes through two main growth cycles. The first occurs in puberty, when the gland doubles in size. Then, around thirty, it starts growing again, and this second stage can lead to BPH.) When your prostate is enlarged, it puts the squeeze on your urethra and makes passage difficult.

Early symptoms of BPH include more frequent urination than usual, a condition that is exacerbated by caffeine, alcohol, and spicy foods. The second phase of BPH is a sudden and intense feeling that you have to go. The third and final phase is when you're getting up to urinate so many times during the night that you can't sleep and during the day you're constantly making sure you know where the nearest bathroom is.

BPH can be treated with alpha blockers that relax the muscle fibers causing tension in your prostate—a treatment that works 80 percent of the time. There's also Proscar, a drug that shrinks the prostate and is successful in 20 to 30 percent of patients. If neither treatment helps, a urologist might resort to a Roto-Rooter surgical technique to enlarge the canal, possibly removing some of the prostate's tissue, sort of like coring an apple.

Hang in there, buddy. You should be done soon. If everything's okay, it should take only about thirty seconds for the doc to sweep both lobes and circle the sides and back of the rectum in search of growths. Let's just hope he doesn't come across anything resembling an Idaho spud.

BUT LET'S SAY HE DOES. Let's say he feels something as hard as a knuckle. That could mean you have cancer, and the doc's going to take a long look at the results of your PSA test as soon as they come back from the lab.

The PSA (prostate-specific antigen) test is a measurement of a protein enzyme produced in the prostate that's central to fertility. Here's how it works: When semen begins to be ejaculated, it's in a gelatinous form—the gelatin keeps the sperm trapped. It's the protein enzyme that turns the gel to liquid and allows you to expel the sperm. Only when your prostate becomes diseased, inflamed, or enlarged does this enzyme leak into the blood.

The more the enzyme has leaked, the more reason for concern. The PSA's magic number seems to be 4. But it's not like a pregnancy test, in which a score of 4.01 might indicate positive while 3.99 would be negative. The numbers are controversial, and the test isn't foolproof. Generally, if your PSA is less than

# The Good News

**THIS IS YOUR PENIS** (Cut to shot of pristine white egg in its shell.) This is your penis on drugs! (Cut to cracked egg, its yolk spilling out on a hot griddle.)

You're not likely to see this public-service spot any time soon, but that doesn't mean your mother region isn't of interest to drug manufacturers. There's a lot of money to be had making penises larger and prostate smaller. Here's a list of the leading drugs available, along with how they work and a review of some in the pipeline.

### Drugs to promote virility

**VIAGRA** (sildenafil) causes smooth-muscle relaxation in the corpora cavernosa by inhibiting phosphodiesterase 5, an enzyme that works against relaxation. Some sexual stimulation required. **Side effects:** No one using a heart medication containing nitrates, or "poppers," such as amyl nitrite, should take Viagra, because of the risk of a life-threatening decrease in systemic blood pressure.

**CAVERJECT** (alprostadil), which the user injects into the penile shaft with a small needle, enhances smooth-muscle relaxation, creates exceptional rigidity, and is prescribed to men for whom Viagra has failed. No sexual stimulation required. **Side effects:**

**PRISIM** (prolonged erection) if dosage is too high; scars on penis. **MUSE** also uses alprostadil, but at a much higher dose and with a different delivery system—a tiny pellet inserted into the urethra.

**Side effects:** Irritation of the urethra; priapism. **ANDRODERM** is a flesh-colored patch placed on the upper arm for those with very low testosterone levels and sexual dysfunction. Increases libido. **Side effects:** Itching, irritation.

### Erection drugs still in development

**UPRIMMA** (apomorphine), a tablet placed under the tongue, could be the fastest-acting oral erection drug yet, working in fifteen to twenty-five minutes. **Side effects:** Apomorphine is a known emetic agent that can produce nausea and vomiting. Submitted to the FDA for approval in July 1999.

**ICASATI**, which hasn't been given a trade name yet, is a phosphodiesterase 5 inhibitor that works like Viagra but is said to have fewer side effects. Still in trials.

**TOPICAL** (alprostadil) is a gel using the same ingredients as Caverject and Muse. It is applied directly to the head of the penis. **Side effects:** Skin irritation, tissue issues. Still being tested.

### Drugs to treat enlarged prostates or reduced urinary flow

**HYTRIN** (terazosin), **CARDURA** (doxazosin), and **FLOMAX** (flutamide) relax smooth-muscle tissue in the prostate and bladder neck. When that tissue is contracted, it impedes urinary flow. **Side effects:** Low blood pressure, dizziness.

**PROSCAR** (finasteride) shrinks the prostate by inhibiting testosterone and dihydrotestosterone, two androgens that make the gland larger. **Side effects:** Decreased libido and volume of ejaculate; and maybe a few new hairs on your head. Finasteride, in a smaller dose, is also sold as Propecia.

**SAW PALMETTO** is a natural alternative to Proscar. Seems to work like finasteride. **Side effects:** Some women use it to stimulate breast enlargement. Can that be a good thing? —D. P.

# The Bad News

WHILE CANCER OF THE HYDRUALICS is not a prospect most guys like to contemplate, the fact is, we are all vulnerable below the belt. This year, more than sixty thousand men will be diagnosed with urinary-bladder or testicular cancer. If you think it can't happen to you, if you think cancer is a disease for smokers and ex-smokers, women and the elderly, you're wrong. Dead wrong.

The fourth most common cancer among American men is now bladder cancer (behind lung, prostate, and colon). It affects four times as many men as women and will claim more than twelve thousand lives this year, but unless you've been diagnosed with it, this is probably news to you. It tends to affect men over fifty, though studies suggest it's how you treat your bladder in your young man that likely determines how it will treat you later in life. Doctors now know there are things you can do to help ensure that it never happens to you. The first step is—surprise!—to quit smoking. Smokers are twice as likely to contract the disease as nonsmokers. The second step is to drink plenty of fluids, water in particular. The third is to go early and go often, the theory being that the longer your bladder stores wastes, the more likely the toxins therein will do damage.

And while you're going, pay attention: if you observe a dramatic increase in frequency of urination, a burning sensation, or blood in your urine, or if you feel like you have to go but can't, see your doctor. If you're over forty, see your doctor. If you're white, you're more than twice as likely as nonwhites to contract the disease, so see your doctor. Get the point?

Urinalysis and a blood test can reveal the presence of a tumor, but the most important diagnostic tool is a cystoscope—a very thin camera that is inserted through the urethra. Don't worry, you'll be anesthetized.

Much less deadly than bladder cancer, but no less a concern, is testicular cancer, the leading form of cancer among men under forty. Of the more than eighty thousand new cases reported in the United States in 1999, 90 percent occurred in men between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five.

Within that group, at highest risk are men who have one or more undescended testicles, a condition known as cryptorchidism, which affects around 3 percent of the male population—and those who have a father or brother who has been diagnosed with the disease. Studies also show that white men develop tumors at twice the rate of men of other races.

Warning signs may include swelling, a feeling of heaviness in the abdomen or scrotum, or a hard, smooth lump on one or both testicles. But testicular cancer doesn't always have outward symptoms, and it spreads quickly, so doctors suggest performing a self-exam at least once a month. This is how it works: take a hot shower to relax your scrotum, then, gently—repeat, gently—roll each testicle between your fingers. If you notice anything unusual, get an expert opinion. The key is catching it early. These days, more than 90 percent of those diagnosed with testicular cancer are cured. Of course, that rate declines if the cancer spreads.

Should an exam reveal anything suspicious, the doctor will perform an ultrasound test and a blood test. If the results come up positive, he'll probably remove the testicle, along with the spermatic cord, which isn't as tragic as it sounds, considering that it shouldn't result in sexual dysfunction of any kind. You'll be back in business within six months.

—Luke Zalecki

2.5, a biopsy won't be recommended, because the likelihood of cancer is 1 to 2 percent. If your number is between 4 and 10, the red light has come on in the cockpit, though it's uncertain whether this means a minor fuse has blown or you have a fire in the engine. Between 4 and 10, you might have a 25 to 35 percent chance of having cancer.

If a biopsy reveals cancer, you'll have to undergo a battery of tests to determine if it has spread. If it has, you've obviously got larger problems. But if the tumor is contained within the prostate, you can choose between three basic options: the implantation of radioactive seeds, external radiation, or surgical removal.

The radioactive seeds can be implanted on an outpatient basis with light general anesthesia. After a week or so, you can have sex, and after a couple of months, the radiation dissipates. The companies making the seeds can't keep up with demand, and results over seven years appear to be very good.

The external radiation is shot into the prostate as if you were receiving an X ray—five days a week for seven weeks. Catalona favors the external beam over seeds, but he's wary of radiation therapy on the whole, because even if it kills 99 percent of the tumor, the 1 percent remaining will be resistant to radiation. While success rates for the seeds are high for seven years, Catalona wonders about results after that point.

The treatment Catalona generally recommends is surgical removal of the gland—except for patients who are too old or too ill. The beauty of removing the prostate entirely is that you don't have to worry about resistant cells. The ugly side is that it can complicate your sex and urinary life.

Here's why: The prostate is like a boxcar sitting on railroad tracks. These tracks are the nerves that promote an erection. The surgeon has to lift the prostate off these nerves without traumatizing them. If the surgeon tugs on the nerves or beats them in any way, they will degenerate. Regeneration, if it happens at all, can take three years. And sometimes the boxcar is stuck to those tracks and the surgeon must lift track with it. In any case, after surgical removal, you'll be sexually out of commission for at least six weeks and permanently unable to conceive children.

To some, the prospect of incontinence is worse than impotence. This is a possible ramification, because the upper sphincter muscle, which helps retain urine, is lost during surgery. You've got sphincter muscles above and below the prostate, the valve on top does the work, while your bottom valve has gone virtually unchallenged all its life. When the top valve is lost to surgery, your faucet begins to leak. The lower valve, then, has to be strengthened through physical therapy to pick up the slack. It's critical that the lower valve not be damaged during removal.

If the cancer is detected early and the tumor is contained, your odds are very good. Catalona's survival rate after seven years of follow-up is 97 percent. Unfortunately, many men won't submit to the Finger Wave until their prostate feels hard as a knuckle. That's the main reason prostate cancer is the second-leading cancer killer among American men.

The point of all this being (especially if you're over forty): Get your ass to the doctor.

**FACT** 160,000 AMERICAN MEN CONTRACT PROSTATE CANCER EACH YEAR AND 37,000 DIE. NUMBERS THAT AREN'T CLOSELY RELATED TO BREAST CANCER. PROSTATE CANCER, THOUGH, TENDS TO STRIKE LATER IN LIFE.

series of rods are inserted into the hole to clear the road.

To lessen the risk of urethral problems, wash your unit daily. Guzzle fluids to flush bacteria out of the body. (Cranberry juice is especially good, as it acidifies the urine to slow bacterial growth.) Pee before and after sex. Wear a cup. Use a condom. Granted, the last one can backfire, but as any good urologist will tell you: better to have suffered urethritis than never to have loved at all.

## the FORESKIN

BY SCOTT RAWL

**SO . . . THE FORESKIN** You've heard of it, maybe even seen one once, briefly, and recoiled in shock and bafflement. If you're a U.S.-born male, you likely gave yours up long ago, and *smegma*'s just another word for nothing left to lose. Funny when you think about it, though, ain't it? No, not *smegma*—the second-ickiest word in our language, ranking just behind *landlord* and only slightly ahead of *Olbermann*. What's funny is the odd, perfectly American conviction that Ma Nature simply fucked up, that this tube of skin that once sheathed your johnson is somehow useless. Or ugly. Or worse.

I hate like hell to break this to you, friends, but it weren't useless. First off, you had nerve endings—a thousand of 'em—ready to burst inside that sleeve of flesh. Lotta joy, lotta pleasure reception—we're talking about one of the most erogenous patches of zoning this side of the Oval Office—gone. Just like that.

Then you have the self-lubrication factor. See, whether you're pumping alone by hand or with others off-site, the foreskin—it's actually a layer of muscle tissue atop a layer of mucous membrane—helps to keep Mistah Shaft gliding along smoothly.

Studies of "intact" males—uncircumcised men, that is, who make up more than 85 percent of us on earth—find that they and their partners copulate more often and for longer duration. In one survey of 138 women who had balled men both cut and uncut, 118 preferred anatomically complete Bazooka Joes.

The foreskin also shields the glans from friction, abrasion, and infection. Even *smegma*, the secretion of the foreskin's lower layer, contains natural antibacterial and antiviral properties.

So . . . you're maybe wondering how come your special friend's lumping through a cold, cold world sans skullcap? For the observant Jew or Muslim, circumcision is not an option. It is a required ritual. And for many other dads, it's essentially a foregone conclusion, a case of not wanting Sonny to look too different from Papa.

But each statistic cited in support of routine circumcision—lowered rates of penile cancer, STDs, and infant urinary-tract infections, for example—can be refuted by other studies. The American Academy of Pediatrics is carefully neutral on the subject; most medical insurers continue to pay for the procedure, and though the rate of newborn circumcision in the U.S. has dropped from 90 to 65 percent, it remains the most common surgery in America. It is performed because, well, because it is performed.

It's worth noting, however, that it was *not* done in America until 1870, when a group of doctors claimed circumcision was a cure-all for everything from hernia to bad eyesight. Its popularity was clinched a few years later, when mainstream medicos began touting it as a surefire remedy for masturbation.



## the URETHRA

BY SCOTT RAWL

**IT'S LIKE CLOCKWORK.** Each morning, you rise out of bed, shuffle to the can, lean over the bowl, and go. But one morning, something happens. It burns—no, *burns* is not the word—it feels as if you're squeezing out razor blades. You, my friend, have urethritis, a urinary-tract infection of the urethra.

Last year, about a million men sought treatment for UTIs. In the case of urethritis, the urethral walls, or mucosa, are sensitive to injury and infection. If you fail to keep your unit clean, if you stick it into something—or someone—dirty, stick something dirty into it, or, like a good soldier, wear a spermicidal condom, irritants can enter the tube and adhere to the mucosa, causing burning, itching, urgency and frequency in urination, discharge, and blood in your urine or semen.

Good news is that urethritis is easily diagnosed with urinalysis and treated with antibiotics; bad news is that your symptoms can be the harbinger of bigger woes like gonorrhea or chlamydia. Also, if not treated, urethritis can migrate up the urethra, infecting the prostate (causing prostatitis), the bladder (cystitis), and the kidneys (pyelonephritis), all of which are more difficult to treat and may require surgery.

And if that's not enough, you have to worry about blockage. If that pesky prostate swells up, or if you've got a scar there from the time your buddy kneed you in the grom for groping his sister, your tube can refuse passage. Then it's catheter time. Worst-case scenario: You might still need surgery or dilation, in which a

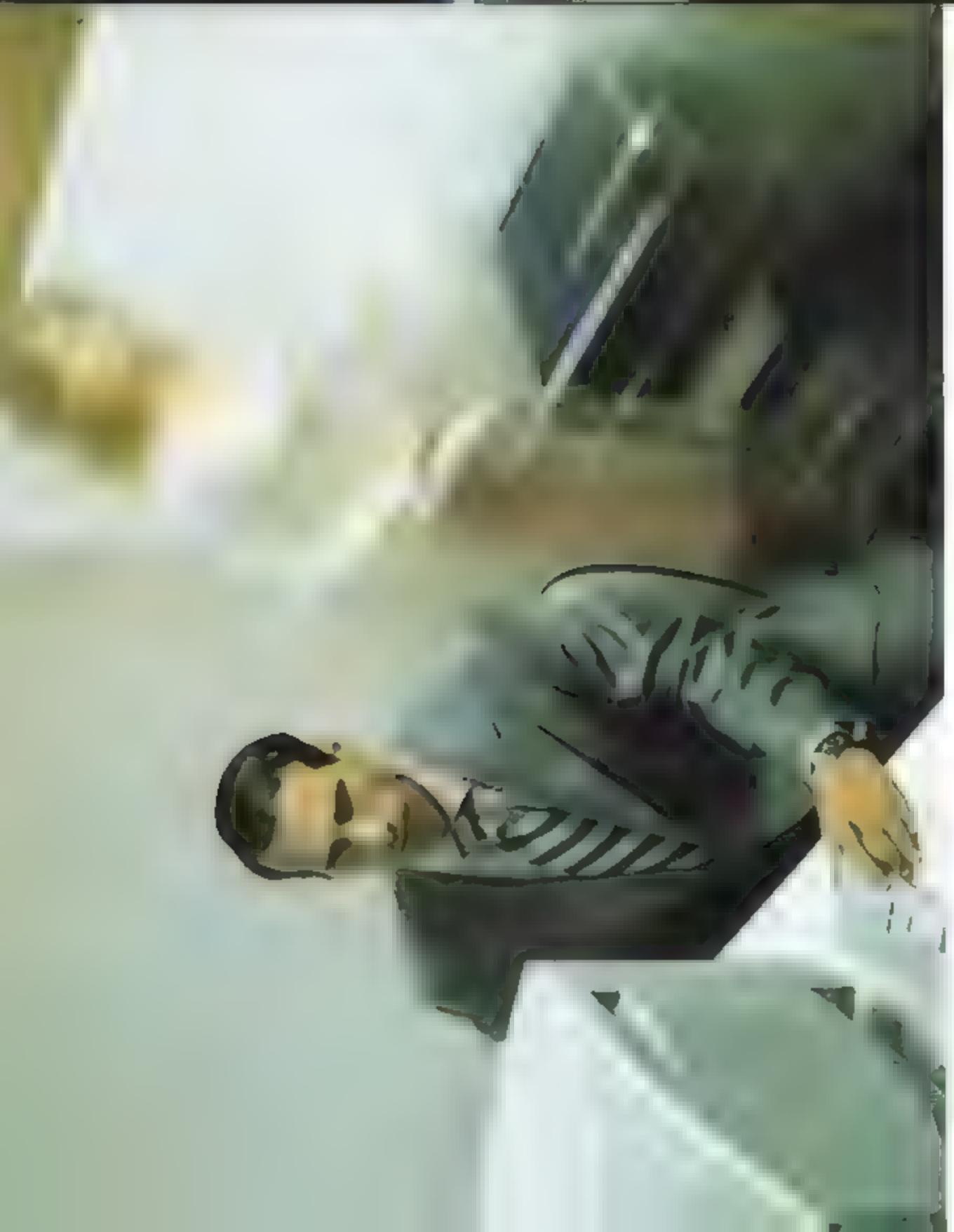
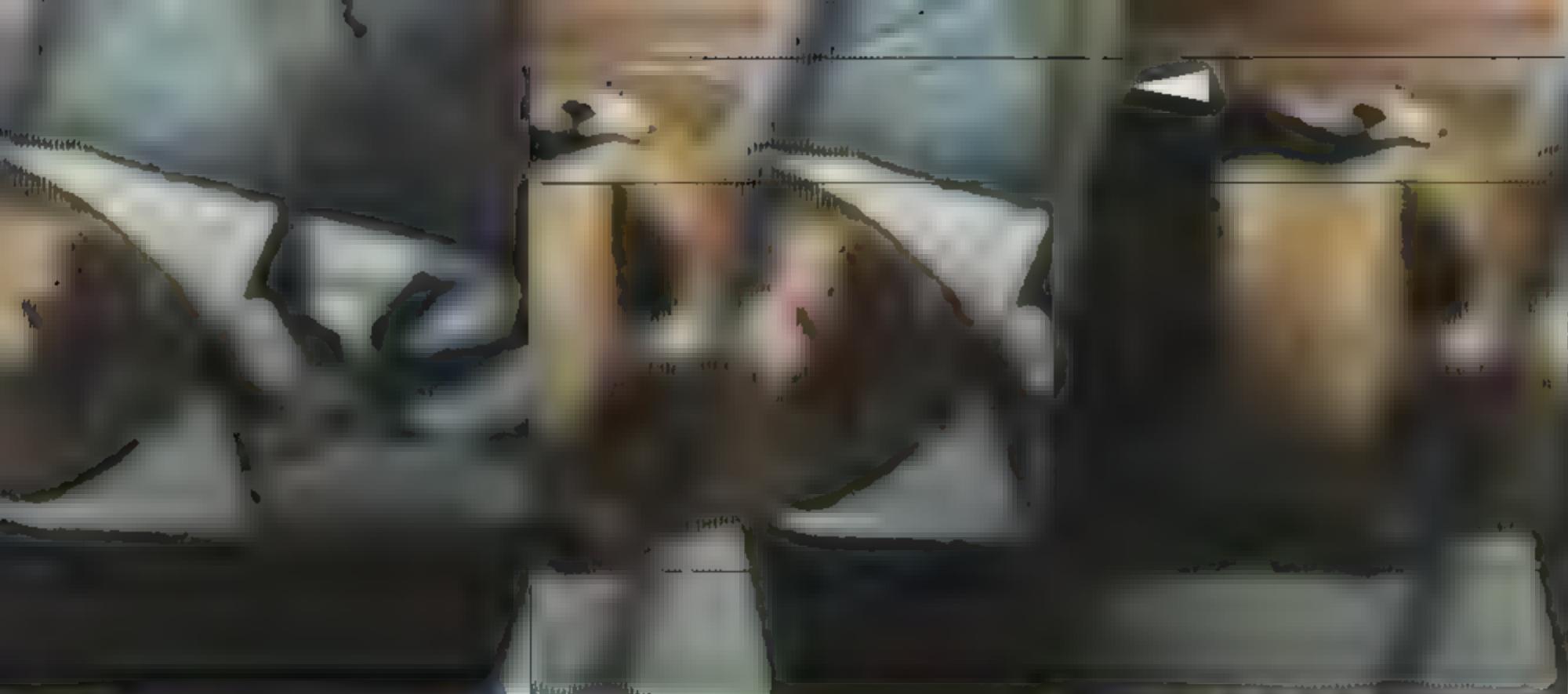


# Scenes from an office

LOCATION: A MODERN OFFICE BUILDING CAST. TYPICAL SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMEN IN THE NEW BUSINESS SUITS TIME: TOMORROW, IF YOU'RE SMART

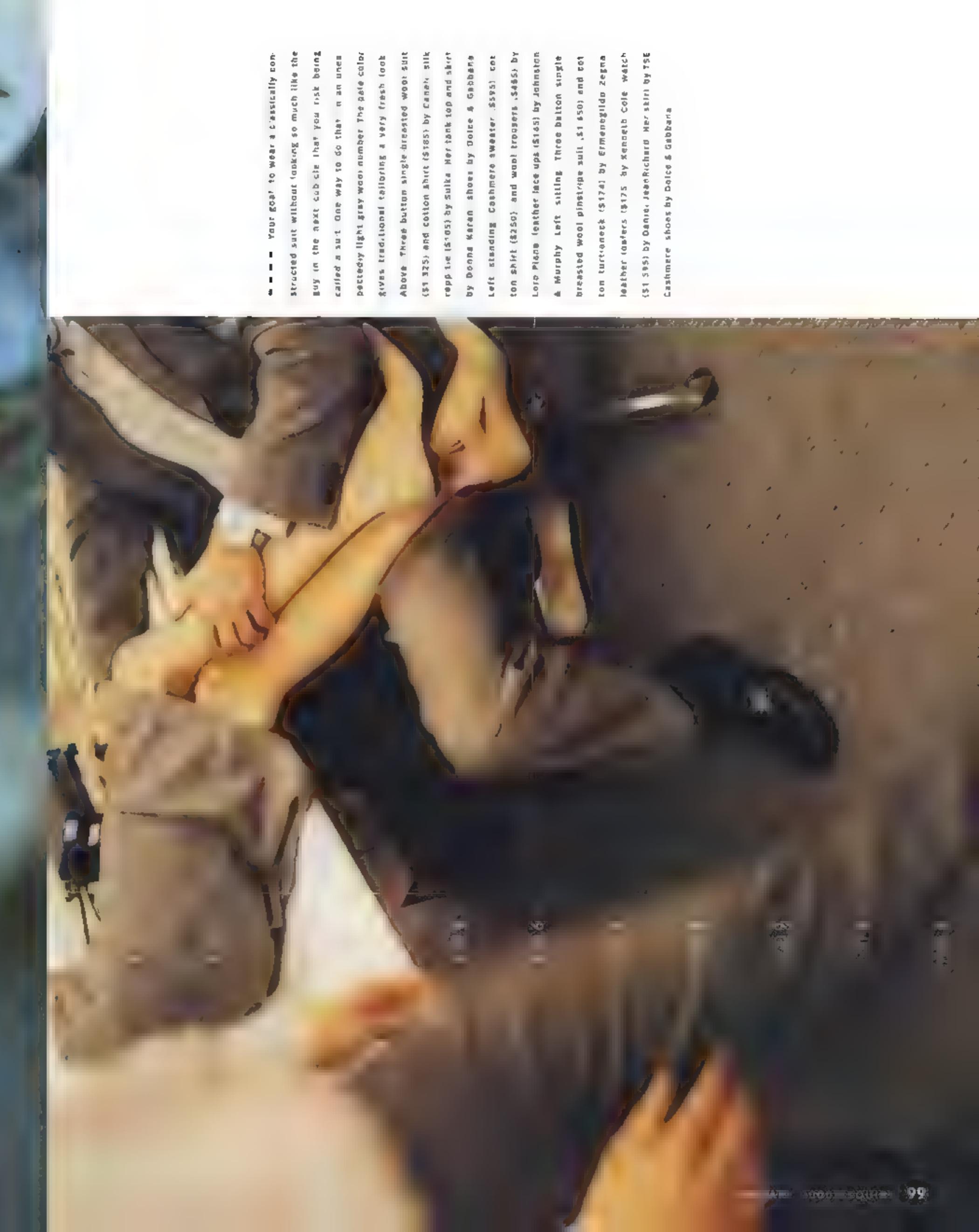




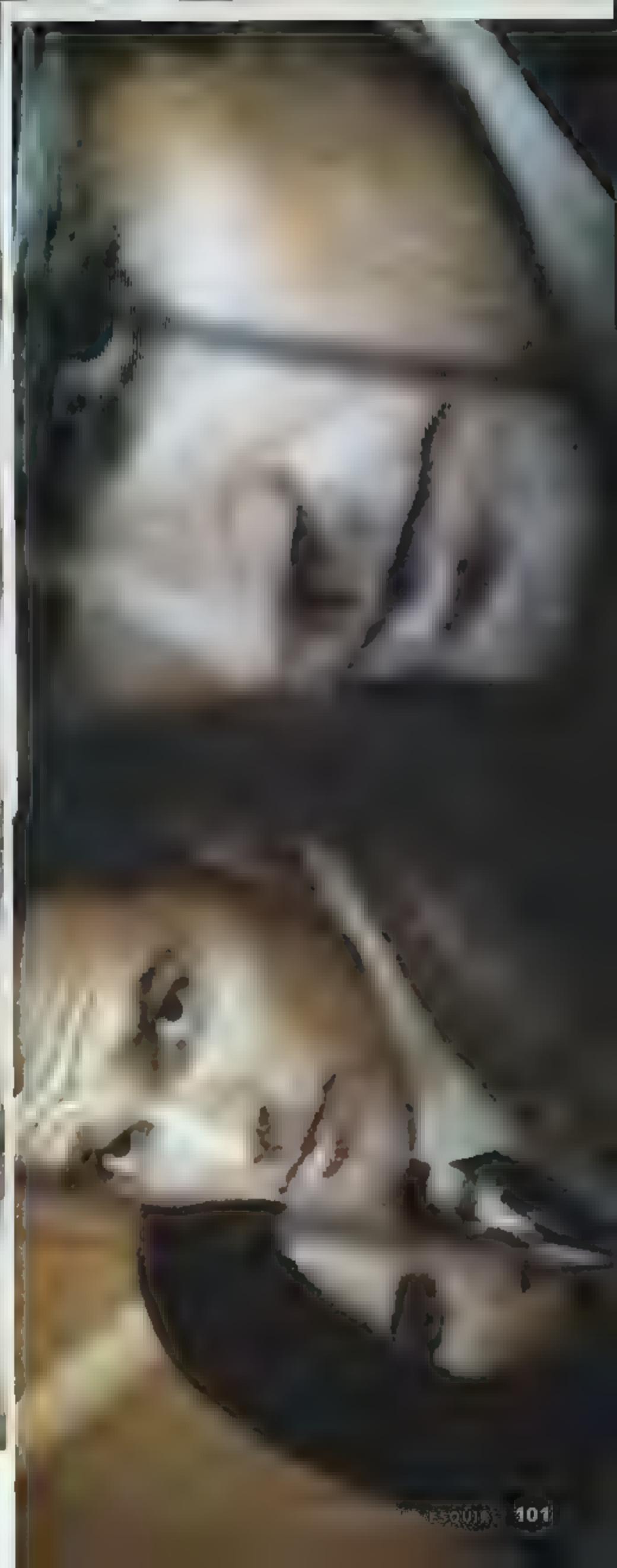


After abstaining a position on the endogenous accessories at these last few years regiments, I as (but a colors other than navy and red) are enjoying something of a work are comeback. Above: three button single breasted wool herringbone suit (\$495) by Bill Blass cotton shirt (\$195) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label silk repp tie (\$95) by Donna Karan. Her sweater and skirt by Prada. Below left: Three button single breasted wool suit (\$700) by Kenneth Cole cotton shirt (\$135) by Loro Piana silk tie (\$45) by Turnbull & Asser. Below middle: Three button single breasted wool suit (\$1,250) by Paul Smith cotton shirt (\$165) by Suico. Silk tie (\$85) by Canali leather loafers (\$375) by Salvatore Ferragamo. Below right: Three button single breasted wool suit (\$495) cotton shirt \$50; and silk tie \$40) by Tommy Hilfiger cotton V neck sweater (\$162) by Givenchy.





— — — Your goal? to wear a classically constructed suit without looking so much like the guy in the next cubicle that you risk being called a suit. One way to do that is an unstructured light grey wool number. The pale color gives traditional tailoring a very fresh look. Above: Three button single-breasted wool suit (\$1,125) and cotton shirt (\$185) by Canali, silk raffia tie (\$105) by Suika. Her tank top and skirt by Donna Karan. shoes by Dolce & Gabbana. Left: Standing Cashmere sweater, \$595; cotton shirt (\$150) and wool trousers, \$455; by Lord & Taylor. Leather lace-ups (\$165) by Johnston & Murphy. Left: sitting: Three button single-breasted wool pinstripe suit, \$1,150; and cotton turtleneck (\$174) by Ermenegildo Zegna. leather loafers (\$175) by Kenneth Cole. Watch (\$1,995) by Daniel JeanRichard. Her skirt by TSE Cashmere shoes by Dolce & Gabbana.





# The Best Movies You've

## Thirteen overlooked American classics from the last decade

By Jeff Gordinier

I got a call from my grandmother last summer. She is eighty-eight and was curious about something. She wanted my analysis of *The Sixth Sense*'s phenomenal box-office domination. Now, my grandmother is as sharp as a steak knife. One time we were watching *Jeopardy!* together and she nailed the correct answer to a question, the answer was "Who are the Spice Girls?" But still, this box-office thing bothered me. My grandmother doesn't even go to movies anymore; I don't think she's actually seen one since my little brother and I tricked her into taking us to *Meatballs* in 1979. So how—through what eerie mode of microchip implantation or Orwellian osmosis—did she wind up tracking the fate of Hollywood product?

Then again, how could she not? As we all know, box-office tallies have replaced batting averages in the national consciousness. Which is fine—no reason to get snooty and self-righteous about it. It's just that after you've seen the White House blow up, the pug crack wise, the boat ram the iceberg, the tatty little kid say, "I see dead people," and Ben Stiller get his franks 'n' beans caught in his zipper, you do sort of wonder, every now and then, Hey, where did all the other movies go? The sensation usually tends to come over you in the video store, at that horrific moment when you find yourself staring at seven acres of *You've Got Mail* and you're just trying . . . to remember . . . the name of

### A total blank

As a gentle corrective, therefore, we offer you a *triskaidekaphobe's* nightmare—a list of thirteen great American movies that, for whatever reason, managed to sneak out through the ventilation shaft of the nineties hype compound: That Steve Prefontaine flick with the generic title that stayed in theaters for about two days. That black-and-white documentary about the crazy bus guy. A couple of indies whose Oscar buzz evaporated as soon as everybody snapped out of the high-altitude trance of the Sundance Film Festival. No, these movies didn't contribute a thing to the Tom-Hanks-for-Mount-Rushmore campaign. But with any luck, you'll react to them the way you used to react to movies, back in the days before my grandmother knew that a \$26 million opening-weekend gross was hot shit.



## The Best Movies You've Never Seen

**THE INDIAN RUNNER** (1991) Directed by Sean Penn. When you hear that America's most explosive Method man wants to quit acting and focus on his directorial career, the words that probably spring to mind are *vanity* and *hubris*. Rent *The Indian Runner* and see how wrong you are.

All torqued up and sopping with blood, *The Indian Runner* takes off from Bruce Springsteen's mythic song "Highway Patrolman": it's a kind of *Iron John* parable about two brothers (David Morse and Viggo Mortensen) locking horns in the sixties. Joe cop, family man, rock Frank: drifter, pickpocket, smirking trip-wire sicker.

Penn knows a little something about this stuff, that whole balancing act between the quiet satisfactions of duty and the hopped-up desire to raise hell. Maybe that's why even the most microscopically detailed in the movie thrum with intensity: ice on barbed wire, blood on drapes, a shower of welder's sparks against a twilight sky. When Penn uses Jefferson Airplane's "Comin' Back to Me" for a montage—Charles Bronson watching home movies, hippies doing the bunny hop at a psychedelic luau, Frank making a bonfire of a stolen Mustang—the result is pure poetry.

**TIME INDEFINITE** (1993) Directed by Ross McElwee. A family reunion. A blood test. A Pap smear. A wedding. A pregnancy. A fish gasping and flapping on a dock. A cellophane bag full of human ashes. A seventy-two-second close-up of a tumor the size of a cantaloupe. Like Charles Kuralt with a twisted impulse to shock, McElwee stitches together aCarolina quilt of random impressions and winds up telling the story of a man on the cusp of forty finally growing up to embrace the absurdities of love and death. In this documentary sequel to *Sherman's March*, McElwee finds meaning in even his stupid mistakes; running out of film feels no less profound than shooting it.

**RUBY IN PARADISE** (1993) Directed by Victor Nunez. Anyone who's ever been stuck in a beach town during the off-season can sympathize with the plight of Ruby Lee Gossing, a fugitive from Tennessee trying to make her way in the tacky tchotchke shops of the Redneck Riviera. A Florida native, Nunez has the way pink motel walls and tiki huts and roller coasters look under a blank sky. The pace is fast and trudging, just like the season, but there's a summer's worth of solar energy coming off Ashley Judd, a snapdragon among the ferns.

**FEARLESS** (1993) Directed by Peter Weir. It has one of the most radiant beginnings you're likely to see: Jeff Bridges' face a picture of messianic serenity, carries a baby out of a cornfield. Walks past the charred husk of a jet. Brings the baby to its mother. Hops in a cab. Rides away.

*Fearless* is a movie about how people cope with catastrophe, so I don't know how it ever got greenlit in Hollywood. Most studio movies get off on the catastrophe, not the coping. As a guy who sheds the dead skin of his inhibitions after strolling out of a plane crash unscathed, Bridges is charismatic and tough to pin down—kind of a saint, kind of a d\*ck. The movie's tough to pin down, too. Had it been a huge hit, Hollywood might've been forced to come up with a whole new genre: the mystery thriller beatitude.

**DEVIL IN A BLUE DRESS** (1995) Directed by Carl Franklin. It's been eclipsed in the southern California noir sweepstakes by *L.A. Confidential*, but *Devil in a Blue Dress* is just as sumptuous and tangled and suffused with bourbon-orange light. (Plus, it's got a lot more to say about the racism behind L.A.'s postwar slide into corruption.) Slip it into the VCR and you'll have a hell of a time pushing pause when the phone rings—there's just no arguing with 101 minutes of cool clothes, cool music (Memphis Slim and T-Bone Walker, Pee Wee Crayton and Bull Moose Jackson), and the cool, cool hand of Denzel Washington, who plays gumshoe Easy Rawlins with every nerve tuned to stay alert.

**THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU** (1996) Directed by John Frankenheimer. "This is the most outrageous spectacle I have ever witnessed!" David Thewlis sputters to Marlon Brando. How right you are, sir. Why, *The Island of Dr. Moreau* is grotesque! Moronic! A fiasco of such out-and-sh proportions that it achieves a sort of... grandeur. Based on the H.G. Wells story about a bunch of mutant mammals on a Java Sea atoll, *Island* is a yucky deformity all its own: a chromosomal fusion of David Lean, David Lynch, and Ed Wood.

From the moment you see Brando, you realize you're stranded on a very special honeymoon hideaway. The artist formerly known as Don Corleone is wearing a straw hat, a white muumuu, big black Anna Wintour sunglasses, and so much pancake makeup that he looks like a doughnut rolled in powdered sugar. He's riding around in a mosquito-netted popemobile, he's delivering his lines—or, jeez, maybe he's just making them up on the spot—with the wet lip of a Merchant Ivory vicar. And, oh yeah, he is accompanied by his own private Mini-Me, a red, wrinkly embryo boy played by Nelson de la Rosa, one of the shortest human beings alive.

## The Best Movies You've Never Seen

**EYE OF GOD** (1997) Directed by Tim Blake Nelson. A warped old bungalow of a mystery, tastefully furnished with knickknacks from the Southern Gothic Pawnshop: a sultry boy, a glass eye, muddy riverbanks, blurs of scripture, lots of weird stories about how Mama and Daddy died. What haunts you, in the end, is an act of bestial violence that you never actually see. You're just left with the dreamy gaze of doom on Martha Plimpton's face as she sits by the water, waiting to be gutted from neck to navel.

**BREAKDOWN** (1997) Directed by Jonathan Mostow. Things get fucked up fast in *Breakdown*. There's no time for bogus Hollywood bonding in this sagebrush riff on *The Vanishing*, a nice new sport-ute with a couple of yuppies in it (Kurt Russell and Kathleen Quinlan) cons out on the side of the highway. Russell, unwisely dressed in a pastel-blue polo shirt and pleated khakis, unwisely lets his wife climb into the cab of an 18-wheeler with J.T. Walsh. Pretty soon, she's gone without a trace, whisked into a creepy abduction syndicate run by what looks like roadies from the Marshall Tucker Band. Sure, *Breakdown* may be junk food—no more nutritious than a bag of pretzels—but there's not a gram of fat in it.

**WAITING FOR GUFFMAN** (1997) Directed by Christopher Guest. Like *This Is Spinal Tap*, Guest's other gut-busting mockumentary, *Waiting for Guffman* is stuffed to the star-spangled brim with bon mots. "I hate you and I hate your ass face." "What's it like to be with a circumcised man?" "Because you're bastard people! That's what you are, you're just bastard people!"

This time out, Guest trains his satirical gamma ray on a regional theater troupe—the dressing room delusions, their matching track suits—as they put together a musical to celebrate 150 years of history in Baine, Missouri. (He also plays the ringleader, Corky St. Clair, a despotic drama queen with a goatee and a Three Stooges bowl cut.) I've heard people gripe that *Guffman* is just too mean, that these Show Me State rubes are too easy to pick on, but to such critics I say: You people are bastard people!

**HIGH ART** (1998) Directed by Ira Cohen. You're forgiven for letting your index finger pass this title by *High Art*?! A movie about smack-junkies and sapphic obsession, New York media-world sniping and stunted genius? Eesh, it sounds like a parody of indie self-absorption. Just watch. You might find yourself caring deeply about *High Art*'s slobby gang of heroin-snorting bohemians. Credit the script—natural, funny, precise—and two performances that lure you right into the black hole of sot. Ally Sheedy (the former Brat Pack poet) as a photographer skinnny and brittle and dry as a saltine, and Patricia Clarkson as her German lover, exhaling every wisp of a line in a parched Marlene Dietrich monotone.

**WITHOUT LIMITS** (1998) Directed by Robert Towne. Yeah, it says "Believe in Yourself" on the video box. Yeah, it's got all the sports-movie sacraments. Donald Sutherland's philosopher-coach offers tough and tender counsel, asses are snapped in the locker room. But what makes this biopic about Olympic runner Steve Prefontaine so magnetic—he lets just come out with it, *inspirational*—is that it has the balls to veer off track. As you might expect from the guy who wrote *Chinatown*, Towne administers the life lessons in weird places. Pre wins when he's supposed to lose, gets his ass kicked when you're counting on a triumph, dies for no reason. Billy Crudup plays Pre with a touch of campus Adonis narcissism and a couple tokes of Jeff Spicoli; he seems like a guy with really low blood pressure.

**THE CRUISE** (1998) Directed by Bennett Miller. *The Cruise* never had a chance of winning a documentary Oscar because it's not about the Holocaust, the civil-rights movement, or old ladies learning to tap-dance. But actually, it is about those things—or, as Timothy "Speed" Levitch might say, it's about the constant war between imprisonment and liberation, fascism and freakdom. Levitch is a tour guide. He takes people around Manhattan on a bus, sitting in a voice like squeaky Styrofoam. A master of the spontaneous rant—maybe the last in an orgasmic literary line that stretches from Wordsworth to Willy Wonka—Levitch regales his passengers with Gershwin songs, white lies, and love sonnets to his fickle paramour, New York City. The tourists just stare back with zombie eyes, like pod people.

**HANDS ON A HARD BODY** (1999) Directed by S. R. Bandler. They do it for God. They do it for Mama. They do it because they're flat broke. In this hilarious documentary, twenty-four people volunteer for what amounts to a brutal Darwinian blood sport in a scorched Texas parking lot. They stand. For hours. For days. They stand with one hand on a truck. The last one standing gets the truck. The rest? Their muscles turn to jelly, their brains melt into mush.

*Hands on a Hard Body* shares at least one thing with *Titanic*: Watching it, you keep trying to guess who's gonna die next. Will it be Norma, the Jesus freak who keeps breaking into giggles? J.D., the stoic old guy who subsists on coffee and unfiltered cigarettes? Benny, the Nietzschean cowboy who gets a rush each time somebody keels? ("I would compare it to killing a deer," Benny says.) The mind games, the fatigue, and the pure spiritual agony build to a crescendo that's as tense as any high-octane act on flicker.

# What I've Learned Kenneth Starr

Former Independent Counsel, 53, Washington, D.C.

INTERVIEWED BY CHARLES SLACK, OCTOBER 27, 1999

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY ELLEN MARK

**We now live** in an age where motives are everything. Why don't we ask about the facts? Why don't we examine merits as opposed to motivations?

**I believe it is heroic** to be willing to go against the grain.

**I'm reading** an inspirational book called *Halftime*, about an individual who goes through a mid-life crisis and determines that he is going to live the second half of his life for significance, since he lived the first half of his life for success. I'm finding that very intriguing.

**History teaches us** that we do in fact shape the course of events by our own conduct, by our own actions. We would do well to listen to the voices of history. One of my favorites is Churchill, who was calling throughout the 1930s for England to rearm. The vigilance of Churchill and the obtuseness of the overwhelming majority of the British people is stunning to me.

**I think it is perilous** for us to live in a poll-driven, plebiscite democracy. The very idea of a representative democracy is that we rely upon the Churchills, Roosevelts, Thatchers, Reagans, and Trumans for leadership. They should not simply be a weather vane; they should be leaders coming to decisions based upon values and knowledge and saying, This is the right course.

**Depending on polls**, we would probably abolish one or more amendments contained in the Bill of Rights.

**Spin is focusing** on one specific fact and magnifying that fact as if it's the totality of reality. It leads to stereotypes. It leads to complete lack of rigor in thinking. It leads to bumper-sticker life rather than a life of analysis and reasoned decision making.

**We live in the age** of incivility and rancor.

**I guess my regret** is that law enforcement was not more vigilant and vigorous in Arkansas to begin with, nor was, in an age of intense media scrutiny, the media especially effective in ferreting out what clearly were serious issues in Arkansas. Which of course is what gave rise to all this in the first place. **The challenge** is to be able to communicate a principled basis for one's position in an age where attention spans are so short.

**The president**, through his lawyers, fashioned a constitutional rule and made it up out of whole cloth. There was no such thing, ever, as the idea of immunity of the president from a civil suit in his individual capacity.

**Just as the defenders** of the Alamo could have gotten on their horses and ridden away, my colleagues could have done the same.

**Faith, family, and friends.** Those three pillars were very important in providing me with the support I needed.

**I think** each of us is that mixture of good and potential evil.

**Felix Frankfurter** quite rightly said the history of liberty is in large measure the history of procedure. The way to guard against the corruption of power is to have procedure and process.

**I'm in the very early stages** of writing a book on the Supreme Court. It's a book designed for a lay audience. I plan to use absolutely no Latin whatsoever. I started on Saturday, and I'm on page 22.

**The last time** I played organized sports was in the ninth grade. Football. Offensive lineman, which was a laugh. I wanted to be a running back, but I was terrible—slow and scrawny.

**There are so many** morality plays in sports, of testing oneself and then becoming a team person. You do things for the team. The quarterback sure better give credit to the offensive line.

**I full well understand** that the divisiveness that flowed from the impeachment is deep, and it was foreseeable.

**The history of this episode** could have been entirely different if, in January of 1998, the president had seen fit simply to tell the truth.

**You don't lie** to the American people. ■



# m on ster

It's in there

THE MOTORCYCLE LAY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE POND; this was fact and this was legend. How it came to be there was open to speculation, for neither the motorcycle nor the pond was property of anyone remembered. ¶ The pond, sinister, leech mucky, and bottomless with sludge, beckoned with dragonflies, jumping fish, and a weeping willow. It sung, it sang, it lived a whole life; things fell beneath its surface, and if they returned, they were changed. ¶ Some days after school, Dale Roberts took his little brother, Davey, to the pond. Davey had a sack of things he brought each time: salt for the leeches that he and his friends enjoyed watching shrivel and die, a jar for caught frogs, the head of a hammer, some string, baseball cards, and an amount of money never totaling more than seventy-five cents. Davey was eight. ¶ Dale was seventeen, and he carried less and carried more. Mostly what he brought to the pond was a book and an itch. He had grown suddenly, and he studied his hands and feet, surprised they were his. He stood loose-limbed, lackluster, his sight black from thinking too hard. Sometimes some thought about his potential would catch in his throat, and he'd feel in his gut

By Cecilia Pinto | *Photograph by Keith Getty*

and his grot that the right thing could lift him up, could carry him skimming high above the surface of things, far closer to the fluid ceiling of sky than the drab, stained ground beneath his shoes.

These thoughts left him giddy and got him nowhere. He knew he had the power within himself to make things happen, but no one around him, except maybe Davey, believed the same. And Davey didn't know anything. Dale told his dad about his wish for a motorcycle so he could ride really fast. His dad said the only place he was going fast was juvey hall if he didn't straighten up and fly right.

Davey's friends liked Dale, even when he called them little shits and threatened to mess with their plots and master plans. Occasionally he was affable and could be talked into helping, allowing the boys to order him around, dragging logs for improbable structures, retrieving balls from cattails at the water's edge, boosting them into trees and then getting them down. Sometimes he was sullen and uncooperative, resentful of his role as baby-sitter and sick to death of everything, especially the crowing and bragging of a bunch of little boys. On those days, he ignored them, flipping through the *Guide to British Motorcycles* that he'd lifted from the Train Hill Public Library, imagining which model was at the bottom of the pond.

His dad had a bike, a tricked out Kawasaki. Dale wasn't allowed to touch it. His mother drove a station wagon, and his stepfather had a shit American compact he drove to work. Dale wanted the motorcycle from the bottom of the pond more than he wanted a girl or a dog or money to spend. He wanted it because no one else wanted it, and when he had it, he was sure his life would be different. Increasingly, he sensed there was something for which he needed to be prepared, as if the razor buzz of the insects and the high-pitched calls of the younger boys were warnings of impending doom. He only had to get it out, retrieve the motorcycle from the pond, and he was sure to be transformed and protected.

There was a girl, but his occasional encounters with her left him feeling as though he'd been to a foreign movie. He'd been to one once, walking out of the theater imagining he could speak French, only he could not. Her name was Hart. Her name was really something else, but she had changed it. Sometimes she followed Dale and Davey to the pond, toting a large brocade bag that held her world of cosmetics, cheat sheets, gum, and phone numbers. Their relationship amounted to long kisses lying in the grass until one of them got up and walked away feeling disoriented or until Davey and his friends interrupted, howling their disgust. Hart was given to saying mysterious things like "if I live that long" or "in a past life." She pointed out graveyards and high places to fall from. She cut the front of her hair short, left the back long. She liked to talk about sexy things—not sex, but things that "got her."

She described for Dale a television show on which a man and a woman who didn't know each other well were having a conversation and, out of nowhere, the man put his hand under the belt of the woman's dress and pulled her toward him for a kiss that ended in lovemaking. Dale thought because she told him this story several times, that perhaps she wanted him to do this, but she never wore dresses. Her

clothes were baggy, shapeless, much like his own. Finally, when she referred to the story yet again, he asked if this was what she wanted, and she said, "That's kind of the point." Then she blushed so hard they both looked away.

But Hart was just a distraction, a confusion, and Dale left her out of things when she wasn't around. He didn't add her into his plans, his plan.

One day he walked into the pond while Hart and the boys watched. A gauzy net of green covered the pond's surface and moved as he moved. The water was warm and then it was cold. He waded as far as he could, then dove. It was too dense to see through. He came up and dove again. The pond wasn't deep. With effort, he was able to touch the bottom, except that the bottom moved, slipped from him, was not solid. He dove again, this time brushing against something three-dimensional—in fact, banging his shin against a sharpness as he pushed for the surface.

He let out a whoop and swam to where he could walk. "It's down there," he shouted. "Goddamn, it's down there." He examined his leg, but there wasn't any proof of his contact. "I felt it," he said. And then with less confidence, "Fuck, how am I going to get it out?" The little boys jumped up and down, arguing over who got the first ride. Dale was elated that what he covered had substance, that it was palpable, that it felt like something. He grinned.

Bud, one of Davey's friends, had a father with an old pickup truck, and Dale and Davey walked Bud home that night and stood in the kitchen, where Dale asked to borrow the truck, the exhilaration he had felt at the pond suddenly leaving him as he stared at the brick-tile floor, mumbling his request.

Bud's mother invited them to sit and eat supper. Dale didn't want to. He couldn't tell if he was getting the truck or not, and he wasn't sure what was polite to say, because all he wanted was an answer to his question. He remained standing in the middle of the kitchen. Davey, already seated at the table, looked at Bud's plate, then shook his head.

"Say, 'No, thank you,'" Dale admonished his brother, adding, "Sorry, I'm pretty damp. I think we'll just go home." He shifted in his clothes, which grew stiff and cold. "Sorry we bothered you," he said after a minute in which no one had spoken.

"Well, now," said the father, "if that thing's really down there, you know it's a complete piece of junk." He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes as he spoke.

"It's down there," Dale said. "I saw it."

"You didn't see it," Bud said.

"Yes, he did," Davey said and elbowed his friend.

Dale told Davey to hush. But Davey ignored him, continuing to argue with Bud. Dale took a step forward and yanked Davey up from the table. "Be quiet," he said and held him by the arm.

Dale pulled away and straightened his clothes, frowning at his brother but not saying anything.

"I know it's there," Dale said. It was hard for him, but he looked right at the man as he spoke. He was now standing inches from the table, and Bud's mother lifted a plate of crescent rolls toward him. He shook his head, annoyed at the distraction.

"Say, 'No, thank you,' Dale," Davey said from behind him. The man smiled, saying, "People been saying there's a motorcycle in that pond since I was your age." Examining the slightly bent tine of his fork, he added, "Goddamn Loch Ness monster's what it is."

"Dad," said Bud. "Dad, did you see it?"

"See what, Bud?"

"Did you see the monster?" The younger boys were wide eyed.

Dale stared at the man. He felt as if he were putting his shoulder to some large object, a refrigerator or a piano. "The motorcycle's down there," he said again.

The man swept a roll through the gravy on his plate. Davey and Bud laughed, making noises like monsters.

"Thanks anyways," Dale said, turning to leave.

"You come by on Saturday and you can have that truck," said the father, tossing his napkin on the plate and leaning back in his chair. "You run into trouble, son, and you're responsible, whatever that means. You understand?"

"Yes, sir, I do," Dale said. He ran his hand through his hair, trying hard to seem trustworthy. "I'll take good care of it. I promise." He had a feeling in him that was half crazy, half scared, and it was hard to contain. He felt that if he didn't get out of the kitchen quick, the glassware might start breaking.

"Since when don't you like meat loaf?" he asked his brother walking home.

"Did you see it?" said Davey, zigzagging as he walked. "It had green things in it."

The week went slow. Dale dreamed he was riding the bike at high speed. He kept bending down to read the make and model, but he couldn't make sense of the words. Davey had a cold and wasn't allowed to go out, so Dale didn't even go to the pond and instead spent his afternoons lying on his bed, holding the telephone receiver while Hart talked on the other end.

Saturday morning Dale woke up not with the anticipation he'd expected but with worry and a dark heart. He'd dreamed that he was diving to the motorcycle, only it was Hart. Her clothes floated in the water. "Pull them off," she said through air bubbles, but when he did, she laughed and disappeared.

Dale wandered into his room to ask if this was finally the day, and Dale snapped at him, saying he wasn't allowed to go along.

Dale positioned himself carefully on the edge of Dale's bed. "You said I could. I'm going to help. I'm not sick anymore. And my friend Jesse's got a chain."

"He does?" Dale sat up on his elbows. "What kind of a chain?" Davey smelled like maple syrup, and Dale thought of the pancake races he used to have with his dad, trying to finish their stacks before his mom put the next pile on the plate. Anymore he didn't eat breakfast.

"From an anchor." Dale inched a little farther onto the bed, his feet no longer touching the floor.

"An anchor—what does that mean? What kind of an anchor?"

"I don't know," Dale said. "It's really heavy, and he's bringing it in a wagon."

"Oh, great." Dale fell back in the bed and gave his brother a shove with his feet. "A fucking paradise."

"You're not supposed to swear." Davey got off the bed and stood looking over Dale. "It's bad," he said.

"Oh, my God," Dale said crossly. "Go watch cartoons."

Davey left, but halfway down the stairs he yelled back up, "Dale?"

"What?" He was staring at his alarm clock, watching the numbers flip.

"Tell me when we're going, okay?"

"Okay," Dale replied, pulling the covers over his shoulders and closing his eyes.

The weather was clear that afternoon. He and Davey got the truck, and Davey and Bud huddled in the back, pretending to be snipers shooting at passing vehicles as they trundled toward the pond, first on blacktop, then gravel, dirt, and finally the weedy, whorly grass of the pond's perimeter. Davey's friend Jesse arrived on foot, dragging the ship's chain in a wagon. Hart appeared in sunglasses, accompanied by a girlfriend with a black scarf around her throat.

Dale had brought some rope he'd purchased and two different padlocks, although he wasn't sure what for. Hart had the pink, dimpled comforter off her bed. She sat with her friend, looking at a dream dictionary she'd talked Dale into buying for her one night at the grocery store. Her friend picked at a scab. Dale, Bud, and Jesse admired the chain and then began wrestling. Dale stood squinting at the pond.

He had no idea what to do. He didn't want to swim in carrying the chain, and he wasn't completely sure how he was going to hook it to the bike or the truck. Looking around, he wished that all these people weren't included, and he dove into the water as much to get away from them as to get the bike.

He tried to calculate where it was in the pond that he had encountered the motorcycle, but when he dove he found nothing. The first few times he surfaced, his audience stood attentively at the edge of the pond, the young boys at the ready to attack the leeches. Eventually they began to lose interest. Bud and Jesse went to climb a tree; the girls went back to the comforter and lay in the sun laughing. Only Davey remained, standing just at the edge of the water, watching Dale dive and surface.

"I can't fucking see," Dale yelled, flailing toward the shore, his shirt and hair clinging to his skin as if in last resort. "I can't see for shit."

Dale's friends came running. "I have to be home by four o'clock," Jesse said. "I'm going to my grandma's."

"Okay," Dale said, wiping his face on his arm.

"I have to take the chain with me," Jesse added.

"Okay," Dale said again, staring at the pond. Hart and her girlfriend were folding up the comforter.

"I have to know when it's almost four o'clock. I can't be late."

"Then get a fucking watch," Dale hissed.

The younger boy looked surprised but stood his ground. "You're supposed to know."

"What?" Dale said, water flying from him as he turned back toward the boy. "What am I supposed to know? I'm supposed to know your schedule? I'm supposed to be interested in your





## Handmade for the

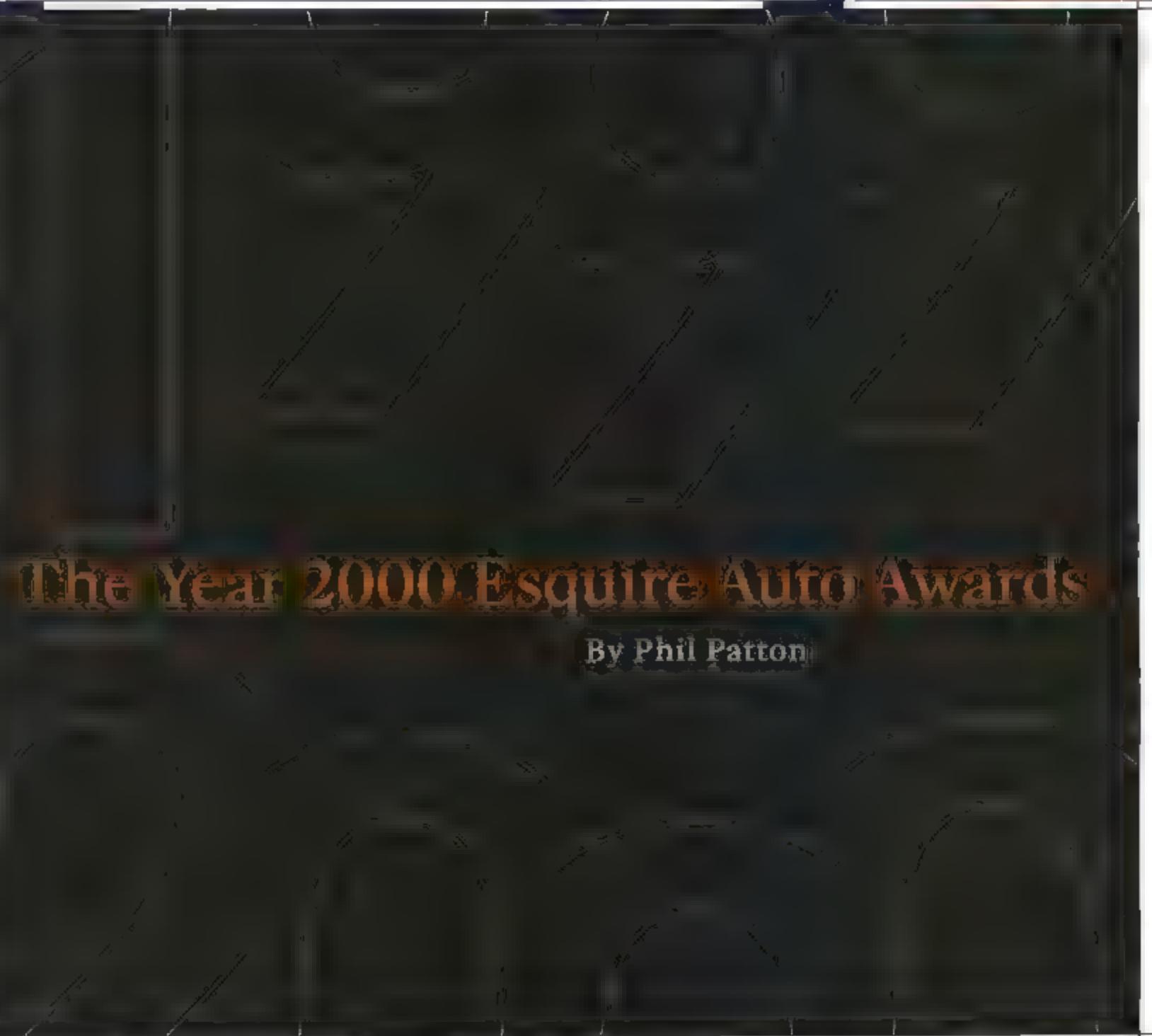
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES WOJCIK

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Why the decorative stitching? Because it's a little more manly than the ls. Why handmade? Because cheap shoes can make you bleed. Why the organic colors? Because you'll find they bring a confident sophistication to a gray flannel suit, for example, while somehow making it more casual. Try a pair instead of the boring black loafers you usually wear. OPPOSITE PAGE: Split-toe calfskin lace-ups (\$695) by Salvatore Ferragamo. THIS PAGE, from left: Moccasin-style calfskin lace-up (\$485) by Bally; split-toe calfskin lace-up (\$350) by Cole Haan; split-toe calfskin lace-up (\$550) by Cole Haan; moccasin-style calfskin lace-up (\$2,150) by Silvano Lattanzi; split-toe calfskin lace-up (\$650) by A. Festoni. For store information see page 126.

What has forty-four wheels and 2,672 horses, turns night into day, crushes earth underfoot with nerves of steel (or, in some cases, aluminum), and shows you the way home—all while listening to what you have to say and giving you a massage?



## The Year 2000 Esquire Auto Awards

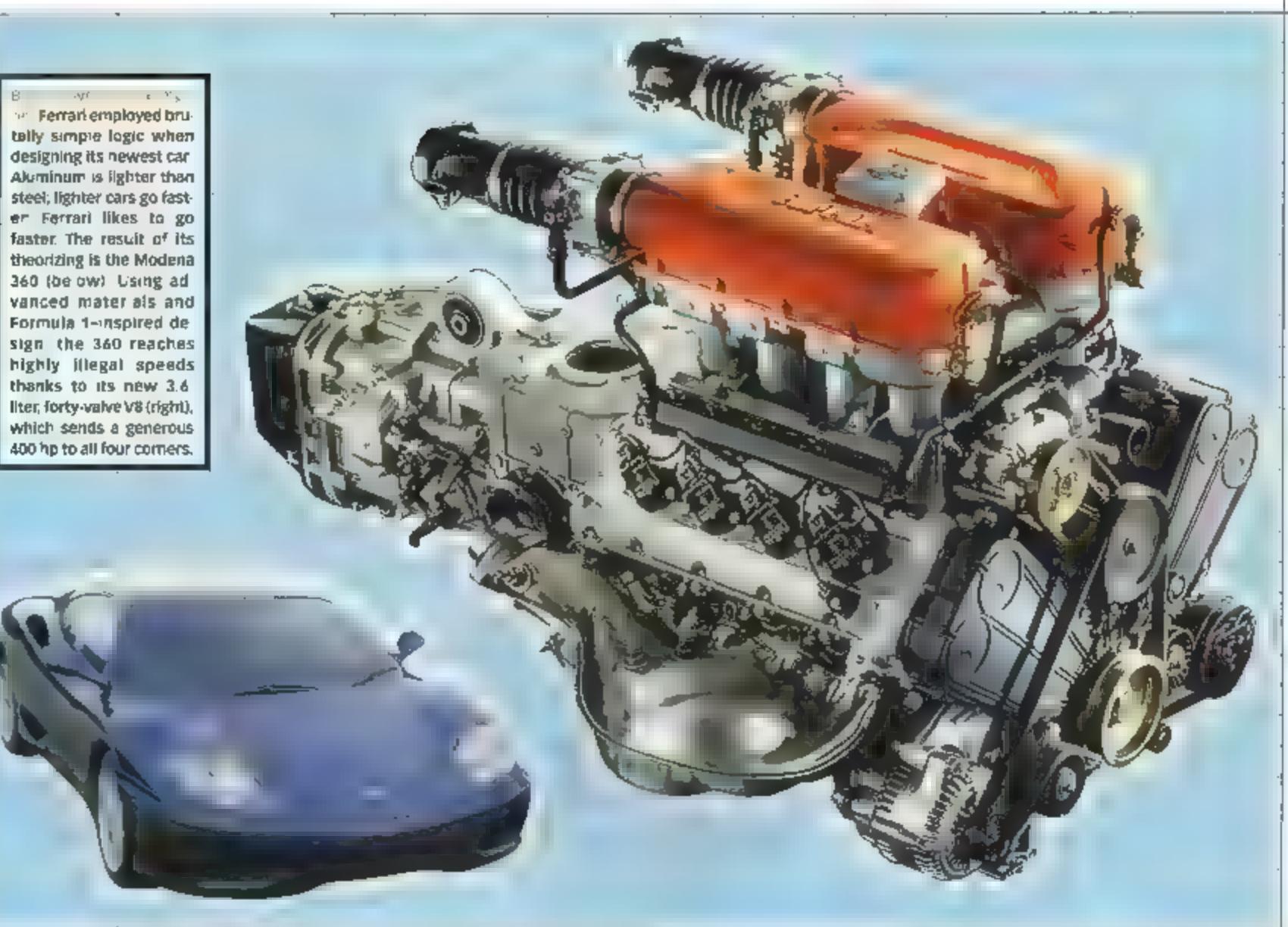
By Phil Patton

FORD (THIS IS PRE-TAURUS, MIND YOU) WAS MAKING the finest police cruisers in the country, the General kept putting out nondescript Chevies, and while Lee Iacocca had saved Chrysler, it was only by foisting upon the public the K-car, which had all the automotive style of a roaster. Fortunately, things have changed since the mid-eighties. When Ford's newest car, the Focus, has more style than any car from 1984, and Audi can redesign the auto from the ground up and watch its sales soar, you know this is a great time to love cars. And that's what Esquire's Auto Awards are all about: cars that look beautiful and drive beautifully, that you will love and cherish until resale do you part. We've enlisted the guidance of Phil Patton, who not only writes about cars for this magazine but knows enough about them that New York's Museum of Modern Art asked for his help when it put together its first automotive exhibit in forty-six years. His selections don't just have the latest doodads or the best performance figures; they have the thing that's not listed on the sticker: the power to turn metal, glass, and rubber into sheer automotive bliss.





That's the nice thing about Germany—it's thorough: no matter what kind of *bahn* storming you intend to accomplish, it's got a car to fit. Clockwise from top left: The BMW 540i Sport Wagon, Mercedes-Benz's navigation system, which comes standard in the S500, the Audi TT.



**BEST CAR AFTER THE IPO**  
Ferrari 360 Modena

Ferrari employed brutally simple logic when designing its newest car: Aluminum is lighter than steel; lighter cars go faster. Ferrari likes to go faster. The result of its theorizing is the Modena 360 (below). Using advanced materials and Formula 1-inspired design, the 360 reaches highly illegal speeds thanks to its new 3.6 liter, forty-valve V8 (right), which sends a generous 400 hp to all four corners.

**BEST CAR AFTER THE IPO**  
Mercedes-Benz S500

SURE, A TWENTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD just-struck-it-rich-on-the-Internet millionaire can inch through Palo Alto's traffic scrum in a silver seven-figure McLaren, no problem. But most other successful men, well, they need to project more of an astride-the-world-like-a-colossus attitude. They need Montblanc, not Bic. They need wing tips, not Tevas. They need a two-ton gunboat like the Mercedes S500. The suitably expensive S500's four thousand pounds of finely honed steel—give or take the liveried driver—has the gravitas required by a made man. In its signature coat of Black Obsidian paint, this four-door is mysteriously, understatedly sinister; it's the car the devil (or a law partner) would drive. And yet, inside and under the hood, this \$77,850 sedan basks in the white light of brand new technology. Its 302 hp eight-cylinder engine'll do zero to 60 in 6.1 seconds, with all the Teutonically tight handling you expect. And its cockpit gizmos are sure to please any Bloomberg-obsessed deal maker: Dial phone num-

bers by voice (you can even pick the language you'd like to use, if you're feeling cosmopolitan), see the side mirrors dim when struck by another car's headlights; watch the windshield wipers quicken as a drizzle turns to a downpour; and find the Four Seasons with the onboard navigation system. In short—and with all due respect to very fine rides from BMW, Audi, and Jaguar—the 500's got the reputation only the world's premier power ride can provide. And as the Benz purrs along the road, with something suitably majestic trumpeting from the Bose six-speaker stereo system, your Master of the Universe self can giggle over it all like a schoolgirl, and no one will see: The power sunscreens that unfurl at the touch of a button will take care of that.

**HAPPY FANNY AWARD**  
Cadillac DeVille

LONG DRIVES USED TO BE PUNCTUATED with brief stops to get out, stretch, and make sure your butt still had nerve endings. No longer. Taking luxury to wonderfully absurd levels, Cadillac now offers seats that contain twenty massag-

ing rollers that'll gently work out the kinks as you drive down the road.

**THE "FASTEST WAY TO GET TO LITTLE LEAGUE PRACTICE" AWARD**  
BMW 540i Sport Wagon

WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING—a plastewood-paneled, roof-racked, hard-parking monster with a backseat from whence the following repeatedly issues, especially on long trips: "Dad, Timmy keeps repeating everything I say!" "Dad, Timmy keeps repeating everything I say!" The wagon has been down some rough road, indeed. Its (lowly) claims to family-ferrying utility were long ago copped by minivans and, more recently, SUVs. In fact, the entire category nearly went extinct, with only Volvo and Subaru keeping hope alive. But now—thanks to a silent faction of suburbia not interested in a Nimitz-class SUV, and the auto world's recognition that *family* needn't equal *fusty*—wagons are not only alive but vital. There are sharp haulers from Volkswagen and Volvo and Audi—and from BMW, the newest king of the cul de sac, the 540i (\$53,480). The

540i is a "sport wagon" (as BMW likes to call it) that handles like, well, a BMW. While some of its competitors' wagons are best loaded with picnic chests, soccer balls, and a scrappy mutt, the Beemer is the kind of sleek car in which you stash only a Louis Vuitton weekend bag for the road trip to Twentynine Palms. This five-door's got a svelte profile and tapered edges that make you want to get in and drive. Hard. The 540i may be in the same class as other monuments to domesticity, but with a 282 hp V8 that rockets it from zero to 60 in 6.3 seconds (!), it can be described in a way that no other wagon, past or present, can: badass.

**BEST FEATURE YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOU NEEDED**  
Power Outlets

WITH CELL PHONES, LAPTOPS, AND traveling espresso makers multiplying, the battle that once raged among manufacturers over the number of cup holders has shifted to the number of outlets, or "power points," as they're called. Ford's jumbo SUV, the Excursion, claims five. We can see the ad campaign

now: "Giving you the convenience of operating your belt sander in the backseat." Ain't progress grand?

**BEST THIRD (OR FOURTH OR FIFTH) CAR**  
Audi TT Quattro

THIS ONE'S FOR YOUR INNER child—not your real child, not even your wife, just you. Such a coupe was what a man would motor in on the old "Sunday drive," back in the day when driving on a Sunday didn't mean idling in the megamall's off-ramp traffic. Of course, nowadays—despite the interest that's spawned a half dozen fine coupes, including the German troika of the BMW Z3, the Mercedes-Benz SLK, and the Porsche Boxster—a hard-driving, two-seat two-door with a limited rear deck and not much luggage space serves no practical purpose whatsoever. Long trip? Book a flight. More than two passengers? Only if the third wheel likes being strapped to the hood. The Audi TT (\$30,500) is designed the way we often wish the whole world was—entirely for our enjoyment. So a couple have had control problems at

120 miles per hour. To our mind, it's just nice to *think* about 120. More than any car on the road today, the squat but streamlined TT is rolling architecture. Its Bauhaus-like exterior is accompanied by an interior that's a valentine to the machine age: exposed aluminum braces, retro-futuro gauges, a lack of frivolous ornamentation that's ascetically beautiful. And with four cylinders and 180 hp going to all four wheels, the TT hews very closely to a beloved, if underused, automotive principle. Go like stink, and look really good while doing it.

**THE "WHY WE LOVE AN ARMS RACE" AWARD**  
Night Vision from Cadillac

CADILLAC EXECS BRAG, "WE'VE brought Desert Storm to the family garage." Fortunately, that doesn't include spent uranium shells. What it does include is a night-vision system in the new DeVille that'll make any driver feel like a tank commander. The system converts the heat of, say, that buck crossing the road into brightness, projected in a heads-up display on the windshield.



By Andrew S. Miller M. Ward  
There's a certain science-fair quality to some of the latest offerings from automakers. Toyota's Prius (top left) runs on gas and electricity! Nissan's Frontier Crew Cab (top right) is a pickup truck with four real doors! Cadillac's night vision (above) lets you see in the dark! And finally, real innovation. Nissan's Xterra (right) is an SUV designed to go off-road!



Top left: entertainment. Cadillac has made concept cars before, but none quite like the Evoq (top left). None that had people asking how and when they could buy one. None that had a show-stealing design and a supercharged 405 hp V8 engine (left) to match. Honda's entry in the sports-car market, the S2000 (top right and above), takes a simpler pared-down approach. It has everything you need to make you feel like Juan-Manuel Fangio, and nothing you don't.

#### BEST CAR TO MAKE YOU EAT YOUR NEO-FREUDIAN WORDS

**Ferrari Modena 360**

**YOU DREAMED OF OWNING ONE.** We all did. Even Don Johnson sullying the seat of a Ferrari on *Miami Vice* wasn't enough to dampen its elemental, albeit obvious, appeal. Of course, it was enough to turn the high-performance ride into a cliché, the go-to car when talking about desire, performance, and Freudian theories on male sexual insecurity. But you know what? In all of that, what's so often overlooked is that Ferraris are great cars, and when the game is speed and handling, perhaps the greatest. Ferrari's latest offering, the Modena 360, with four hundred prancing horses under the hood, proves to be no exception. Egging you on is the eight-cylinder engine, sitting just behind your right shoulder like one of John Belushi's bad-influence *Animal House* demons, rocketing the combination of leather, rubber, and (for the first time in a Ferrari) aluminum all the way up to and past 180 miles per hour. Lighter and faster

than its predecessor, the 360 is also (purists, you may begin wincing) more comfortable, with more room for both luggage and passengers. There's also a running theme of efficiency: the use of lightweight materials, the classically simple shape, even the trimmed price (\$148,000). According to the car's designer, the legendary Sergio Pininfarina, all this stems from a suitably simple philosophy: "Efficiency," he notes, "is also beauty."

#### BEST REASON (OTHER THAN SPOKESMODELS) TO ATTEND A CAR SHOW

**Cadillac Evoq**

CADILLAC HAS BEEN DOING ITS damnedest to get more youthful customers. (For a while, it seemed as if the average age of its drivers was the same as your body temperature when you have a fever.) Getting them should be a lot easier with the daring Evoq. Its scalpel-edged shape is not only a departure for Caddy but for the automotive industry in general. That, and a supercharged V8 that puts 405 hp on the

tarmac, may in fact make Cadillac the Standard of the World once again.

#### THE CHARLES ATLAS AUTOMOTIVE AWARD

**Nissan Xterra 4x4**

TRUST US. EVEN IF YOUR KID HAS the entire scrolling text from the opening of *Star Wars* memorized, even if he collects coins and stamps, even if he wants to be a CPA, even if all that—if the Xterra is his first car, he's going to be cool. Or cooler, anyway. How can he not be when Nissan's newest SUV has got a *Road Warrior* ruggedness that makes anyone behind the wheel look as if he's just motored back from the Amazon rain forest? Credit the stepped roof, external gear basket, and tie-down hooks. Or credit its chief designer, Jerry Hirshberg, who readily admits that this entry level four-wheeler looks best when dirty. And while its looks—dirty or clean—should appeal to any teen, there's another reason your kid might like it: He can modify the bejesus out of it with options like ski racks, tow hitches, water-resistant seat covers, and other add-ons. With any luck,

he'll be so busy doing that, he won't find the time to "modify" himself with nose, lip, or nipple rings. Meanwhile, you'll be happy knowing that, for about \$17,500, your boy—or girl, for that matter—is in a safe, air-bagged, bigger-than-a-breadbox truck. Really, don't worry—with this as their ride, even the geekiest CPAs-to-be will be the envy of the school parking lot.

#### BEST PICKUP LINE

**Nissan Frontier Crew Cab**

BECAUSE FOUR DOORS AND FOUR full seats are the next big thing in an age in which the truck is used more for human beings than for feed bags. Because it takes courage to use yellow as a signature body color. Because you're going to see a lot more of these soon, but this one (starting at \$19,890) did it first.

#### THE "ANY COLOR YOU WANT AS LONG AS IT'S GREEN" AWARD

**Toyota Prius**

WE USED TO THINK ELECTRIC cars—or any deviation from the good ol' internal-combustion engine, for

that matter—were kinda flaky. Sure, they were fine for quick earth-friendly runs to an Ed Begley Jr. film festival, but they weren't ever going to be "cars" in the real make-noise, chirp-the-tires sense. Due to the efforts of companies like Honda, Toyota, and others, we now stand corrected. In particular, Toyota's new Prius hybrid looks to be a viable alternative to the conventional car when it goes on sale this coming summer for around \$19,000. It's a perfectly (and we mean this as a compliment) mundane family sedan that drives just as unremarkably as any number of mundane family sedans that have the added drawback of sucking up fossil fuels like Paul Prudhomme with a Krazy Straw and a malted. The four-door, five-seat Prius can be so frugal because it employs two means of propulsion: an electric motor and a 1.5-liter four-cylinder that are used either separately or, when in heavy acceleration, in tandem. In addition to providing reasonable performance (zero to 60 is reached in a not terrible 13 seconds), the gasoline engine is always charging

the electric motor, so there's no need to plug it in. Its high efficiency (more than forty miles per gallon) means the Prius won't win any drag races, but it'll do most of the things that most people want to do with their cars. Granted, you won't be making any friends at Exxon, but that Arbor Day card from Greenpeace should more than make up for it.

#### BEST USE OF OUR PRECIOUS NATURAL RESOURCES

**The Honda S2000's Engine**

THIS IS THE GREAT THING ABOUT Honda: If it just made Accords and Civics and Odysseys, it'd still be one of the best car companies around, but every once in a while it designs something like the engine in the new S2000 (around \$33,000). Was there really a need for a 240 hp, two-liter four-cylinder that redlines at 9,000 rpm and gets twenty-six miles to the gallon yet still qualifies as a green low-emissions vehicle? Of course not—but thanks to the supremely talented and completely mad engineers at Honda, we now have one. ■

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## A Voice in the Dark

[continued from page 75] Cary kept sawing, driving the blade through her spinal cord until he got her whole head off. He thought about taking it with him, like a trophy. But after a few seconds and a few steps, he stopped, hesitated, then turned back. He dropped her head in the water.

When he finally drove away, Cary had left behind a crime lab of evidence: tracks from his mismatched tires, fingerprints, blood, hair, and possibly a drop of semen.

And this time, there was a witness, a Yosemite firefighter who saw Cary's truck on Foresta Road, lingering too long at the edge of the woods.

JANET DAMANT PLAYS DARTS on weekend nights, which was why she was in the lounge at Laguna del Sol the last time she spoke to Cary Stayner. It was late, after eleven o'clock, and he was sitting at the bar watching the news. He was sipping cranberry juice splashed with vodka. "Not too strong," he told the barkeep. "I don't do alcohol."

Cary wasn't really a regular at Laguna del Sol, a nudist resort outside of Sacramento. In fact, he'd been there only four times before. The last time was in late March, shortly after the first three bodies were found. Janet remembered because Cary had been wearing a T-shirt with YOSEMITE stenciled across the front and a cap with CEDAR LODGE embroidered above the bill, which gave her a reason to ask him about the killings. "The cops are just too much," is about the most Cary had to say. "They're everywhere. I just had to get out."

Now, in July, Janet sidled up to the bar and asked Cary how he was.

"Not so good," he told her.

"What's wrong? Are you looking for work again?" Janet remembered Cedar Lodge was seasonal, that he'd been laid off the first time she'd met him.

"No," he said. "It's just that things changed really fast." He paused, toying with his glass. "So I packed up my truck, and I'm heading north. Maybe Oregon or Utah."

Janet lingered for a moment, trying to read his mood. Then she went back to darts.

The next morning, she woke up early enough to watch the seven o'clock news. The anchor said the FBI wanted to question Cary Stayner and that anyone who knew where he was should call the 800 number on the screen. Janet did. Then she called the manager, Steven Sailors, who dispatched some groundskeepers to prune the bushes in view of Cary's tent to keep an eye on him. Cary noticed but didn't seem to care. He'd already flipped through the morning newspaper to see if his name was in it. It wasn't. So he walked up to the restaurant for breakfast.

Three FBI agents and two sheriff's deputies arrested him at his table a few minutes later.

CARY WAIVED HIS RIGHT to remain silent. He wanted to talk, like an eager schoolboy

who has to show everyone the bugs he found under a rock.

He led the FBI back to Foresta and, in front of a video camera, walked them through the killing of Joie Armstrong. Later, from a cell in the Sacramento County jail, he told a television reporter named Ted Rowlands that he'd killed Joie and the other three women as well. Then he wrote a letter to the *Fresno Bee*, saying someone should buy his story so he could give the victims' families some cash. "I realize the money would be little consolation for the loss of their loved ones," he wrote, "but until the jury, judge and the executioner fulfill their role in this matter, it's all I can offer."

Cary won't talk about the killings any more and wishes he'd never opened his big mouth in the first place. "For my lawyer's sake," he says, "I guess I didn't make his job any easier." Cary has pleaded not guilty and awaits trial in federal court for the murder of Joie Armstrong, who was killed inside the park, when that's over, the state of California wants him to stand trial for the murders of the Sunds and Silvina Pelosso.

He is in a small cage now, sitting behind a thick partition of glass and heavy-gauge metal mesh. His wrists are shackled to his waist, but there is enough slack in the chain to allow him to hold the jailhouse phone to his ear. He looks well rested, better than he did last July, when his face was gaunt and his jaw clenched firm and square. His weight is back up to a solid two hundred pounds, he says, and his neck rises from his bright-yellow jumpsuit thick as a redwood. The gray is spreading across his head like wildfire, though, and his eyes look darker somehow, dirtier, the color of stagnant water. His voice is soft, almost gentle, and when he says something he finds funny—like how the guards think he's going to kill himself—his lips pull back into an affable grin, his teeth movie-star white. Maybe he's just grateful for the company. Cary spends his days in solitary, except for a shower every other day and two half-hour visits each week. His parents come once in a while, as does his lawyer, Robert Rainwater. "He'll go berserk if he finds out I was talking to anyone," Cary says. "I mean, he'll hit the roof." He grins at that.

Sitting in his kitchen on a chair wedged between a table and a greasy beige refrigerator, he answers all the questions about Steven Stayner, about how he told enough lies to make a seven-year-old fellate him, how he would have liked it if Steven had come to see him before he died. "His parents wouldn't let him," he says. He sounds disappointed.

Parnell knows a bit about what Cary did, but only what he picked up from the headlines, because he never reads the smaller print. Anyway, he doesn't see any threads connecting his crimes to Cary's. Cary never even liked Steven, he says. "I heard once that when Cary was twelve or fourteen, he told one of his friends, 'I hope Steven never comes back,'" Parnell says. "No, there's no connection."

Cary reads his mail, too. "A lot of people write to me," he says. "Mostly women. No proposals yet, but I'm waiting." He laughs, because he knows only someone crazy would propose to a stranger who confessed to killing four women. "A lot of them say they don't believe I'm the animal the media portrays me as," he goes on, now quite serious. "And that's comforting."

Mostly, though, Cary just sits and thinks. "About the usual," he says, which apparently means the killings. And about Laguna del Sol. "I wish they'd given me one last day there," he whispers. And about how nothing he did is anyone else's fault. Not Ken Parnell's. "I don't even want to hear about him," he says. Certainly not Kay and Delbert Stayner's. "My mom and dad, they were great parents and all, but no parents are perfect," he says. "It's always the kid's responsibility, no matter what happened to him earlier."

Cary won't say what might have happened to him earlier, those things his parents can't be held accountable for. If he did, no one would know whether he was telling the truth or embellishing a script. Like when he said none of his victims had suffered. Or that none of them were sexually assaulted. "For me," he told the FBI agents who arrested him, his voice as soft and level as when he told people Bigfoot was real, "this wasn't about sex. It wasn't about violence. It was about control." As if he'd read it in a criminology text or in a pamphlet about date rape. As if he'd rehearsed it, practicing in front of the mirror until he sounded like an appropriately deranged gentleman or like a fabled monster who wasn't so very scary once you flushed him out of the woods.

KEN PARNELL ISN'T RUNNING anymore. After five years in Soledad Correctional Training Facility and two years on parole, he's free man. He lives alone in a white cement row house in Berkeley. His bed is covered in a dirty green blanket and surrounded by clutter piled on tables and cabinets. He dodders when he walks, the stoop pressing more heavily on his spine these days, his hands grabbing doorknobs and chairs to keep from falling over. With his short white beard and scabby head, he looks like Santa Claus in the throes of scurvy and shingles.

Sitting in his kitchen on a chair wedged between a table and a greasy beige refrigerator, he answers all the questions about Steven Stayner, about how he told enough lies to make a seven-year-old fellate him, how he would have liked it if Steven had come to see him before he died. "His parents wouldn't let him," he says. He sounds disappointed.

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Sometimes, he says, lighting another cigarette off the butt of the first, people just do bad things. Parnell knows this because he did bad things. "I've thought about it, and I don't know why," he says. "I can't give you no reasons." He considers that, crushes out his cigarette, and stares at the floor. "Who knows why people do what they do? I never did."



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Mark Kress (center) creator of Toppik with his friends Richard and Chris. Mark invited TV News reporters to put Toppik to the test. Read the reviews (right) and see how your own hair can look thick and full again.

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## Monster

[continued from page 112] fused. "I don't want to go to the pond. It's dark. It'll be buggy." She put a hand on his thigh.

But he pulled himself away and made himself large, leaning back against the door of the car. "It's important," he said. She agreed but complained on the way to the pond that sometimes there were grubby things in her dreams, and she hated that shit.

Dale stared at the water. "See," he said, pointing out toward the middle of the pond. "There's no motorcycle in there." He said this as though he were speaking to a small child. "It isn't there. You could drain that sucker and you wouldn't find a goddamn thing." He shoved his fists in the front pockets of his jeans. The pond was so still it might have been solid. There was no splash of fish, no slurp of amphibian, no water bugs gliding on its surface. There was nothing. It might have been a table or a floor.

"Everybody knows that," the girl said and rustled the reeds impatiently. "Let's go." She kissed his neck. Her high floral scent was distinctly different from the pond. It floated above the stink and suck of the mud, the woodiness of the cattails, but Dale stared at the water, dark and dead. He forgot about the girl standing next to him. He forgot about the evening and the afternoon. He forgot about the past weeks.

Then he turned to the girl and he started pulling, dragging her in the direction of the water. "Let's do it here in the pond. Let's fuck in the water." He jerked her arm, splashing in backward. He had thought these kinds of words would sound powerful when said aloud, but the silence that followed them was awkward and stupid.

"What are you talking about?" The girl pulled away forcefully, a look of panic on her face.

Earlier, in the car, he had thought she had a shimmering quality, something like the colors in a pool of motor oil, but it was gone. There was gray around her eyes and red along her lips, but that was all.

"I'm getting out of here," she said and shook her ring of keys as if it signaled something.

Dale faced her, up to his knees in the water. He could feel the sludge oozing, encircling his legs. "You better kiss me again," he called to her as she backed away.

"I'm getting out of here," she said angrily, from a distance. "I didn't know you were so creepy. I thought we'd just watch TV and mess around." She backed up a few steps, then turned and hurried to her car.

Dale bent his head and stood in the water. He heard the girl's car turn over and the crunch of the tires as she drove away. When she was gone, he sat on his haunches, watching the dark rings of water emanate from his body. Then he lifted his heavy legs over and over again until he was out of the water and walking home without the motorcycle or anything else he wanted. ■

## Bobby Knight

[continued from page 81] ing out that he asks only three things of recruits: Can you go to class? Can you behave yourself? Can you play hard? You toe the line right there, says Knight, you're golden. Is that so hard?

"You really have no idea what it's like until you're in there," complained Jason Collier, the six-eleven center who departed for Georgia Tech in 1997.

The last defection, Luke Recker's, may have hurt worse than anybody's in the twenty-nine years Knight's been at IU. Recker was a high school Mr. Basketball, a kid who bled crimson and cream from the time he was fifteen, a third-team all-Big Ten player as a sophomore with pro potential. Last April, Knight mixed a B-ball clinic with a little fishing in Cuba. When he returned, Recker had bailed.

Knight hasn't talked to him since, not even after Recker broke two bones in his wrist in a July car accident that left his girlfriend partially paralyzed. Why should he? But Knight knows why Recker really left. After visiting a school he was thinking of transferring to, Recker told teammates that its weight program was optional. Knight shakes his head over this. Pathetic. As if Recker, now at Arizona, is really going to get better, get his shot at the NBA or go into the business world or whatever the fuck he ends up trying to do by *easing up*.

"Look, the easiest way to coach is to pat everybody on the ass," Knight says.

"That's okay, Johnny—you've missed nineteen shots in a row, don't hesitate." But the coach that really coaches and really teaches is the guy who goes out on a limb even though some kid isn't going to like him, or the team isn't going to like him, but he's out there doing that because it's the best way to get kids to play as well as they can."

Recker and Collier and Neil Reed and the others who have taken incompletes under Knight didn't give themselves the chance to come out the other side, to understand the point of all the blowtorch wrath. But Knight players like Dakich and Smart and Benson and Isiah and Dean Garrett of the Minnesota Timberwolves and Robbie Eggers of pharmaceutical sales and scores of others going all the way back to Knight's tenure at Army when Lyndon Johnson was president know the real deal. If you stick with it, Knight teaches you, forces you, to push yourself much harder than you ever thought possible.

"You learn that it doesn't kill you," Quinn Buckner says. "And maybe you don't realize it at the time, but the point is to make you a better person."

"That's it, Kirk, that's what I want!" Knight yells to Haston after he takes a pass in the low post, turns quickly, shoots a hook, misses, and lopes back up court staring at the floor. Haston, a quiet, dark-eyed kid, snaps out of it. He's got Bobby Knight on his case. ■

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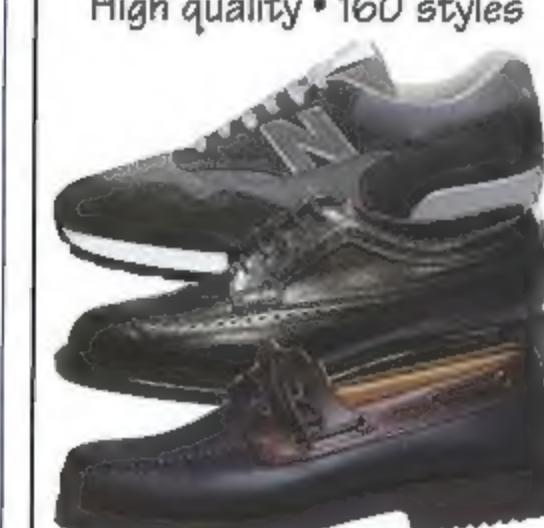
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## The Penis

[continued from page 85] urethra opens up, and urine flows out." This system usually functions without incident until men reach their forties, at which time the prostate starts to expand and pinch the urethra, potentially reducing urine flow to a wistful trickle.

THE URETHRA and the surrounding corpus spongiosum lie beneath two larger, even spongier bodies inside the penis called the corpora cavernosa, which sit above them to the left and right. The corpora extend down the shaft into the body, where ligaments anchor them to the pubic bone. Like all things erected—as the artist, architect, and amateur urologist Leonardo da Vinci noted five centuries ago—the penis needs a foundation. Without that base, he wrote in his journal, the "force of coitus" could produce a result desired by no one: a penis that "enters more into the body of the actor than into the person acted upon."

The corpora are largely composed of smooth muscle, thin sheets of tissue that line most of the hollow organs of the body. This tissue forms a meshwork not unlike what you see on athletic jerseys, only much finer, says Dr. Ajay Nehra of the Mayo Clinic. Inside this tissue are spaces called sinusoids. "When the penis is flaccid," Nehra says, "the smooth muscle is contracted and the spaces are small, leaving little room for blood." But when that smooth muscle is relaxed . . .

You have the makings of an erection. Once stimulation gets to the brain from the penis or is created by the brain on its own—say by an erotic fantasy—signals travel down the spinal cord to the penis. Nerves in the corpora release nitric oxide, which causes the smooth muscle to relax. This triggers increased blood flow into the penis and creates more storage room for that blood. Within moments, one to two ounces of blood fill the corpora. That might not sound like much, but it's enough to make the typical flaccid penis—about three and a half inches long and one and a quarter inches thick—two inches longer and more than a half inch thicker.

The relationship of smooth-muscle relaxation to erections was long suspected, but it was only recently that two scientists showed how crucial it really is. During an operation in 1982, French surgeon Dr. Ronald Virag mistakenly injected papaverine, a smooth-muscle relaxant, into a vessel leading into his patient's penis rather than into his target, a nearby artery. Moments later, his patient—still under anesthesia—spotted an erection that lasted two hours, a result Virag reported to the medical journal *Lancet* later that year.

Soon, English physiologist Dr. Giles Brindley published accounts of thirty-three such events, resulting in erections lasting between eleven minutes and forty-four hours. Brindley was asked to speak on his work, which had met with some skepticism, at the 1983 convention of the American Urological Association in Las Vegas. He secretly injected himself with a smooth-muscle relaxer before taking

the podium. Once onstage, Brindley unzipped, showing hundreds of stunned urologists and their wives the evidence. Farther down the Strip, Siegfried & Roy were making a white Bengal tiger disappear and Sammy was belting "I Gotta Be Me." But even in Vegas, they'd never seen a show like this.

Brindley's presentation set the stage for the next breakthrough: understanding the blood-trapping mechanism. Some had thought there were muscles inside the penis but outside the corpora that constricted and kept the blood from draining. Others thought there were valves within the penile arteries that trapped the blood. But thanks to Virag and Brindley, urologists now had drugs that allowed them to study the phenomenon whenever they wanted. "What they learned," says Dr. Andrew McCullough of New York University, "is that the process is passive. Nothing clamps down from outside. Instead, the expansion of smooth muscle stretches and flattens the exit veins that normally drain the corpora of blood." In the penis, the exit veins in the corpora normally pierce the corpora's outer lining, known as the tunica albuginea. But during erection, these veins are pressed against that lining and pinched shut. This turns a penis with extra blood—called tumescent by urologists—into a bona fide boner.

Smooth-muscle cells with excessive collagen buildup, however, cannot relax—and if they're too stiff, you can't become stiff. The same arterial plaque that causes heart disease causes erectile problems, because clogged arteries send in less blood. According to Dr. Gregory Broderick of the Mayo Clinic, a recent survey of male heart-attack patients in emergency rooms—men with severely clogged arteries—found that roughly half of them had not been sexually active in the year preceding their coronary. Not because they didn't want to; because they couldn't get it up. Scratch any urologist and he'll tell you: What's bad for your ticker is also bad for your pecker.

Other erectile problems can arise in the tunica albuginea. This thin lining is strong but not very flexible, a factor that enhances firmness but creates the potential for a serious injury called—try not to wince—penile fracture. Actually, this is more a muscle tear than a broken bone. The cause, typically, is overly athletic intercourse, often with the woman on top. You can picture it: She's bouncing up and down, you accidentally fall out, she comes down hard—too hard—on your erection. The resulting pop is audible and excruciating.

If treated within twenty-four hours—which rarely happens, given men's fear of doctors—the tunica can be repaired. After that, says Dr. James Barada of Albany, New York, the injured tissue gets mushy and "trying to patch it is like sewing moonbeams to farts."

Another condition affecting the tunica, Peyronie's disease, has been in the news a good deal the past few years. Symptoms, as you may know, include a bending of the penis, caused, as you may not know, by collagen

buildup on the tunica, which makes the affected portion stiff and inflexible. This causes the unaffected tissue to curve around it, much the way a piece of tape on a balloon will cause it to bend when you blow it up. A common consequence of Peyronie's is erectile failure, which is reason enough to be skeptical of any scientific "observations" made by Paula Jones regarding the First Penis.

YOU MAY NOT REALIZE IT, but ejaculation and orgasm are separate events: The orgasm takes place in your brain, the ejaculation in your penis. But ejaculation is, of course, triggered by the brain, which receives pleasurable stimulation from the penis until it passes a certain, glorious threshold. As the brain erupts into orgasm, it still has the presence of mind to send signals to the genitalia. Sperm cells, which make up about 5 percent of your semen, have already been produced by the testes and are stored in the epididymides, long coils that adjoin the testicles. Another pair of tubes, the vasa deferentia, connect the epididymides to the urethra and transport the sperm there. (This is why cutting or tying those tubes, in a vasectomy, makes a man sterile.) Glands called seminal vesicles meet the vasa just before they enter the urethra. These provide fructose and other secretions required for the sperm to travel outside your body.

At show time, sperm move from the epididymides, through the vasa, to the bottom of the urethra, near the prostate. At the same moment, the seminal vesicles and prostate emit their fluids. These secretions mix together, then are forced out by a series of contractions in the bulbocavernosus muscle, which surrounds the urethra, near the bottom. "Sperm make a journey the equivalent of a marathon in two to five seconds," Dr. Abraham Morgentaler writes in *The Male Body*. Is it any wonder you're so spent?

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## The Testicles

[continued from page 88] than is present in Jane's (who gets her minimum daily requirement from her ovaries and adrenal glands). If Joe has a great moment of victory—in sports, work, academics, politics, you name it—he will give him a bonus dose. This will make him feel terrific and confident. It will make him perform better at whatever he does in the hope that he can recapture that feeling. Not to hog all the credit here, but this cycle may explain winning and losing streaks.

Sometimes Jane wants me—or she at least wants some of my testosterone. If women ever get goobers, watch out. Consider: A one-week-old girl rat dosed with testosterone will hump other rats if she gets dosed again as an adult; hens on testosterone crow like roosters, dominating and courting other hens; and adult human Janes given extra testosterone show an instant increase in spatial moxie. All of which could add to the increasing devaluation of men. Repeat after me: No goobers for Jane.

YEARS PASS. Joe meets the right Jane. *Roil! Roil!* Thus alerted, I command all the appropriate elements to rise to the occasion. (With the blessing of wedlock, even the Catholics get happy about this.) I send my beautiful swimmers into the world.

And with the Lord watching over them, Joe and Jane make their own little goober.

As I age, I show surprising resiliency. At forty, my hormonal output peaks. It usually drops to half by the time Joe hits eighty, but a good number of octogenarians keep their normal hormone levels. Other aging Joes suffer viropause, the male menopause: Their beard growth slows, their muscles shrink, their libido ebbs, and their energy declines. Testosterone patches can perk them right up.

But there's also the drop in sperm counts, and it doesn't always come with age. I consider this a growing concern. Gooberologists suspect we're seeing a global fertility decline. The thing is, goobers are very susceptible to toxins, and modern life has found ways to scatter toxins hither and yon. A lot of these things are essentially estrogen-like in the way they affect the male body.

Experts call them phytoestrogens. These things can be found in pesticides, in smoking products like tobacco and marijuana, in some processed foods, and even in chemically produced food-packaging materials. Gooberologists suspect that excessive exposure to phytoestrogens contributes significantly to the infertility problems that afflict about 15 percent of all couples.

Even as Joe's life nears its winter, I am reluctant to shut down. In fact, when Joe dies, I always pause for one last deep breath and casually exercising—more of the former than the latter—between gigs. Depending on your outlook, the penis is either lazy or brilliant. The smart money is on option number two. ■

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# The Babyproufer

By Larry Doyle

THE BABY DOESN'T LIKE HIS FLAK JACKET. It's Kevlar, the lightest material capable of stopping a large-caliber bullet, but it's awfully hot, and it makes it hard for the little guy to sit up. Which is just as well, because a sitting baby, the babyproufer says, is a sitting duck.

We got our babyproufer through a friend, who came to visit after the baby was born and had a cow. There are so many dead babies in this house, she said, her fingers fluttering about. The wife got pretty upset, but this friend—really more my wife's friend—caressed her head, blotted her cheeks, and said the important thing was that our baby wasn't dead yet and there was still a chance we could stop the baby before he killed himself.

The babyproufer cost seventy-five dollars an hour.

There's a dead baby, he said, not a foot in the door, re the staircase. Then in a bouncing gesture along the baseboard: Dead baby, dead baby, dead baby . . . What is that?

What, that penny?

Dead baby.

Our poor baby died so many times during that initial consultation: 187, according to the babyproufer's written assessment; it seemed like more. Dead baby in the toilet. Dead baby down the disposal. Dead baby with my scissors plunged into his carotid artery.

The babyproufer turned to me at one point. Just curious, did you *want* to have this baby?

The babyproufer needed a \$10,000 retainer.

For that kind of money, I said, just trying to lighten the mood a little, we could buy a whole new baby.

The wife did not laugh; the babyproufer stood up.

I haven't lost a baby yet, he said. But who knows, maybe I am a little overcautious. Why don't you just buy one of those babyproofing books? They only cost about twenty bucks.

The babyproufer went through the initial ten grand rather quickly. In fairness, a lot of it was materials: thirty-four ceramic outlet guards at \$19.95 each (the plastic ones, my wife agreed, weren't darling, and they leached a substance that caused fatty tumors in cancer-prone mice); sixty-two baby gates at \$39.95; four safes (pharmaceuticals, soaps, and bath products; cleaning supplies; cooking and eating utensils; and assorted swallowables) at \$195. The Cuisinatal Food Reprocessor alone cost \$3,000, but it does puree at twice the FDA's shockingly lax standards and can strain out some of your larger, more harmful bacteria. There was some debate in our house whether we really needed six baby dummies (at \$699 per!), but I suppose the wife is right—if even one of them is stolen, it's probably worth it.

Beyond the money, we've had to make a lot of adjustments to create what the babyproufer calls a survival-friendly environment. Some of it makes sense, like not allowing anyone



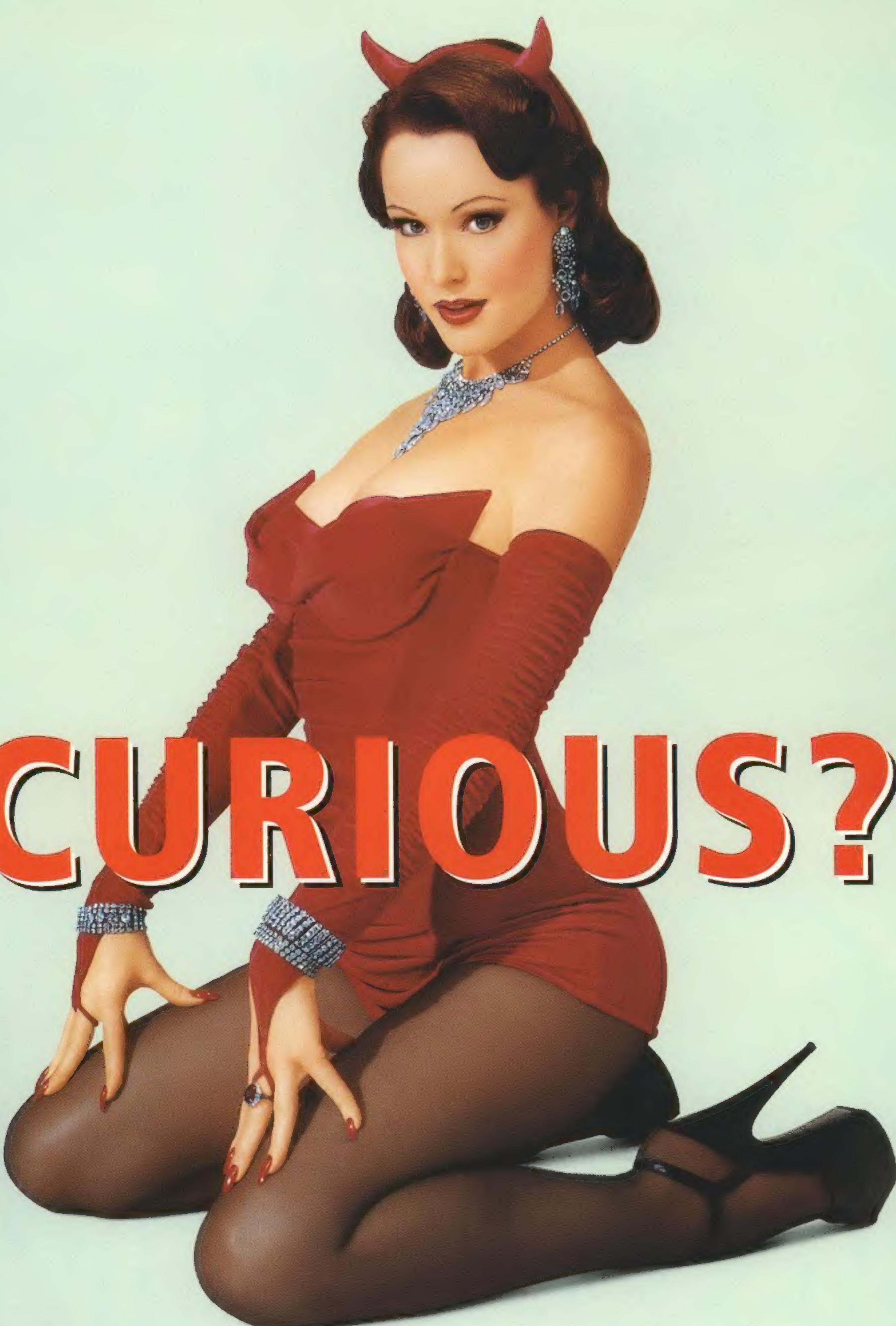
What a swizzle stick refers to as

"hitting the big time."

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